

1883.

New Series.

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 3.

# THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE

MARCH.



NEW YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 25 BOND STREET.

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## THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

# CONNECTICUT MUTUAL

## LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

### OF HARTFORD, CONN.

<b>Net Assets, January 1, 1882.....</b>	<b>\$48,778,003 37</b>
RECEIVED IN 1882:	
For Premiums.....	\$4,998,029 83
For Interest and Rents.....	2,605,207 37
Profit and Loss.....	155,353 80
	7,759,001 00
	<b>\$56,537,184 46</b>

**DISBURSED IN 1882.**

To POLICY-HOLDERS:	
For claims by death and matured endowments.....	\$3,177,507 27
Surplus returned to policy-holders.....	1,230,500 68
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies.....	301,486 23
Total to Policy-holders.....	\$5,309,494 18
EXPENSES:	
Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Examiners' fees, Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate, and all other Expenses.....	\$1678,706 50
TAXES.....	376,611 67
<b>Balance Net Assets, December 31, 1882.....</b>	<b>\$50,172,371 91</b>

**SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.**

Loans upon Real Estate, first lien.....	\$20,422,922 43
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds.....	365,802 28
Premium Notes on Policies in force.....	1,083,074 35
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Company.....	11,040,466 98
Cost of United States Registered Bonds.....	495,828 00
Cost of State Bonds.....	619,900 00
Cost of City Bonds.....	2,334,456 49
Cost of other Bonds.....	7,951,747 83
Cost of Bank Stock.....	122,761 00
Cost of Railroad Stock.....	35,000 00
Cash in Bank.....	2,624,000 40
Balance due from agents, secured.....	24,011 75
<b>ADD</b>	
Interest due and accrued.....	\$926,055 72
Rents accrued.....	16,590 96
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost.....	440,597 07
Net premiums in course of collection.....	None.
Net deferred quarterly and semi-annual premiums.....	44,807 12
<b>Gross Assets, December 31, 1882.....</b>	<b>\$51,603,422 78</b>

LIABILITIES:	
Amount required to reinsure all outstanding policies, net assuming 4 per cent interest.....	\$46,848,704 00
Additional reserve by Company's standard, 6 per cent on policies issued since April 1, 1882.....	17,446 00
All other liabilities.....	1,028,874 57
<b>SURPLUS by Company's Standard</b>	<b>\$3,707,286 21</b>
<b>SURPLUS by Connecticut Standard, 4 per cent.</b>	<b>3,724,944 21</b>
<b>SURPLUS by New York Standard, 4½ per cent, about.</b>	<b>6,850,000 00</b>
Ratio of expense of management to receipts in 1882.....	8.75 per cent.
Policies in force December 31, 1882, 68,602, insuring.....	\$157,105,751 00

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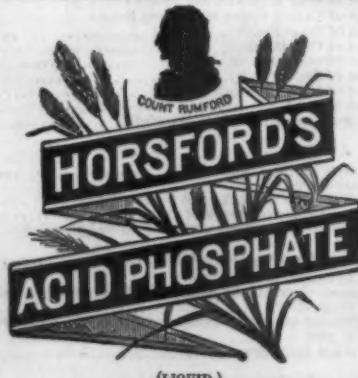
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# Eclectic Magazine

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,  
Vol. XXXVII., No. 3.

MARCH, 1883.

{ Old Series complete in 63 vols.

### THE AMERICANS:

A CONVERSATION AND A SPEECH, WITH AN ADDITION.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

#### I.—A CONVERSATION : October 20, 1882.

[The state of Mr. Spencer's health unfortunately not permitting him to give in the form of articles the results of his observations on American society, it is thought useful to reproduce, under his own revision and with some additional remarks, what he has said on the subject; especially as the accounts of it which have appeared in this country are imperfect; reports of the conversation having been abridged, and the speech being known only by telegraphic summary.

The earlier paragraphs of the conversation, which refer to Mr. Spencer's persistent exclusion of reporters and his objections to the interviewing system, are omitted, as not here concerning the reader. There was no eventual yielding, as has been supposed. It was not to a newspaper-reporter that the opinions which follow were expressed, but to an intimate American friend; the primary purpose being to correct the many misstatements to which the excluded interviewers had given currency; and the occasion being taken for giving utterance to impressions of American affairs.—ED.]

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXVII., NO. 3

HAS what you have seen answered your expectations?

It has far exceeded them. Such books about America as I had looked into had given me no adequate idea of the immense developments of material civilization which I have everywhere found. The extent, wealth, and magnificence of your cities, and especially the splendor of New York, have altogether astonished me. Though I have not visited the wonder of the West, Chicago, yet some of your minor modern places, such as Cleveland, have sufficiently amazed me by the results of one generation's activity. Occasionally, when I have been in places of some ten thousand inhabitants where the telephone is in general use, I have felt somewhat ashamed of our own unenterprising towns, many of which, of fifty

thousand inhabitants and more, make no use of it.

I suppose you recognize in these results the great benefits of free institutions?

Ah! Now comes one of the inconveniences of interviewing. I have been in the country less than two months, have seen but a relatively small part of it, and but comparatively few people, and yet you wish from me a definite opinion on a difficult question.

Perhaps you will answer, subject to the qualification that you are but giving your first impressions?

Well, with that understanding, I may reply that though the free institutions have been partly the cause, I think they have not been the chief cause. In the first place, the American people have come into possession of an unparalleled fortune—the mineral wealth and the vast tracts of virgin soil producing abundantly with small cost of culture. Manifestly, that alone goes a long way toward producing this enormous prosperity. Then they have profited by inheriting all the arts, appliances, and methods, developed by older societies, while leaving behind the obstructions existing in them. They have been able to pick and choose from the products of all past experience, appropriating the good and rejecting the bad. Then, beside these favors of fortune, there are factors proper to themselves. I perceive in American faces generally a great amount of determination—a kind of "do or die" expression; and this trait of character, joined with a power of work exceeding that of any other people, of course produces an unparalleled rapidity of progress. Once more, there is the inventiveness which, stimulated by the need for economizing labor, has been so wisely fostered. Among us in England, there are many foolish people who, while thinking that a man who toils with his hands has an equitable claim to the product, and if he has special skill may rightly have the advantage of it, also hold that if a man toils with his brain, perhaps for years, and, uniting genius with perseverance, evolves some valuable invention, the public may rightly claim the benefit. The Americans have been more far-seeing. The enormous museum of patents which

I saw at Washington is significant of the attention paid to inventors' claims; and the nation profits immensely from having in this direction (though not in all others) recognized property in mental products. Beyond question, in respect of mechanical appliances the Americans are ahead of all nations. If along with your material progress there went equal progress of a higher kind, there would remain nothing to be wished.

That is an ambiguous qualification. What do you mean by it?

You will understand me when I tell you what I was thinking the other day. After pondering over what I have seen of your vast manufacturing and trading establishments, the rush of traffic in your street-cars and elevated railways, your gigantic hotels and Fifth Avenue palaces, I was suddenly reminded of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages; and recalled the fact that while there was growing up in them great commercial activity, a development of the arts which made them the envy of Europe, and a building of princely mansions which continue to be the admiration of travellers, their people were gradually losing their freedom.

Do you mean this as a suggestion that we are doing the like?

It seems to me that you are. You retain the forms of freedom; but, so far as I can gather, there has been a considerable loss of the substance. It is true that those who ruled you do not do it by means of retainers armed with swords; but they do it through regiments of men armed with voting papers, who obey the word of command as loyally as did the defendants of the old feudal nobles, and who thus enable their leaders to override the general will, and make the community submit to their exactions as effectually as their prototypes of old. It is doubtless true that each of your citizens votes for the candidate he chooses for this or that office, from President downward; but his hand is guided by an agency behind which leaves him scarcely any choice. "Use your political power as we tell you, or else throw it away," is the alternative offered to the citizen. The political machinery as it is now worked, has little resemblance to that contemplated at the outset of your political life.

Manifestly, those who framed your Constitution never dreamed that twenty thousand citizens would go to the poll led by a "boss." America exemplifies at the other end of the social scale, a change analogous to that which has taken place under sundry despotisms. You know that in Japan, before the recent Revolution, the divine ruler, the Mikado, nominally supreme, was practically a puppet in the hands of his chief minister, the Shogun. Here it seems to me that "the sovereign people" is fast becoming a puppet which moves and speaks as wire-pullers determine.

Then you think that Republican institutions are a failure?

By no means: I imply no such conclusion. Thirty years ago, when often discussing politics with an English friend, and defending Republican institutions, as I always have done and do still, and when he urged against me the ill-working of such institutions over here, I habitually replied that the Americans got their form of government by a happy accident; not by normal progress, and that they would have to go back before they could go forward. What has since happened seems to me to have justified that view; and what I see now, confirms me in it. America is showing, on a larger scale than ever before, that "paper Constitutions" will not work as they are intended to work. The truth, first recognized by Mackintosh, that Constitutions are not made but grow, which is part of the larger truth that societies, throughout their whole organizations, are not made but grow, at once, when accepted, disposes of the notion that you can work as you hope any artificially-devised system of government. It becomes an inference that if your political structure has been manufactured and not grown, it will forthwith begin to grow into something different from that intended—something in harmony with the natures of the citizens, and the conditions under which the society exists. And it evidently has been so with you. Within the forms of your Constitution there has grown up this organization of professional politicians altogether unanticipated at the outset, which has become in large measure the ruling power.

But will not education and the diffu-

sion of political knowledge fit men for free institutions?

No. It is essentially a question of character, and only in a secondary degree a question of knowledge. But for the universal delusion about education as a panacea for political evils, this would have been made sufficiently clear by the evidence daily disclosed in your papers. Are not the men who officer and control your Federal, your State, and your Municipal organizations—who manipulate your caucuses and conventions, and run your partisan campaigns—all educated men? And has their education prevented them from engaging in, or permitting, or condoning, the briberies, lobbyings, and other corrupt methods which vitiate the actions of your administrations? Perhaps party newspapers exaggerate these things; but what am I to make of the testimony of your civil service reformers—men of all parties? If I understand the matter aright, they are attacking, as vicious and dangerous, a system which has grown up under the natural spontaneous working of your free institutions—are exposing vices which education has proved powerless to prevent?

Of course, ambitious and unscrupulous men will secure the offices, and education will aid them in their selfish purposes. But would not those purposes be thwarted, and better Government secured, by raising the standard of knowledge among the people at large?

Very little. The current theory is that if the young are taught what is right, and the reasons why it is right, they will do what is right when they grow up. But considering what religious teachers have been doing these two thousand years, it seems to me that all history is against the conclusion, as much as is the conduct of these well-educated citizens I have referred to; and I do not see why you expect better results among the masses. Personal interests will sway the men in the ranks, as they sway the men above them; and the education which fails to make the last consult public good rather than private good, will fail to make the first do it. The benefits of political purity are so general and remote, and the profit to each individual is so inconspicuous, that the

common citizen, educate him as you like, will habitually occupy himself with his personal affairs, and hold it not worth his while to fight against each abuse as soon as it appears. Not lack of information, but lack of certain moral sentiment, is the root of the evil.

You mean that people have not a sufficient sense of public duty?

Well, that is one way of putting it ; but there is a more specific way. Probably it will surprise you if I say the American has not, I think, a sufficiently quick sense of his own claims, and, at the same time, as a necessary consequence, not a sufficiently quick sense of the claims of others—for the two traits are organically related. I observe that they tolerate various small interferences and dictations which Englishmen are prone to resist. I am told that the English are remarked on for their tendency to grumble in such cases ; and I have no doubt it is true.

Do you think it worth while for people to make themselves disagreeable by resenting every trifling aggression ? We Americans think it involves too much loss of time and temper, and doesn't pay.

Exactly ; that is what I mean by character. It is this easy-going readiness to permit small trespasses, because it would be troublesome or profitless or unpopular to oppose them, which leads to the habit of acquiescence in wrong, and the decay of free institutions. Free institutions can be maintained only by citizens, each of whom is instant to oppose every illegitimate act, every assumption of supremacy, every official excess of power, however trivial it may seem. As Hamlet says, there is such a thing as "greatly to find quarrel in a straw," when the straw implies a principle. If, as you say of the American, he pauses to consider whether he can afford the time and trouble—whether it will pay, corruption is sure to creep in. All these lapses from higher to lower forms begin in trifling ways, and it is only by incessant watchfulness that they can be prevented. As one of your early statesmen said : "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." But it is far less against foreign aggressions upon national liberty that this vigilance is required, than against the insidious growth of domestic

interferences with personal liberty. In some private administrations which I have been concerned with, I have often insisted that instead of assuming, as people usually do, that things are going right until it is proved that they are going wrong, the proper cause is to assume that they are going wrong until it is proved that they are going right. You will find continually that private corporations, such as joint-stock banking companies, come to grief from not acting on this principle ; and what holds of these small and simple private administrations holds still more of the great and complex public administrations. People are taught, and I suppose believe, that the "heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked ;" and yet, strangely enough, believing this, they place implicit trust in those they appoint to this or that function. I do not think so ill of human nature ; but, on the other hand, I do not think so well of human nature as to believe it will go straight without being watched.

You hinted that while Americans do not assert their own individualities sufficiently in small matters, they, reciprocally, do not sufficiently respect the individualities of others.

Did I ? Here, then, comes another of the inconveniences of interviewing. I should have kept this opinion to myself if you had asked me no questions ; and now I must either say what I do not think, which I cannot, or I must refuse to answer, which, perhaps, will be taken to mean more than I intend, or I must specify, at the risk of giving offence. As the least evil, I suppose I must do the last. The trait I refer to comes out in various ways, small and great. It is shown by the disrespectful manner in which individuals are dealt with in your journals—the placarding of public men in sensational headings, the dragging of private people and their affairs into print. There seems to be a notion that the public have a right to intrude on private life as far as they like ; and this I take to be a kind of mortal trespassing. Then, in a larger way, the trait is seen in this damaging of private property by your elevated railways without making compensation ; and it is again seen in the doings of rail-

way autocrats, not only when overriding the rights of shareholders, but in dominating over courts of justice and State governments. The fact is that free institutions can be properly worked only by men, each of whom is jealous of his own rights, and also sympathetically jealous of the rights of others—who will neither himself aggress on his neighbors in small things or great, nor tolerate aggression on them by others. The Republican form of government is the highest form of government; but because of this it requires the highest type of human nature—a type nowhere at present existing. We have not grown up to it; nor have you.

But we thought, Mr. Spencer, you were in favor of free government in the sense of relaxed restraints, and letting men and things very much alone, or what is called *laissez faire*?

That is a persistent misunderstanding of my opponents. Everywhere, along with the reprobation of Government intrusion into various spheres where private activities should be left to themselves, I have contended that in its special sphere, the maintenance of equitable relations among citizens, governmental action should be extended and elaborated.

To return to your various criticisms, must I then understand that you think unfavorably of our future?

No one can form anything more than vague and general conclusions respecting your future. The factors are too numerous, too vast, too far beyond measure in their quantities and intensities. The world has never before seen social phenomena at all comparable with those presented in the United States. A society spreading over enormous tracts, while still preserving its political continuity, is a new thing. This progressive incorporation of vast bodies of immigrants of various bloods, has never occurred on such a scale before. Large empires, composed of different peoples, have, in previous cases, been formed by conquest and annexation. Then your immense *plexus* of railways and telegraphs tends to consolidate this vast aggregate of States in a way that no such aggregate has ever before been consolidated. And there are many minor co-operating causes, unlike those hitherto

known. No one can say how it is all going to work out. That there will come hereafter troubles of various kinds, and very grave ones, seems highly probable; but all nations have had, and will have, their troubles. Already you have triumphed over one great trouble, and may reasonably hope to triumph over others. It may, I think, be concluded that, both because of its size and the heterogeneity of its components, the American nation will be a long time in evolving its ultimate form, but that its ultimate form will be high. One great result is, I think, tolerably clear. From biological truths it is to be inferred that the eventual mixture of the allied varieties of the Aryan race forming the population, will produce a finer type of man than has hitherto existed; and a type of man more plastic, more adaptable, more capable of undergoing the modifications needful for complete social life. I think that whatever difficulties they may have to surmount, and whatever tribulations they may have to pass through, the Americans may reasonably look forward to a time when they will have produced a civilization grander than any the world has known.

## II.—A SPEECH :

*Delivered on the occasion of a complimentary dinner in New York, on November 9, 1882.*

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—Along with your kindness there comes to me a great unkindness from Fate; for, now that, above all times in my life, I need full command of what powers of speech I possess, disturbed health so threatens to interfere with them that I fear I shall very inadequately express myself. Any failure in my response you must please ascribe, in part at least, to a greatly disordered nervous system. Regarding you as representing Americans at large, I feel that the occasion is one on which arrears of thanks are due. I ought to begin with the time, some two-and-twenty years ago, when my highly valued friend Professor Youmans, making efforts to diffuse my books here, interested on their behalf the Messrs. Appleton, who have ever treated me so honorably and so handsomely; and I

ought to detail from that time onward the various marks and acts of sympathy by which I have been encouraged in a struggle which was for many years disheartening. But, intimating thus briefly my general indebtedness to my numerous friends, most of them unknown, on this side of the Atlantic, I must name more especially the many attentions and proffered hospitalities met with during my late tour, as well as, lastly and chiefly, this marked expression of the sympathies and good wishes which many of you have travelled so far to give, at great cost of that time which is so precious to the American. I believe I may truly say, that the better health which you have so cordially wished me, will be in a measure futhered by the wish ; since all pleasureable emotion is conducive to health, and, as you will fully believe, the remembrance of this event will ever continue to be a source of pleasurable emotion, exceeded by few, if any, of my remembrances.

And now that I have thanked you, sincerely though too briefly, I am going to find fault with you. Already, in some remarks drawn from me respecting American affairs and American character, I have passed criticisms, which have been accepted far more good-humoredly than I could have reasonably expected ; and it seems strange that I should now propose again to transgress. However, the fault I have to comment upon is one which most will scarcely regard as a fault. It seems to me that in one respect Americans have diverged too widely from savages, I do not mean to say that they are in general unduly civilized. Throughout large parts of the population, even in long-settled regions, there is no excess of those virtues needed for the maintenance of social harmony. Especially out in the West, men's dealings do not yet betray too much of the "sweetness and light" which we are told distinguish the cultured man from the barbarian. Nevertheless, there is a sense in which my assertion is true. You know that the primitive man lacks power of application. Spurred by hunger, by danger, by revenge, he can exert himself energetically for a time ; but his energy is spasmodic. Monotonous daily toil is impossible to him. It is otherwise with the more developed

man. The stern discipline of social life has gradually increased the aptitude for persistent industry ; until, among us, and still more among you, work has become with many a passion. This contrast of nature has another aspect. The savage thinks only of present satisfactions, and leaves future satisfactions uncared for. Contrariwise, the American, eagerly pursuing a future good, almost ignores what good the passing day offers him ; and when the future good is gained, he neglects that while striving for some still remoter good.

What I have seen and heard during my stay among you has forced on me the belief that this slow change from habitual inertness to persistent activity has reached an extreme from which there must begin a counterchange—a reaction. Everywhere I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burdens that had to be borne. I have been struck, too, with the large proportion of gray-haired men ; and inquiries have brought out the fact, that with you the hair commonly begins to turn some ten years earlier than with us. Moreover, in every circle I have met men who had themselves suffered from nervous collapse due to stress of business, or named friends who had either killed themselves by overwork, or had been permanently incapacitated, or had wasted long periods in endeavors to recover health. I do but echo the opinion of all the observant persons I have spoken to, that immense injury is being done by this high-pressure life—the physique is being undermined. That subtle thinker and poet whom you have lately had to mourn, Emerson, says, in his essay on the Gentleman, that the first requisite is that he shall be a good animal. The requisite is a general one—it extends to the man, to the father, to the citizen. We hear a great deal about "the vile body;" and many are encouraged by the phrase to transgress the laws of health. But Nature quietly suppresses those who treat thus disrespectfully one of her highest products, and leaves the world to be peopled by the descendants of those who are not so foolish.

Beyond these immediate mischiefs there are remoter mischiefs. Exclusive devotion to work has the result that

amusements cease to please ; and, when relaxation becomes imperative, life becomes dreary from lack of its sole interest—the interest in business. The remark current in England that, when the American travels, his aim is to do the greatest amount of sight-seeing in the shortest time, I find current here also ; it is recognized that the satisfaction of getting on devours nearly all other satisfactions. When recently at Niagara, which gave us a whole week's pleasure, I learned from the landlord of the hotel that most Americans come one day and go away the next. Old Froissart, who said of the English of his day that “ they take their pleasures sadly after their fashion,” would doubtless, if he lived now, say of the Americans that they take their pleasures hurriedly after their fashion. In large measure with us, and still more with you, there is not that abandonment to the moment which is requisite for full enjoyment ; and this abandonment is prevented by the ever-present sense of multitudinous responsibilities. So that, beyond the serious physical mischief caused by overwork, there is the further mischief that it destroys what value there would otherwise be in the leisure part of life.

Nor do the evils end here. There is the injury to posterity. Damaged constitutions reappear in children, and entail on them far more of ill than great fortunes yield them of good. When life has been duly rationalized by science, it will be seen that among a man's duties, care of the body is imperative ; not only out of regard for personal welfare, but also out of regard for descendants. His constitution will be considered as an entailed estate, which he ought to pass on uninjured, if not improved to those who follow ; and it will be held that millions bequeathed by him will not compensate for feeble health and decreased ability to enjoy life. Once more, there is the injury to fellow-citizens, taking the shape of undue disregard of competitors. I hear that a great trader among you deliberately endeavored to crush out every one whose business competed with his own ; and manifestly the man who, making himself a slave to accumulation, absorbs an inordinate share of the trade or profession he is engaged in, makes life harder for

all others engaged in it, and excludes from it many who might otherwise gain competencies. Thus, beside the egoistic motive, there are two altruistic motives which should deter from this excess in work.

The truth is, there needs a revised ideal of life. Look back through the past, or look abroad through the present, and we find that the ideal of life is variable, and depends on social conditions. Every one knows that to be a successful warrior was the highest aim among all ancient peoples of note, as it is still among many barbarous peoples. When we remember that in the Norseman's heaven the time was to be passed in daily battles, with magical healing of wounds, we see how deeply rooted may become the conception that fighting is man's proper business, and that industry is fit only for slaves and people of low degree. That is to say, when the chronic struggles of races necessitate perpetual wars, there is evolved an ideal of life adapted to the requirements. We have changed all that in modern civilized societies ; especially in England, and still more in America. With the decline of militant activity, and the growth of industrial activity, the occupations once disgraceful have become honorable. The duty to work has taken the place of the duty to fight ; and in the one case, as in the other, the ideal of life has become so well established that scarcely any dream of questioning it. Practically, business has been substituted for war as the purpose of existence.

Is this modern ideal to survive throughout the future ? I think not. While all other things undergo continuous change, it is impossible that ideals should remain fixed. The ancient ideal was appropriate to the ages of conquest by man over man, and spread of the strongest races. The modern ideal is appropriate to ages in which conquest of the earth and subjection of the powers of Nature to human use, is the predominant need. But hereafter, when both these ends have in the main been achieved, the ideal formed will probably differ considerably from the present one. May we not foresee the nature of the difference ? I think we may. Some twenty years ago, a good

friend of mine, and a good friend of yours too, though you never saw him, John Stuart Mill, delivered at St. Andrews an inaugural address on the occasion of his appointment to the Lord Rectorship. It contained much to be admired, as did all he wrote. There ran through it, however, the tacit assumption that life is for learning and working. I felt at the time that I should have liked to take up the opposite thesis. I should have liked to contend that life is not for learning, nor is life for working, but learning and working are for life. The primary use of knowledge is for such guidance of conduct under all circumstances as shall make living complete. All other uses of knowledge are secondary. It scarcely needs saying that the primary use of work is that of supplying the materials and aids to living completely; and that any other uses of work are secondary. But in men's conceptions the secondary has in great measure usurped the place of the primary. The apostle of culture as it is commonly conceived, Mr. Matthew Arnold, makes little or no reference to the fact that the first use of knowledge is the right ordering of all actions; and Mr. Carlyle, who is a good exponent of current ideas about work, insists on its virtues for quite other reasons than that it achieves sustentation. We may trace everywhere in human affairs a tendency to transform the means into the end. All see that the miser does this when, making the accumulation of money his sole satisfaction, he forgets that money is of value only to purchase satisfactions. But it is less commonly seen that the like is true of the work by which the money is accumulated—that industry too, bodily or mental, is but a means; and that it is as irrational to pursue it to the exclusion of that complete living it subserves, as it is for the miser to accumulate money and make no use of it. Hereafter, when this age of active material progress has yielded mankind its benefits, there will, I think, come a better adjustment of labor and enjoyment. Among reasons for thinking this, there is the reason that the process of evolution throughout the organic world at large, brings an increasing surplus of energies that are not absorbed

in fulfilling material needs, and points to a still larger surplus for the humanity of the future. And there are other reasons which I must pass over. In brief, I may say that we have had somewhat too much of "the gospel of work." It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation.

This is a very unconventional after-dinner speech. Especially it will be thought strange that in returning thanks I should deliver something very much like a homily. But I have thought I could not better convey my thanks than by the expression of a sympathy which issues in a fear. If, as I gather, this intemperance in work affects more especially the Anglo-American part of the population—if there results an undermining of the physique, not only in adults, but also in the young, who, as I learn from your daily journals, are also being injured by overwork—if the ultimate consequence should be a dwindling away of those among you who are the inheritors of free institutions and best adapted to them; then there will come a further difficulty in the working out of that great future which lies before the American nation. To my anxiety on this account you must please ascribe the unusual character of my remarks.

And now I must bid you farewell. When I sail by the Germanic on Saturday, I shall bear with me pleasant remembrances of my intercourse with many Americans, joined with regrets that my state of health has prevented me from seeing a larger number.

[A few words may fitly be added respecting the causes of this over-activity in American life—causes which may be identified as having in recent times partially operated among ourselves, and as having wrought kindred, though less marked, effects. It is the more worth while to trace the genesis of this undue absorption of the energies in work, since it well serves to illustrate the general truth which should be ever present to all legislators and politicians, that the indirect and unforeseen results of any cause affecting a society are frequently, if not habitually, greater and more important than the direct and foreseen results.]

This high pressure, under which

Americans exist, and which is most intense in places like Chicago, where the prosperity and rate of growth are greatest, is seen by many intelligent Americans themselves to be an indirect result of their free institutions and the absence of those class distinctions and restraints existing in older communities. A society in which the man who dies a millionaire is so often one who commenced life in poverty, and in which (to paraphrase a French saying concerning the soldier) every news-boy carries a president's seal in his bag, is, by consequence, a society in which all are subject to a stress of competition for wealth and honor, greater than can exist in a society whose members are nearly all prevented from rising out of the ranks in which they were born, and have but remote possibilities of acquiring fortunes. In those European societies which have in great measure preserved their old types of structure (as in our own society up to the time when the great development of industrialism began to open ever-multiplying careers for the producing and distributing classes) there is so little chance of overcoming the obstacles to any great rise in position or possessions, that nearly all have to be content with their places; entertaining little or no thought of bettering themselves. A manifest concomitant is that, fulfilling, with such efficiency as a moderate competition requires, the daily tasks of their respective situations, the majority become habituated to making the best of such pleasures as their lot affords, during whatever leisure they get. But it is otherwise where an immense growth of trade multiplies greatly the chances of success to the enterprising; and still more is it otherwise where class-restrictions are partially removed or wholly absent. Not only are more energy and thought put into the time daily occupied in work, but the leisure comes to be treched upon, either literally by abridgment, or else by anxieties concerning business. Clearly, the larger the number who, under such conditions, acquire property, or achieve higher positions, or both, the sharper is the spur to the rest. A raised standard of activity establishes itself and goes on rising. Public applause given to the

successful, becoming in communities thus circumstanced the most familiar kind of public applause, increases continually the stimulus to action. The struggle grows more and more strenuous, and there comes an increasing dread of failure—a dread of being "left," as the Americans say; a significant word, since it is suggestive of a race in which the harder any one runs, the harder others have to run to keep up with him—a word suggestive of that breathless haste with which each passes from a success gained to the pursuit of a further success. And on contrasting the English of to-day with the English of a century ago, we may see how, in a considerable measure, the like causes have entailed here kindred results.

Even those who are not directly spurred on by this intensified struggle for wealth and honor, are indirectly spurred on by it. For one of its effects is to raise the standard of living, and eventually to increase the average rate of expenditure for all. Partly for personal enjoyment, but much more for the display which brings admiration, those who acquire fortunes distinguish themselves by luxurious habits. The more numerous they become, the keener becomes the competition for that kind of public attention given to those who make themselves conspicuous by great expenditure. The competition spreads downward step by step; until, to be "respectable," those having relatively small means feel obliged to spend more on houses, furniture, dress, and food; and are obliged to work the harder to get the requisite larger income. This process of causation is manifest enough among ourselves; and it is still more manifest in America, where the extravagance in style of living is greater than here.

Thus, though it seems beyond doubt that the removal of all political and social barriers, and the giving to each man an unimpeded career, must be purely beneficial; yet there is (at first) a considerable set-off from the benefits. Among those who, in older communities, have by laborious lives gained distinction, some may be heard privately to confess that "the game is not worth the candle;" and when they hear of others who wish to tread in their steps,

shake their heads and say : "If they only knew!" Without accepting in full so pessimistic an estimate of success, we must still say that very generally the cost of the candle deducts largely from the gain of the game. That which in these exceptional cases holds among ourselves, holds more generally in America. An intensified life, which may be summed up as—great labor, great profit, great expenditure—has for its concomitant a wear and tear which considerably diminishes in one direction the good gained in another. Added together, the daily strain through many hours and the anxieties occupying many other hours—the occupation of consciousness by feelings that are either indifferent or painful, leaving relatively little time for occupation of it by pleasurable feelings—tend to lower its level more than its level is raised by the gratifications of achievement and the accompanying benefits. So that it may, and in many cases does, result that diminished happiness goes along with increased prosperity. Unquestionably, as long as order is fairly maintained, that absence of political and social restraints which gives free scope to the struggles for profit and honor, conduces greatly to material advance of the society—develops the industrial arts, extends and improves the business organizations, augments the wealth ; but that it raises the value of individual life, as measured by the average state of its feeling, by no means follows. That it will do so eventually, is certain ; but that it does so now seems, to say the least, very doubtful.

The truth is that a society and its members act and react in such wise that while, on the one hand, the nature of the society is determined by the natures of its members ; on the other hand, the activities of its members (and presently their natures) are re-determined by the needs of the society, as these alter : change in either entails change in the other. It is an obvious implication that, to a great extent, the life of a society so sways the wills of its members as to turn them to its ends. That which is manifest during the militant stage, when the social aggregate coerces its units into co-operation for defence, and sacrifices many of their lives for its corporate

preservation, holds under another form during the industrial stage, as we at present know it. Though the co-operation of citizens is now voluntary instead of compulsory ; yet the social forces impel them to achieve social ends while apparently achieving only their own ends. The man who, carrying out an invention, thinks only of private welfare to be thereby secured, is in far larger measure working for public welfare : instance the contrast between the fortune made by Watt and the wealth which the steam-engine has given to mankind. He who utilizes a new material, improves a method of production, or introduces a better way of carrying on business, and does this for the purpose of distancing competitors, gains for himself little compared with that which he gains for the community by facilitating the lives of all. Either unknowingly or in spite of themselves, Nature leads men by purely personal motives to fulfil her ends : Nature being one of our expressions for the Ultimate Cause of things, and the end, remote when not proximate, being the highest form of human life.

Hence no argument, however cogent, can be expected to produce much effect ; only here and there one may be influenced. As in an actively militant stage of society it is impossible to make many believe that there is any glory preferable to that of killing enemies ; so, where rapid material growth is going on, and affords unlimited scope for the energies of all, little can be done by insisting that life has higher uses than work and accumulation. While among the most powerful of feelings continue to be the desire for public applause and dread of public censure—while the anxiety to achieve distinction, now by conquering enemies, now by beating competitors, continues predominant—while the fear of public reprobation affects men more than the fear of divine vengeance (as witness the long survival of duelling in Christian societies) ; this excess of work which ambition prompts, seems likely to continue with but small qualification. The eagerness for the honor accorded to success, first in war and then in commerce, has been indispensable as a means to peopling the earth with the higher types of man, and

the subjugation of its surface and its forces to human use. Ambition may fitly come to bear a smaller ratio to other motives, when the working out of these needs is approaching completeness ; and when also, by consequence, the scope for satisfying ambition is diminishing. Those who draw the obvious corollaries from the doctrine of Evolution—those who believe that the process of modification upon modification which has brought life to its present height must raise it still higher, will anticipate that "the last infirmity of noble minds" will in the distant future slowly decrease. As the sphere for achievement becomes smaller, the desire

for applause will lose that predominance which it now has. A better ideal of life may simultaneously come to prevail. When there is fully recognized the truth that moral beauty is higher than intellectual power—when the wish to be admired is in large measure replaced by the wish to be loved ; that strife for distinction which the present phase of civilization shows us will be greatly moderated. Along with other benefits may then come a rational proportioning of work and relaxation ; and the relative claims of to-day and to-morrow may be properly balanced.—H. S.]—*Contemporary Review.*

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#### ON SOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS.

BY ONE WHO HAS PERSONATED THEM.

##### VI.

###### IMOGEN, PRINCESS OF BRITAIN.

"Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen !"

"So every spirit, as it is most pure,  
And bath in it the more of heavenly light,  
So it the fairer body doth procure  
To habit in ;  
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,  
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make."  
—SPENSER.

MY DEAR ANNA SWANWICK : You wonder, I dare say, at my long delay in yielding to your urgent request that I should write of Imogen—your chief favorite, as you tell me, among all Shakespeare's women. You would not wonder, could I make you feel how, by long brooding over her character, and by living through all her emotions and trials on the stage till she seemed to become "my very life of life," I find it next to impossible to put her so far away from me that I can look at her as a being to be scanned, and measured, and written about. All words—such, at least, as are at my command—seem inadequate to express what I felt about her from my earliest years, not to speak of all that the experiences of my woman's heart and of human life have taught me since of the matchless truth and beauty with which Shakespeare has invested her. In drawing her he has

made his masterpiece ; and of all heroines of poetry or romance, who can be named beside her ?

It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal women —among them two of your own Greek favorites, Antigone and Iphigenia in Aulis :\* but Imogen has always occupied the largest place in my heart ; and while she taxed my powers on the stage to the uttermost, she has always repaid me of the effort tenfold by the delight of being the means of placing a being in every way so noble before the eyes and hearts of my audiences, and of making them feel, perhaps, and think of her, and of him to whose genius we owe her, with something of my own reverence and love. Ah, how much finer a medium than all the pen can do for bringing home to the hearts of people what was in Shakespeare's mind, when he drew his men and women, is the "well-trod stage," with that living commentary which actor

\* What delight I had in acting these plays in Dublin, and what intelligent and sympathetic audiences ! The "Antigone" gave me the greater pleasure, both for itself, and because of Mendelssohn's music. The chorus was admirable, and all the scenic adjuncts correct and complete. Although the whole performance occupied little more than an hour, great audiences filled the house night after night. It is strange how deeply these Greek plays moved the Irish heart—much more deeply than either the Scotch or the English.

or actress capable in their art can give ! How much has he left to be filled up by accent, by play of feature, by bearing, by action, by subtle shades of expression, inspired by the heart and striking home to the heart—by all those little movements and inflections of tone which come intuitively to the sympathetic artist, and which play so large a part in producing the impression left upon us by a living interpretation of the master-poet ! To one accustomed like myself to such resources as these for bringing out the results of my studies of Shakespeare's women, it seems hopeless to endeavor to convey the same impressions by mere words. The more a character has wound itself round the heart, the more is this felt. Can you wonder, then, that I approach my " woman of women " with fear and trembling ?

Do you remember what that bright, charming, frank old lady—no, I will not call her " old," for there is nothing old about her ; I know many far older in spirit who count not half or a quarter her years—Mrs D—S—said to me lately when you were standing by ? She had been scolding me in her playful way for not having given her more of my " letters " to read, and, after calling me idle, unkind, etc., asked me who was to be the subject of my next. I said, I thought Imogen, but that I knew I should find it most difficult to express what I felt about her. " Ah, my dear ! " she exclaimed, throwing up her hands in her usual characteristic manner when she feels strongly, " you will never write of Imogen as you acted her ! " I told her that her words filled me with despair. " Never mind," was her rejoinder ; " go on and try. My memory will fill up the gaps." I have one of the kind letters by me, which you wrote after seeing me act Imogen at Drury Lane in 1866. So your memory too will have to come to my aid, by filling up the gaps. It is very pleasant to think that our friend's feeling may be shared by many of that unknown public who were always so ready to put themselves in sympathy with me ; but that does not make the fulfilment of my promise to you the less formidable.

Imogen had been one of the great favorites of my girlhood. At school we used to read the scenes at the cave with

Belarius, Arviragus, and Guiderius ; and never can I forget our getting them up to act as a surprise for our governess on her birthday. We always prepared some " surprise " on this occasion, or what she kindly took as one. The brothers were arrayed in all the fur trimmings, boas, cuffs, muffs, etc., we could muster—one of the muffs doing duty as the cap for Belarius. Then the practisings for something suggestive of the Æolian harp that has to play a *Miserere* for Imogen's supposed death ! Our only available means of simulating Belarius's " ingenious instrument " was a guitar ; but the girl who played it had to be apart from the scene, and, as she never would take the right cue, she was always breaking in at the wrong place. I was the Imogen ; and, curiously enough, it was as Imogen my dear governess first saw me on the stage. I wondered whether she remembered the incidents of our school-girl performance as I did. She might very well forget, but not I ; for what escapes our memory of things done or thought in childhood ? Such little matters appear eventful, and loom so very large to young eyes and imaginations !

I cannot quite remember who acted with me first in *Cymbeline*, but I can never forget Mr. Macready's finding fault with my page's dress, which I had ordered to be made with a tunic that descended to the ankles. On going to the theatre at the last rehearsal, he told me, with many apologies and much concern, that he had given directions to have my dress altered. He had taken the liberty of doing this, he said, without consulting me, because, although he could understand the reasons which had weighed with me in ordering the dress to be made as I had done, he was sure I would forgive him when he explained to me that such a dress would not tell the story, and that one half the audience—all, in fact, who did not know the play—would not discover that it was a disguise, but would suppose Imogen to be still in woman's attire. Remonstrance was too late, and, with many tears, I had to yield, and to add my own terror to that of Imogen when first entering the cave. I managed, however, to devise a kind of compromise, by swathing myself in the " franklin housewife's riding

cloak," which I kept about me as I went into the cave; and this I caused to be wrapped round me afterward when the brothers carry in Imogen—the poor "dead bird, which they have made so much on."

I remember well the Pisanio was my good friend Mr. Elton, the best Pisanio of my time. No one whom I have since met has so truly thrown into the part the deep devotion, the respectful manly tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which it requires.

He drew out all the nicer points of the character with the same fine and firm hand which we used to admire upon the French stage in M. Regnier, that most finished of artists, in characters of this kind. As I write, by some strange association of ideas—I suppose we must have been rehearsing *Cymbeline* at the time—a little circumstance illustrative of the character of this good Mr. Elton comes into my mind. Pardon me if I leave Imogen for the moment, to speak of other matters. This helpful friend did not always cheer and praise, but very kindly told me of my mistakes. We were to appear in *The Lady of Lyons*, which was then in its first run, and had been commanded by the Queen for a State performance. I had never acted before her Majesty and Prince Albert; and to me, young as I was, this was a great event. Immediately I thought there ought to be something special about my dress for the occasion.

Now, either from a doubt as to the play's success, or for some good financial reason, no expense had been incurred in bringing it out. Mr. Macready asked me if I had any dresses which could be adapted for Pauline Deschapelles. He could not, he said, afford to give me new ones, and he would be glad if I could manage without them. Of course I said I would willingly do my best. Upon consulting with excellent Mr. Dominic Colnaghi, the printseller in Pall Mall, who always gave me access to all his books of costume, I found, as I had already heard, that the dress of the young girl of the period was simple in material and form—fine muslin, with lace *fichus*, ruffles, broad sashes, and the hair worn in long loose curls down the back, my own coming in naturally for this fashion. As it was in my case, so I

suppose it was with the others—the costumes, however, being all true to the period. The scenery was of course good and sufficient, for in this department Mr. Macready never failed. And thus, with little cost, this play, which was to prove so wondrously successful, came forth to the world unassisted by any extraneous adjuncts, depending solely upon its own merits and the actors' interpretation of it. It must have been written with rare knowledge of what the stage requires, for not one word was cut out nor one scene rearranged or altered after the first representation. The author was no doubt lucky in his interpreters. Mr. Macready, though in appearance far too old for Claude Melnotte, yet had a slight, elastic figure, and so much buoyancy of manner, that the impression of age quickly wore off. The secret of his success was, that he lifted the character, and gave it the dignity and strength which it required to make Claude respected under circumstances so equivocal. This was especially conspicuous in a critical point early in the play (Act ii), where Claude passes himself off as a prince. Mr. Macready's manner became his dress. The slight confusion, when addressed by Colonel Damas in Italian, was so instantly turned to his own advantage by the playful way in which he laid the blame on the general's bad Italian, while his whole bearing was so dignified and courteous, that it did not seem strange he should charm the girlish fancy of one accustomed to be courted, yet whose heart was hitherto untouched. He made the hero, indeed, one of nature's exceptional gentlemen, and in this way prepossessed his audience, despite the unworthy device to which Claude lends himself in the first frenzy of wounded vanity. Truth to say, unless dealt with poetically and romantically, both Claude and Pauline drop down into very commonplace people—indeed I have been surprised to see how commonplace. Again, Mrs. Clifford as Madame Deschapelles, by a stately aristocratic bearing, carried off the heartless foolishness of her sayings. The Damas of Mr. Bartley was a fine vigorous impersonation of the blunt, impetuous, genial soldier. Mr. Elton acted, as he always did, most carefully

and well, and gave importance and style to the disagreeable character of M. Beauseant.

But to return to the evening of the Royal command. What I was going to say was this. I had nothing especially new and fresh to wear ; so in honor of the occasion I had ordered from Foster's some lovely pink roses with silver leaves, to trim my dress in the second act. I had hitherto worn only real roses—friends, known and unknown, always supplying me with them. One dear friend never failed to furnish Pauline with the bouquet for her hand. Oh, how very often, as she might tell you, did she see me in that play !\* I thought my new flowers, when arranged about my dress, looked lovely—quite fairy-like. When accosted with the usual "Good evenings" while waiting at the side scenes for the opening of the second act, I saw Mr. Elton looking at me with a sort of amused wonder. I said at once, "Do you not think my fresh flowers pretty?" "Oh," he said, "*are* they fresh? They must have come a long way. Where do they grow? I never saw any of the kind before. They must have come out of Aladdin's garden. Silver leaves! How remarkable! They may be more rare, but I much prefer the home grown ones you have in your hand." Ridicule of my fine decoration! Alas! alas! I felt at once that it was deserved. It was too late to repair my error. I must act the scene with them—before the Queen, too! and all my pleasure was gone. I hid them as well as I could with my fan and handkerchief, and hoped no one would notice them. Need I say how they were torn off when I reached my dressing-room, never to see the light again? I never felt so ashamed and vexed with myself.†

\* In my mind was always the idea that Pauline loved flowers passionately. It was in the garden, among his flowers, that Claude first loved her. I never was without them in the play ; even in the sad last act, I had violets on my simple muslin dress. You remember how Madame Deschapelles reproaches Pauline for not being *en grande tenue* on that "joyful occasion."

† Like many pleasures long looked forward to, the whole of this evening was a disappointment to me. The side scenes were crowded with visitors, Mr. Macready having invited

It was well I had a handkerchief on this occasion to help to screen my poor silver leaves ; but as a general rule, I kept it, when playing Pauline, in my pocket—and for this reason : In the scene in the third act—where Pauline learns the infamous stratagem of which she is the victim—on the night it was first acted I tore my handkerchief right across without knowing that I had done so ; and in the passion and emotion of the scene it became a streamer, and waved about as I moved and walked. Surely any one might have seen that this was an accident, the involuntary act of the maddened girl ; but in a criticism on the play—I suppose the day after, but as I was never allowed to have my mind disturbed by theatrical criticisms, I cannot feel sure—I was accused of having arranged this as a trick to produce an effect. So innocent was I of a device which would have been utterly at variance with the spirit in which I looked at my art, that when my dear home master and friend asked me if I had torn a handkerchief in the scene, I laughed and said, "Yes ; my dresser at the end of the play had shown me one in ribbons." "I would not," was his remark, "have you use one again in the scene, if you can do without it ;" and I did not usually do so. It was some time afterward before I learned his reason, and then I continued to keep my handkerchief out of my reach, lest the same accident should happen again ; for, as I always allowed the full feeling of the scene to take possession of me I could not answer but that it might. There would have been nothing wrong in acting upon what strong natural emotion had suggested in the heat of actual performance ; but all true artists will, I believe, avoid the use of any action,

many friends. They were terribly in the way of the exits and entrances. Worse than all, those who knew you insisted on saluting you ; those who did not, made you run the gauntlet of a host of curious eyes, and this in a place where, most properly, no stranger had hitherto been allowed to intrude. Then, too, though of course I never looked at the Queen and the Prince, still their presence was felt by me more than I could have anticipated. It overawed me somehow—stood between me and Pauline ; and instead of doing my best, I could not in my usual way lose myself in my character, and, on the whole, never acted worse or more artificially—too like my poor flowers !

however striking, which may become by repetition a mere mechanical artifice.

It was different with another suggestion which was made to me as to the way I acted in the same scene. As I recalled, in bitter scorn, to Claude his glowing description of his palace by the Lake of Como, I broke into a paroxysm of hysterical laughter, which came upon me, I suppose, as the natural relief from the intensity of the mingled feelings of anger, scorn, wounded pride, and outraged love, by which I found myself carried away. The effect upon the audience was electrical, because the impulse was genuine. But well do I remember Mr. Macready's remonstrance with me for yielding to it. It was too daring, he said ; to have failed in it might have ruined the scene (which was true). No one, moreover, should ever, he said, hazard an unrehearsed effect. I could only answer that I could not help it ; that this seemed the only way for my feelings to find vent ; and if the impulse seized me again, again, I feared, I must act the scene the same way. And often as I have played Pauline, never did the scene fail to bring back the same burst of hysterical emotion ; nor, so far as I know, did any of my critics regard my yielding to it as out of place, or otherwise than true to nature. Some years afterward I was comforted by reading a reply of the great French actor Baron, when found fault with for raising his hands above his head in some impassioned scene, on the ground that such a gesture was contrary to the rules of art. "Tell me not of art," he said. "If nature makes you raise your hands, be it ever so high, be sure nature is right, and the business of art is to obey her." When playing with Mr. Macready the following year at the Haymarket, I noticed a chair placed every evening at the wing as I went on the stage for this scene. On inquiry, I found it was for Mrs. Glover, the great actress of comedy, who afterward told me that she came every night to see me in this scene, she was so much struck by the boldness of my treatment of it. She said it was bold beyond anything she had ever known ; and yet it was always so fresh and new, that each time it moved her as if she had not seen it

before. Nature spoke through me to her—no praise to me.

The success of *The Lady of Lyons* had during the rehearsals been considered very doubtful. Its defects in a literary point of view seemed obvious to those who were capable of judging, and its merits as a piece of skilful dramatic construction could not then be fully seen. The master and friend of my youth, of whom I spoke in my letter on Juliet, thought my part of Pauline very difficult and somewhat disagreeable. I remember well his saying to me, " You have hitherto, in your Shakespearian studies, had to lift yourself up to the level of your heroines ; now you must, by tone and manner and dignity of expression, lift this one up to yourself." During the rehearsals no one knew who was the author. The play had not a name given to it until very near the time it was brought out. There was great speculation at the rehearsals as to what it was to be called. *Love and Duty*, *Love and Pride*, were suggested, but discarded as too like the titles of a novel. *The Gardener's Son*, said one. No, that suggested nothing. *The Merchant of Lyons*, said another. No, surely not ; was there not a *Merchant of Venice*? Upon which Mr. Bartley, who was the stage manager, and also the first and the best Colonel Damas, turned to me, and taking off his hat, and bowing in the soldier-like manner of the colonel in the play, said, "I think 'my young cousin' should give the play a name. Shall it not be called *The Lady of Lyons*?" Whether this name had been decided on before, I cannot tell ; but shortly after the play was announced by that title.

During the run of this play—it was in winter—I suffered terribly from a constant cough. It would sometimes seize me in the most trying passages. On one of these occasions I found Lord Lytton waiting for me as I left the scene, showing the greatest concern, and begging me to take care of my health. Shortly after, he sent some lozenges to my dressing-room, with renewed injunctions to give up acting for a time. As this involved the withdrawal of the play at the height of its success, I felt how generous he was. Indeed, I always found Lord Lytton

most kind and considerate, and with a very tender heart for suffering. Not long afterward, my physicians sent me away from my loved work for many weary months ; but rest was quite necessary ; had they not insisted upon it, no more work or play would there have been for me in this world.

But, oh how I have wandered from Imogen ! It is, I suppose, like Portia—

“ To peize the time—  
To eke it and to draw it out in length,”—

to stay myself from grappling with a task which I yearn yet dread to approach.

It is impossible, I find, to write of Imogen, without treating in some degree of all the principal characters of the play. She acts upon and influences them all. We must make ourselves familiar with them, in order fully to know her. This opens up a wide field ; for the action of the play covers an unusual space, and is carried on by many important agents. It sets the unities, especially the unity of space, entirely at defiance. We are now in Britain, then in Rome—anon once more in Britain, then back in Rome. The scene changes, and we are again at Cymbeline's Court ; then in a mountainous region of South Wales ; and so backward and forward to the end of the play. *Cymbeline*, would be the despair of those getters-up of plays whose scenery is so elaborate that they can give but one scene to every act. But, oh how refreshing to have your thoughts centred upon such human beings as Shakespeare drew, with all their joys, their woes, their affections, sufferings, passions, developing before you each phase of their characters, instead of the immovable upholstery and painted simulations of reality in which the modern fashion takes delight ! The eye is pleased, but what becomes of the heart and the imagination ? People tell us that Shakespeare would, if he could, have availed himself of all the material resources of the costumier, scene-painter, and stage-manager, of which use is now so freely made. I venture to think not. He knew too well that if the eye be distracted by excess either of numbers or of movement, or by a multiplicity of beautiful or picturesque

objects, the actor must work at a disadvantage. He can neither gain nor keep that grasp of the minds and sympathies of the audience which is essential for bringing home to them the purpose of the poet.

I have heard the plot of *Cymbeline* severely censured. The play certainly wants the concentration which is essential for stage representation, and which Shakespeare himself would probably have given to it had it been written after he had gained that exquisite cunning in constructive skill which is apparent in *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, and some of his other plays. But the plot itself is clear enough, and sufficiently full of sustained interest to engage the attention of the audience and keep it in suspense to the close. The play, in fact, is of only too luxuriant growth, such as a little judicious lopping removes without prejudice to it as an acting drama. Its occasional diffuseness is plainly caused by an extreme anxiety to leave nothing obscure either in the action or the characters. But the genius of the great dramatist is apparent in the skill with which the story of Imogen's trials is interwoven with traditional tales of the ancient Britons and their relations to Rome, which give to it the vivid interest of a grand historical background. The incident on which the play hinges—the wager between Iachimo and Posthumus—seems to have been taken from Boccaccio's story, simply because it was familiar to the theatre-going public, and because Shakespeare saw in it a great opportunity for introducing characters and incidents well fitted to develop, in a manner “unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,” the character of a noble, cultivated, loving woman and wife at her best. The play might indeed be fitly called *Imogen, Princess of Britain*, for it is upon her, her trials and her triumph, that it turns.

Observe how carefully Shakespeare fixes our attention upon her at the very outset of the play, by the conversation of the two courtiers. “ You do not meet a man but frowns,” says one ; for the king is angry, and from him all the Court takes its tone. To the question, “ But what's the matter ? ” he replies :

" His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,  
    whom  
He purposed to his wife's sole son (a widow,  
That late he married), hath referred herself  
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's  
    wedded;  
Her husband banished ; she imprisoned ; all  
Is outward sorrow ; though I think the king  
Be touched at very heart.

*2d Gent.* None but the king ?  
*1st Gent.* He that hath lost her, too ; so is the  
    queen,

That most desired the match : but not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks, but hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

*2d Gent.* And why so ?  
*1st Gent.* He that hath missed the princess is a  
    thing

Too bad for bad report ; and he that hath her  
(I mean, that married her—alack, good man !  
And therefore banished) is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something  
    failing

In him that should compare. I do not think  
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,  
Endows a man but he."

The speaker has much more to say in  
praise of Posthumus Leonatus ; but the  
climax of his panegyric is, that the best  
proof of the worth of Posthumus lies in  
the fact that such a woman as Imogen  
has chosen him for her husband :

" His mistress,  
For whom he now is banished, her own price  
Proclaims how she esteemed him and his virtue ;  
By her election may be truly read  
What kind of man he is."

Thus, then, we see that Imogen is fitly  
mated. There has been that " marriage  
of true minds " on which Shakespeare  
lays so much stress in one of his finest  
sonnets. Both are noble creatures, rich  
in the endowments of body as well as  
mind, and drawn toward each other as  
" Like to like, but like in difference,  
Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other even as those who love."

What Shakespeare intends us to see  
in Imogen is made plain by the impres-  
sion she is described as producing on all  
who come into contact with her—  
strangers as well as those who have seen  
her grow up at her father's Court. She  
is of royal nature as well as of royal  
blood, too noble to know that she is noble.  
A grand and patient faithfulness is at  
the root of her character. Yet she can  
be angry, vehement, passionate, upon  
occasion. With a being of so fine and  
sensitive an organization, how could it

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be otherwise ? Her soul's strength and nobleness, speaking through her form and movements, impress all alike with an irresistible charm. Her fine taste, her delicate ways, her accomplishments, her sweet singing, are brought before us by countless subtle touches. To her belongs especially the quality of grace—that quality which, in Goethe's words, " macht unwiderstehlich,"\* and which, as Racine says, is even " superior to beauty, or rather is beauty sweetly animated." Iachimo, fastidious and cloyed in sensuality as he is, no sooner sees her than he is struck with admiring awe :

" All of her that is out of door, most rich !  
If she be furnished with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird."

And even Cloten, whose dull brain cannot resist the impression of her queenly grace and beauty, grows eloquent when he speaks of her :

" She's fair and royal,  
And hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, women ; from every one  
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,  
Outsells them all."

Like many of Shakespeare's heroines, Imogen has early lost her mother ; but she has been most lovingly and royally nurtured by her father, to whom, no doubt, she was doubly endeared after the loss of his two sons. What she was to him, we see when his hour of trouble comes, and he is left without her. " Imogen, the great part of my comfort, gone !" (Act iv. sc. 3.) Her fine intellect and strong affection would then have been the stay to him it had often been in the days before he allowed his love for her to be overclouded by the fascinations of his beautiful crafty second queen. But not even she could keep him from being " touched at very heart," despite his anger at his child for wedding Posthumus.

With what skill the characters of that queen and of Cymbeline himself are put before us ! He is full of good impulses, but weak, wayward, passionate, and, as such natures commonly are when thwarted, cruel, and carried away, like

\* " Die Schönheit bleibt sich selber selig,  
Die Anmut macht unwiderstehlich."

Beauty self-pleased, self-wrapped, will sit,  
But grace draws all men after it.

—Faust, Part II.

Lear, by " impatient womanish violence." Having no insight into character, he has been led by designing flatterers, who played upon his weakness, to suspect " the perfect honor " of his tried friend and officer Belarius, and to banish him from the Court. The loss of his two sons, stolen from him by Belarius in revenge for this wrong, has imbibed his life. It probably cost him that of their mother, whose death left the Princess Imogen, her youngest-born, as his only solace. Out of the nobler impulse of his nature came the care and training which he gave to Posthumus, the orphaned son of his great general, Sicilius Leonatus. And yet—after treating him as if her were one of the sons whom he had lost, breeding him along with Imogen as her " playfellow," and knowing, as he could not fail to know, the deep affection that must spring from such an intimacy—on finding out the marriage, he sends him from the Court with violence and in disgrace, heedless of the misery which, by so doing, he inflicts on his own child. Left to himself, things might have taken a very different course. But he is blinded for the time by the spell which his newly-wedded, beautiful, soft-voiced, dissembling queen has cast upon him. At her instigation he resents the marriage with a bitterness the more intense because it is in some measure artificial, and gives vent to his anger against Posthumus in an undignified manner, and in unkingly phrases :

" Thou basest thing, avoid ! Hence from my sight !

Away !

Thou'rt poison to my blood !"

In the same passionate manner he heaps maledictions on his daughter.

" Oh, thou vile one !"

" Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day, and, being aged,  
Die of this folly !"

Choleric and irrational as old Capulet himself, he is equally regardless of everybody's feelings but his own. Just the man, therefore, to become the ductile tool of a cold, beautiful, unscrupulous, ambitious woman like his queen. She, again, has but one soft place in her heart, and that is for her handsome peacock-witted son Cloten—a man so vapid and brainless that he cannot

" take two from twenty and leave eighteen." For him this fawning, dissembling, crafty woman—this secret poisoner, in intention, if not in act—is prepared to dare everything. If she cannot get Imogen for her son, and so prepare his way to the throne, she is quite ready to " catch the nearest way " by compassing Imogen's death. Cymbeline, infatuated by an old man's love for a handsome woman, is a child in her hands. Imogen's keen intelligence sees through her pretended sympathy, dismissing it with the words :

" Oh dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds !"

knowing well that she will have less cause to dread " the hourly shot of angry eyes " than the silent machinations of this " most delicate fiend."

The whole tragedy of her position is summed up by Imogen herself early in the play, in the words (Act i. sc. 6) :

" A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;  
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,  
That hath her husband banished : Oh, that husband !  
My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated  
Vexations of it !"

Note, too, how it seems to the shrewd Second Lord in attendance upon Cloten (Act ii. sc. 1) :

" Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st !  
Betwixt a father by thy step dame governed ;  
A mother hourly coining plots ; a woer  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband. From that horrid act  
Of the divorce he'd make, the heavens hold  
firm

The walls of thy dear honor ; keep unshaken  
That temple, thy fair mind !"

And all this, while she was still " comforted to live," because in her husband she had the one priceless " jewel in the world, that she might see again." Rudely stripped of that comfort, as she soon is, what state so desolate, what trial more cruel than hers ! But I must not anticipate.

When we first see Imogen, it is at the moment of her parting with Posthumus. Their marriage-hours must have been of the shortest. Even had they tried to conceal their union, which most probably they had not, the watchful queen, with her spies everywhere, would have

speedily discovered it. It is she indeed who has brought about that union ; for her encouragement of the suit of her son—"that harsh, shallow nothing"—has made a marriage with Posthumus the only effectual barrier to it, and enabled him to prevail on Imogen to "set up her disobedience 'gainst the king her father.'" One wrong leads to another. The marriage, when discovered, is followed by the instant and contemptuous banishment of Posthumus ; and it is in the sharp anguish of his separation from Imogen that we first see them—anguish made more poignant by the pretended sympathy of the queen, to whom they owe their misery. Posthumus entreats his wife :

" O lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause  
To be suspected of more tenderness  
Than doth become a man ! I will remain  
The loyal'st husband that did e're plight troth."

They exchange those parting gifts, one of which is to work so fatally against their happiness ; she giving him what, we may be assured, was her most treasured possession, the diamond that had been her mother's—with the words—oh, how full of tenderness !

" Take it, heart ;  
But keep it till you woo another wife,  
When Imogen is dead !"

while he fixes a bracelet on her arm, saying :

" For my sake, wear this ;  
It is a manacle of love : I'll place it  
Upon this fairest prisoner.

*Imo.*                    Oh, the gods !  
When shall we see again ?"

All further speech between them is stopped by the entrance of Cymbeline, who thrusts Posthumus from the Court with words so coarsely insulting that, as he goes, Imogen exclaims :

" There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is."

And now her father turns his reproaches upon her ; and in her replies we see the loving, dutiful daughter, the still more loving and devoted wife :

" I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation ; I  
Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*

*Cym.* Thou mightst have had the sole son  
of my queen !

*Imo.* Oh, blest, that I might not ! . . .

*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar ; wouldst have  
made my throne  
A seat for baseness !

*Imo.*                    No ; I rather added  
A lustre to it.

*Cym.*                    Oh, thou vile one !

*Imo.*                    Sir,  
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus :  
You bred him as my playfellow ; and he is  
A man worth any woman ; overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays.

*Cym.*                    What ! art thou mad ?  
*Imo.* Almost, sir : heaven restore me !  
Would I were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus  
Our neighbor shepherd's son !"

A cry, we may well believe, that has often risen in palaces from hearts weary of the irksome restraints, or awed by the great responsibilities, of princely life.

Her father leaves her, with the order to his queen, " Away with her, and pen her up !" and Pisanio returns with the tidings that Cloten had drawn his sword upon his master Posthumus. Imogen's contempt for Cloten breaks out despite his mother's presence :

" Your son's my father's friend ; he takes his  
part.  
To draw upon an exile ! Oh, brave sir !  
I would they were in Afric both together :  
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick  
The goer-back."

Posthumus, assured that in Pisanio Imogen would have at least one loyal friend who might be counted to stand firmly by her, has sent him back, refusing to allow him to be absent from her even for so brief a time as was necessary to reach the haven. But now Imogen desires him to return to " see her lord aboard." Why she did so, we see in their dialogue when he returns :

" *Imo.*                    What was the last  
That he spake to thee ?

*Pis.* It was, ' His queen ! his queen !'

*Imo.* Then waved his handkerchief ?

*Pis.*                    And kissed it, madam.

*Imo.* Senseless linen ! Happier therein than  
I !

And that was all ?

*Pis.*                    No, madam ; for so long  
As he could make me with this eye or ear  
Distinguish him from other, he did keep  
The deck, with glove or hat or handkerchief  
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind  
Could best express how slow his soul sailed on,  
How swift his ship.

*Imo.*                    Thou shouldst have made him  
As little as a crow, or less, ere left  
To after-eye him.

*Pis.*                    Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke, mine eyestrings,  
cracked them, but  
To look upon him; till the diminution  
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;  
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from  
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then  
Have turned mine eye and wept. But, good  
Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?

*Pis.* Be assured, madam,  
With his next vantage.

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him  
How I would think on him, at certain hours,  
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him  
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest and his honor; or have charged  
him

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
To encounter me with orisons, for then  
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could  
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my  
father,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing."

Imogen can pour out her heart in these exquisite bursts of tenderness before Pisanio without reserve, because she is assured of his sympathy, and of his devotion to her lord as well as to herself. I have always thought that Pisanio had been a follower of Posthumus's father, Sicilius Leonatus, and had therefore been assigned to his son as a special servant when Cymbeline first took the orphaned boy under his care, and made him the playfellow of Imogen. He had seen Posthumus grow up with all the winning graces of a fine person, and a simple, truthful, manly nature, so void of guile himself as to be unsuspecting of it in others; while Imogen had developed into the beautiful, accomplished, high-souled woman, for whom mere "princely suitors"—of whom, we are told, she had many—had no attraction, companioned as she had been from childhood to womanhood by one whose high qualities of head and heart she knew so well. Pisanio had seen them grow dearer and dearer to each other, and never doubted that Cymbeline looked with favor on their growing affection until the evil hour when he remarried, and was persuaded by his queen to favor Cloten's suit. The character of that coarse, arrogant, cowardly braggadocio must have made his pretensions to the hand of Imogen odious to the whole Court that loved and

honored her, but especially to Pisanio; and we may be sure he was taken into counsel, when a marriage was resolved upon, as the only way to make the union with Cloten impossible. Thus he has drawn upon himself the suspicion and hatred of the queen and her handsome, well-proportioned, brainless son. I say well-proportioned; for how otherwise could Imogen have afterward mistaken his headless body, as she does (Act iv. sc. 2), for that of Posthumus?

These opening scenes, in which Imogen appears, are a proof among many other, how much Shakespeare expected from the personators of his heroines. In them the actress must contrive to produce the impression of a character of which all that is afterward seen of Imogen is the natural development. In look, in bearing, in tone and accent, we must see the princess, strong in the possession of fine and cultivated intelligence, and equal, through all her womanly tenderness, and by very reason of that tenderness, to any strain which may be put upon her fortitude and endurance—one who, while she draws on all insensibly to admire her by her mere presence, at the same time inspires them with a reverent respectfulness. Ah! how little those who, in mere ignorance, speak slightly of the actor's art, can know of the mental and moral training which is needed to take home into the being, and then to express in action, however faintly, what must have been in the poet's mind, as his vision of Imogen found expression in the language he has put into her mouth!

And now we must leave Imogen, and follow Posthumus to Rome, where he is expected at a banquet at his friend Philario's house. Before he enters (Act i. sc. 5) we see that, except by his host, his presence is not desired. His reputation as no ordinary man has run before him; and the French and Roman guests already carp at and depreciate him. When he enters, his self-possession and dignified courtesy show in marked contrast to the disposition seen in the others to irritate and offend him. Iachimo has an old grudge against him. He had seen him in Britain before, and the antagonism between his own corrupt

and selfish nature and the noble qualities of Posthumus had bred mutual dislike. The Italian's flippancy and loose style of expression are rebuked by the calm reticence of the Briton. This reserve is made greater by the deep sorrow that is tugging at his heart. By what now seems to him his selfishness in pressing Imogen to a private marriage, he has brought not only disgrace and contumely upon himself, but suffering and sorrow on her whom his love would have yearned to shelter from any touch of pain. Remorse, love, and pride are thus at war within him. Angry with himself, he is impatient of annoyance or opposition. In this mood, on reaching his friend's house, he encounters in Iachimo a man who would have been distasteful to him under any circumstances. Nothing could be more unlucky. In his then state of mind he is fit company for no man, least of all for this mocking, supercilious Italian, with his ostentatious disbelief in woman's worth, and his arrogant, sarcastic nature, indolent yet cunning, and only moved to action by the desire to gratify his vanity or his senses. Iachimo's very manner, with its assured complacency, irritates and frets the heart-stricken Briton. Had he not been at war with himself, I believe he would not have allowed any conversation, in which his mistress's name should be brought forward, to take place in his presence. But, smarting as he is under Cymbeline's insulting language, and with the echo of it still ringing in his ears, he is unable to command his usual forbearance. He is moved in time to give taunt for taunt, boast for boast; and when this insolent unmanly stranger dares to bring the constancy and honor of his mistress into question, he is provoked into accepting the challenge which Iachimo proposes as a test of her virtue, without thinking for the moment of the insult implied by the mere introduction of such a man to the presence of his wife.

We now go back to Imogen. Weeks have obviously gone by; but we hear that "she weeps still." The persecution of a "father cruel, and a step-dame false," and the importunities of "a foolish suitor," serve but to make her cling closer to the thought of her dear lord and husband.

"Oh, that husband,  
My supreme crown of grief!  
Had I been thief-stolen  
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable  
Is the desire that's glorious."

She is in this mood when Pisano introduces "a noble gentleman from Rome," who brings letters from her lord. The mere mention of them sends all the color from her face. Iachimo noticing this, treasures her:

"Change you, madam?  
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,  
And greets your highness dearly."

Now returns the delicate color to her cheek, the warmth to her heart, and she can say with all her accustomed grace, "Thanks, good sir. You are kindly welcome." This is her first letter from her wedded lord; and while she is drinking in its words of love, Iachimo is watching her with all his eyes. The happiness in hers, lately so full of tears, adds to her fascination, and her whole demeanor expresses, silently but eloquently, the purity and beauty of her soul. Iachimo, unbeliever as he is in woman's worth, is too shrewd not to see that the charm of her face and person—"all of her that is out of door, most rich!" would not be so exquisite but for the dignity and elevation of her mind. His wager, he feels instinctively, is as good as lost; but the stake is too serious not to be played for, at all risks.

"Boldness, audacity," must "arm him from head to foot," aided by all the craft and subtlety of a spirit long versed in guile. No matter at what sacrifice of truth, or at what cost of misery to his victims, the wager must be won. He already feels it will not be gained by triumph over Imogen's virtue; but means must be found to wreak his hate upon the haughty, self-reliant Briton, and to bring down his pride, by convincing him of her disloyalty.

He begins his advances in the way common to common minds, by daring to praise and seeming to be lost in admiration of Imogen's beauty. But here he is entirely thwarted, for she fails to see his meaning, and asks, in all simplicity, "What, dear sir, thus wraps you? Are you well?" Having the sense at once to see that he is upon a wrong tack, he starts upon another, in hope of

better success. In reply to her anxious inquiry after the health of her lord, he assures her that he is not only well, but

"Exceeding pleasant ; none a stranger there  
So merry and so gamesome ; he is called  
The Briton reveller."

A report so little in consonance with all she has known of Posthumus arrests Imogen's attention for the moment. Iachimo, thinking he has gained a point, and that he may pique her pride, proceeds to illustrate the small respect in which her husband holds her sex, by telling her of a "Frenchman, his companion," over whose sighs for "a Gallian girl at home" Posthumus makes merry :

"The jolly Briton  
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs,  
cries 'Oh !'

Can my sides hold, to think that man, who  
knows

By history, report, or his own proof,  
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose,  
But must be, will his free hours languish for  
Assured bondage ?"

Imogen, amazed, can only say, "Will my lord say so?" But this levity of her lord must be pushed home to herself. Accordingly, Iachimo goes on to express wonder and pity :

"*Imo.* What do you pity, sir ?  
*Jack.* Two creatures, heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, sir ?  
You look on me : what wreck discern you in  
me  
Deserves your pity ?"

He still speaks so enigmatically, that she conjures him to say plainly what he means :

" You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me. Pray  
you  
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do), . . . . discover  
to me  
What doth you spur and stop."

Upon this, he speaks so plainly, and with such indignation, of her lord's disloyalty, that for a moment a cloud rests upon her mind. With a sad dignity she says :

"*Imo.* My lord, I fear,  
Has forgot Britain !  
*Jack.* And himself. Not I,  
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce  
The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces  
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue  
Charms this report out."

He is now striking into a vein which re-

veals a something in the speaker from which, as a pure woman, she instinctively recoils, and she exclaims, "Let me hear no more!" Iachimo, mistaking for wounded pride the shock to her love, and to all the cherished convictions of the worth of Posthumus on which it rests, urges her to be revenged upon him. How beautiful is her reply ! For a wrong like this there is no remedy, no revenge. It is too monstrous even for belief :

" Revenged !  
How should I be revenged ? If this be true—  
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears  
Must not in haste abuse)—if it be true,  
How shall I be revenged ?"

Imogen, who has throughout felt an instinctive dislike to the free-spoken Roman—this bringer of ill tidings—when he now dares to tender love and devotion to herself, reads him on the instant through and through. She calls at once for Pisano to eject him from her presence, but the wily Italian has taken care not to have her loyal retainer within hearing. Quite early in the scene he has sent him out of the way by the words :

" Beseech you, sir, desire  
My man's abode where I did leave him : he  
Is strange and peevish."

Pisano does not, therefore, answer to his mistress's call, and Iachimo continues his advances. Her instinct, then, was right. The cloud vanishes that has rested for a moment upon her mind ; and instead of the doubting, perplexed woman, wounded in her most sacred belief, we see the indignant princess sweeping from her presence in measureless scorn the man whose every word she feels to be an insult :

" Away ! I do condemn mine ears that have  
So long attended thee. If thou wert honorable,  
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st ; as base as  
strange.  
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
From thy report as thou from honor ; and  
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike. What, ho ! Pisano !"

At this point the address of the wily, subtle Italian comes to his rescue. The vulnerable point in Imogen, he sees, is her devotion to her lord, and Iachimo immediately breaks out into his praises, and excuses all which he has before said by the plea that his object was to

prove if Imogen was indeed worthy of "the worthiest sir that ever country called his :"

" Give me your pardon.  
I have spoken this, to know if your affiance  
Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your lord  
That which he is new o'er. And he is one,  
The truest mannered ; such a holy witch,  
That he enchanteth societies unto him :  
Half all men's hearts are his."

Forgetting her own wrong in the delight  
of hearing this tribute paid to the worth  
of that dear lord whose name has of late  
been only coupled in her hearing with  
insulting and contumelious epithets,  
Imogen murmurs half aloud, " You  
make amends." Iachimo, seeing his  
advantage, pursues it :

" He sits 'mongst men like a descended god :  
He hath a kind of honor sets him off,  
More than a mortal seeming.  
The love I bear him  
Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made  
you,  
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon!"

This praise of Posthumus, now so rare  
at Cymbeline's Court, together with  
Iachimo's vehement protestations of  
regard for him, completely deceives  
Imogen, and she replies, " All's well, sir.  
Take my power in the Court for yours." His  
" humble thanks " are tendered, and his audience ended. As he retires,  
however, he turns back, and in the  
most seemingly simple manner asks for  
the aid she has proffered, to help him  
in the safe keeping of the costly plate  
and jewels which he had purchased in  
France, as a present to the Emperor  
from " some dozen Romans of us and  
your lord, the best feather of our flock." It  
is enough for her that Posthumus has  
an interest in their " safe stowage : "

" Since  
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them,  
In my bed-chamber."

How Iachimo's heart must have bounded at these words ! Things fashion themselves for him to a wish, and make easy the way, which even now seemed beset with insurmountable difficulties. The generous forgiveness of the princess, and her pleasure in showing courtesy to him who had professed so much regard for her lord, thus become the ministers to his vile purpose and her own after-misery.

We next see Imogen in her bed, read-

ing. How rich were the appointments of her chamber, we gather afterward from Iachimo's description (Act ii. sc. 4). It was hung

" With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story,  
Proud Cleopatra when she met her Roman.  
A piece of work  
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
In workmanship and value.  
The chimney-piece  
Chaste Dian bathing : never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves.

The roof o' the chamber  
With golden cherubims is fretted."

And from such luxury, such surroundings, which have been with her all her life, the presence of this ignoble, crafty, selfish villain, lying on the watch there in his trunk, was shortly to cast her forth into an unknown world, in misery, in pain and weariness of body, with only the ground for her bed !

Imogen has been reading for three hours—a weary time for the hidden " Italian fiend !" On hearing it is midnight, she dismisses her woman Helen, telling her to " fold down the leaf where she had left." This, we hear from Iachimo afterward, was the Tale of Tereus, " where Philomel gave up"—that is, we may suppose, at the point where Philomela and her sister Procne were (in answer to their prayer to escape Tereus, their infuriated pursuer) transformed, the one into a nightingale, the other into a swallow. She adds :

" Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;  
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,  
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me  
wholly."

She kisses fondly the bracelet on her arm, her Leonatus's parting gift, and with a brief prayer to the gods for protection " from fairies and the tempters of the night," drops into that deep sleep which enables Iachimo to accomplish his purpose unheard, unseen. Libertine and sceptic as he is, he is awed by the exquisite beauty and chastity of the sleeper :

" Cytherea,  
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! Fresh  
lily !  
And whiter than the sheets ! That I might  
touch !  
But kiss ; one kiss ! Rubies unparagoned,  
How dearly they do't. 'Tis her breathing  
that  
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the  
taper

Bows toward her ; and would under-peep her lids,  
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied  
Under these windows, white and azure, laced  
With blue of heaven's own tint."

What a picture is here ! Drawn by a master-hand ; for Iachimo has all the subtle perception of the refined sensualist. " That I might touch !" But even he, struck into reverence, dare not. " A thousand liveried angels wait on her," so that his approach is barred. With all despatch he notes the features and furniture of the room. " Sleep, the ape of death, lies dull upon her," and this emboldens him to steal the bracelet from her arm. While he is triumphing in the thought how this may be used to work " the madding of her lord," his eye is caught by a mark he has espied upon her bosom, which " rivets, screws itself to his memory," as a conclusive voucher with Posthumus that he has " ta'en the treasure of her honor : "

" On her left breast  
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
I' the bottom of a cowslip."

What need of further token ! Those of which he is now possessed, he is satisfied, will be ample to carry conviction to a man of pure heart like Posthumus, who could not conceive of baseness so vile as that by which Iachimo has come to know of that sweet secret mark. Now, therefore, he may return to the chest, and shut the lid, invoking, as he does so, " the dragons of the night " to fly swiftly, that " dawning may bare the raven's eye." His men doubtless have their orders to carry away the supposed treasure-chest by daybreak. Well may he dread the time till then :

" I lodge in fear ;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here."

And this same hell he is to carry about with him, as we shall see, forever after ; a hell of remorse which robs him of his valor and his peace.

In the morning we find musicians, hired by Cloten, singing under Imogen's chamber-window that brightest, daintiest of serenades, " Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings !" as if Shakespeare could not choose but pour his own heart out in homage to the " divine Imogen " he had created. Forced to appear in answer to Cloten's importuni-

ties, she tells him frankly, " You lay out too much pains for purchasing but trouble." The silly underbred fellow will not take her denial, and by his rudeness forces her for a moment to meet him with his own weapons. But it is only for a moment ; and then she offers him this pretty and most characteristic apology, even while she makes clearer than ever the hopelessness of his suit :

" I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
By being so verbal ; and learn now, for all,  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By the very truth of it, I care not for you ;  
And am so near the lack of charity  
(To accuse myself) I hate you ; which I had rather  
You felt, than make't my boast."

Exasperated by this avowal, Cloten replies by attacking " that base wretch " Posthumus :

" One bred of aims, and fostered with cold dishes,  
With scraps o' the Court ;"

and asserts that her contract with him is no contract at all, and that she, being curbed in her actions by " the consequence o' the crown," must not soil

" The precious note of it with a base slave,  
A bilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,  
A pantler, not so eminent."

On this Imogen's patience leaves her, and she turns upon him with the same eloquence of scorn with which we have before seen her silence Iachimo, but with even greater contempt :

" Profane fellow !  
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more  
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base  
To be his groom. . . .

*Clo.* The south-fog rot him !  
*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance,  
than come !  
To be but named of thee ! His meanest garment,

That ever hath but clipped his body, is dearer  
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men."

Even as she speaks, she misses from her arm the bracelet which had never quitted it since Posthumus placed it there, and summons Pisanio, whom she bids tell her woman to search for it. Vexation upon vexation :

" I am sprighted with a fool ;  
Frighted, and angered worse."  
As is so common when we first miss anything, she thinks she saw it lately :

"I do think  
I saw't this morning ; confident I am  
Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kissed it."

adding, with a sweet womanish touch,  
"I hope it be not gone to tell my lord  
That I kiss aught but he."

"Aught," you see, not "any one." Alas ! it has gone to him, and on a deadlier errand. "Frighted" as Imogen now is, she is in no humor to be longer "sprighted by a fool." Cloten's threat of appealing to her father is treated with contempt, and she leaves him "to the worst of discontent," and to fierce threats of vengeance, in the midst of which her preference of her husband's "meanest garment" is always uppermost in his foolish brain.

In the next scene we are again in Philario's house in Rome, to which Iachimo has returned with all possible speed. I need not dwell upon the skill with which Iachimo develops his proofs against the virtue of Imogen, bringing them forward one by one, as if they were drawn from him reluctantly, and mingled with such suggestions as, in the mouth of a known voluptuary like himself, could not fail to lend confirmation to his story. Posthumus is no easy dupe. His faith in Imogen is too deeply rooted. He fights against conviction to the last, and only yields when Iachimo crowns his story by speaking of the mole under Imogen's breast, "right proud of that most delicate lodging." Nor is he alone in his conviction ; for his friend Philario, who knows Iachimo well enough to be sure that he would be in no way scrupulous about truth in a matter of this kind, is himself compelled to come to the same conclusion, and to avow it by saying to Iachimo, "You have won." It is impossible, indeed, not to admire the exquisite art with which this super-subtle Italian arrays what he afterward (Act v. sc. 5) calls "simular proof enough to make the noble Leonatus mad," and, in doing so, fulfils the dramatist's purpose of keeping alive our respect for the wretched husband, whose whole life is laid waste by the ruin of his belief in one who had been the incarnation for him of all that was beautiful, and pure, and holy upon earth. Were it otherwise, we could not forgive the cruel device by which he, who had been

her "true knight," all "of her honor confident," sought to avenge his imagined wrong, by commanding Pisano to lure her from the Court, on the pretext of bringing her to her husband, and then to take away her life.

What a contrast to the scene in which Posthumus gives vent to his anguish and despair (Act ii. sc. 5) is that in which we next see Imogen (Act iii. sc. 2)! It is the one occasion in the whole play in which she can smile and is happy. That her natural temperament is cheerful, we see by the readiness with which she seizes this first opportunity to rejoice—a letter from her lord, and when least expected :

"*Pis.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.  
*Imo.* Who ? thy lord ? that is my lord, Leonatus !"

How Pisano must have shuddered inwardly as he gave it to her, knowing for what it was devised, and seeing the ecstasy with which it is welcomed ! How pretty is the way in which she, as it were, talks to the letter before she opens it :

"Oh, learned indeed were that astronomer  
That knew the stars as I his characters ;  
He'd lay the future open."

Then the little prayer, like some devout Greek, to the "good gods" to

"Let what is here contained relish of love,  
Of my lord's health, of his content—yet not,  
That we two are asunder—let that grieve  
him."

In her overflowing happiness, as she breaks the wax of the seals, she blesses the very bees "that make these locks of counsel." And then her transport when she finds from the letter that Posthumus is again in Britain, and that he invites her to meet him ! "Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford Haven. What your own love will out of this advise you, follow." Strange that, being convinced as he is of her disloyalty, Posthumus should be so assured that she would at once fly to meet him ! She had, he believed, given his bracelet to another, "and said she prized it once." Why, then, should she encounter fatigue, and even the peril of escape from the Court, and come to him ? I can only suppose that, being utterly distracted for the time, he had lost the power of reasoning ; and, mixing up the memory

of her former love with the story of her late disloyalty, he had trusted to the old love to work upon her heart. As to what it does advise, there is no question. Her first words are, "Oh, for a horse with wings!" Then she plies Pisanio rapidly with questions as to how far it is to Milford Haven. She, who has never been outside the precincts of a Court except on rare occasions, and then with all its stately retinue, cannot plod along like ordinary mortals, who would take a week to do it, but she must "glide thither in a day." Finding that Pisanio does not second her so eagerly as she wishes, she, as it were, reminds him of his affection for his master :

"Then, true Pisanio,  
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord ; who  
long'st—  
Oh, let me bate—but not like me :—yet  
long'st,  
But in a fainter kind : oh, not like me ;  
For mine's beyond beyond."

How charming is all this ! How touching, too, when we know what has passed, and what is to come ! There is a warmth and tenderness in the whole of this scene which are all but unequalled. The joy in Imogen's heart overflows upon her tongue. She cannot cease her questions. Everything, every place, is "blessed" which brings her nearer to her lord.

"How far is it  
To this same blessed Milford ? And, by the  
way,  
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as  
To inherit such a haven ?"

a haven which to her seems Elysium, for Posthumus is there. Like a happy child, she goes running all round the subject ; and then comes the thought, "How shall we steal from hence?" How excuse their absence when they return, which she apparently thinks will be soon ?

"But first, how get hence ?  
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot ?  
We'll talk of that hereafter."

Her heart and thoughts are so full, that she does not notice Pisanio's hesitation when she bids him forthwith provide a riding-suit for her, "no costlier than would fit a franklin's housewife." And when he still prays her to consider, all further question is stopped by her kindly but decisive answer :

"I see before me, man : nor here, nor here,  
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,  
That I cannot look through."

Oh, how I enjoyed acting this scene ! All had been sad before. What a burst of happiness, what play of loving fancy, had scope here ! It was like a bit of Rosalind in the forest. The sense of liberty, of breathing in the free air, and for a while escaping from the trammels of the Court, and her persecutors there, gave light to the eyes and buoyance to the step. Imogen is already in imagination at that height of happiness, at that "beyond beyond," which brings her into the presence of her banished lord. She can only "see before her;" she can look neither right nor left, nor to aught that may come after. These things have "a fog in them she cannot look through." "Away !" she says, "I prithee ;" and stops Pisanio's further remonstrance with

"Do as I bid thee ! there's no more to say ;  
Accessible is none but Milford way."

We can imagine with what delighted haste Imogen dons the riding-suit of the franklin's housewife ! Pisanio is barely allowed time to procure horses. Her women hurry on the preparations—for, as we have heard, they are "all sworn and honorable ;" and thus rejoicingly she starts on her sad, ill-omened journey. Pisanio has little to say during the last scene ; but what may not the actor express by tone, and look, and manner ? We know his grief for her, his bitter disappointment in her husband :

"O Master ! what a strange infection  
Is fallen into thy ear ! What false Italian  
(As poisonous-tongued as handed) hath pre-  
valled  
On thy too ready hearing ? Disloyal ? No ;  
She's punished for her truth. . . . O my  
master,  
Thy mind to her is now as low as were  
Thy fortunes !"

These thoughts are in his mind, and give the tone to his whole bearing. Had Imogen been less wrapped up in her own happiness, she must have noticed and questioned him about his strange unwillingness to obey his master's orders —wondered, too, at his showing no gladness at the thought of seeing him whom she believed that he, "next to herself," most longed to see again. But her eyes are full of that mist which ob-

scures everything from view but the one bright spot—that blessed Milford where her heart is.

And now we have to think of Imogen as having escaped from her courtly prison-house. By her side rides "the true Pisanio," her one friend, and he is conveying her to her husband. What happy anticipations fill her heart! Now she will be able to tell him all the "most pretty things" she had to say, when they were cut short by the entrance of her father, who,

"Like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shook all their buds from blowing."

Absorbed in her own sweet dreams, she does not notice the continued silence of her companion, until having reached some deep mountain solitude, he tells her the place of meeting is near at hand, and they dismount. It is at this moment that they come before us. Imogen, very weary with the unusual fatigue, looks anxiously round for the approach of Posthumus. For the first time she observes the strangeness of Pisanio's manner. "What is in thy mind?" she exclaims in alarm,

"That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore  
breaks that sigh  
From the inward of thee? One, but painted  
thus,  
Would be interpreted a thing perplexed  
Beyond self-explication. . . . What's the  
matter?"

Pisanio, who can find no words to explain his mission, the purport of which can neither be slurred over nor lightened by any ray of comfort, simply offers her Posthumus's letter to himself. "Why," she exclaims, "tender'st thou that paper to me?" She sees the superscription is in her husband's hand. How the stories of Italian poisoning must have penetrated the English mind in Shakespeare's time! At once the thought of danger from this cause occurs to her:

"That drug-damned Italy hath outcrafted  
him,  
And he's at some bard point. Speak, man;  
thy tongue  
May take off some extremity, which to read  
Would be even mortal to me."

At last he does speak, but so mysteriously that she has to turn to the letter itself without any abatement of her terror.

My pen stops here. I know not how to write. Such a charge as that letter contains, to meet the eyes of such a creature! She has begun to read, full of apprehension for her husband's safety, and from his hand she now receives her death-blow. As the last word drops from her lips, her head bows in silence over the writing, and her body sinks as if some mighty rock had crushed her with its weight. These few words have sufficed to blight, to blacken, and to wither her whole life. The wonder is, that she ever rises. I used to feel tied to the earth. "What need," says Pisanio, "to draw my sword? The paper hath cut her throat already. . . . What cheer, madam?" What indeed! In a dull kind of way, she, after a while, repeats the words in the letter: "False to his bed! What is it to be false?" Then, remembering how so many weary nights have been passed, she asks:

"To lie in watch there, and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep  
charge nature,  
To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
And cry myself awake? That's false to his  
bed,  
Is it?"

Her honor wedded to his honor, both must be wrecked together! That he should entertain one instant's suspicion of her takes the life out of her heart. No sin could be more utterly abhorrent to her nature than that of which she is accused; and this no one should know so well as her accuser, the companion of her life, the husband from whom no secret, not one of her most sacred feelings, has been withheld. It is because she feels this, that she can find no other solution to the mystery than that the "shes of Italy" have "betrayed her interest and his honor." Then flashes upon her like a flood of light Iachimo's account of how the "jolly Briton" passed his time—of his opinion of woman, "of what she cannot choose but must be," and of his contempt for any man who will his "free hours languish for assured 'bondage'"—and, worse still, how he could "slaver with lips as common as the stairs that mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands made hard with hourly falsehood;" be "partnered with tomboys," etc. All this comes back sharply on the memory

of this poor bewildered creature, who holds no other clew to the motive, can imagine no reason why the hand she loved should desire to murder her. In her agony she remembers that Iachimo, when accusing Posthumus of inconstancy, "looked like a villain;" but, now that his words have seemingly come true, she exclaims, "Methinks thy favor's good enough." No suspicion crosses her mind that this same villain is in any way connected with her present suffering. The sleep which "seized her wholly," and made her the victim of his treachery, was too deep for that; neither could the loss of her bracelet be at all connected in her mind with him. Oh, the exquisite cruelty of it all! under false pretences to get her from the Court, plant her in a lonely desert, and there take her life! The charge against herself of being false appears to her but as a weak excuse for his own frailty. He is weary of her—desires to be free.

"Poor I am, stale—a garment out of fashion ;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the  
walls,  
I must be ripped—to pieces with me !\* Oh,  
Men's vows are women's traitors !"

When she parted from Posthumus, we heard her say she was "not comforted to live, but that there is this jewel in the world, that I may see again." And now, what has that jewel proved? What, then, is life to her now? What left her but to show in death her devotion to her lord? Were ever words so full of anguish, of tender, passionate yearning, as hers?

"Come, fellow, be thou honest ;  
Do thou thy master's bidding : when thou  
see'st him,  
A little witness my obedience. Look !  
I draw the sword myself : take it, and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart !  
Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things but grief :  
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,  
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike !"

She sees nothing before her but to die ;  
and when Pisanio refuses to " damn his  
hand " with the bloody task, she is only

\* How womanly are Imogen's similes! She would have watched Posthumus, as he sailed away, "till the diminution of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;"—and here, "I must be ripped; to pieces with me!" How Shakespeare thought woman's thoughts, with no woman to embody them!

restrained from killing herself with his sword by the thought of the "divine prohibition" against self-slaughter. This "cravens her weak hand;" but, renewing her entreaty to Pisano, she tears open her dress, that so a readier access may be given to her bosom. Then comes that touch so characteristic of the sovereign dramatist:

" Come, here's my heart !  
Something's afore't ! Soft, soft ; we'll no  
defence !

What is here?  
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,  
All turned to heresy! Away, away,  
Corrupters of my faith! You shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart!"

But even in the climax of her desolation and despair, the thought occurs to her of that inevitable day of remorse, when Posthumus will feel that her contempt, for his sake, of the "suits of princely fellows" was not an "act of common passage, but a strain of rateness;" and uppermost in her heart is her grief

"To think, when thou shalt be disengaged by  
her  
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory  
Will then be panged by me. Prithee, des-  
patch !  
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy  
knife ?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

*Pis.* Oh, gracious lady,  
Since I received command to do this business,  
I have not slept one wink.

I have not slept one while.  
Imo. Do't and to bed then.  
Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.  
Imo. Wherefore, then,  
Didst undertake it?

Didst undertake it? . . . Why hast thou gone  
so far,  
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy

stand,  
The elected deer before thee?  
*Pis.* But to win time

To lose so bad employment." Praying her patience, Pisanio then tries to make her think, as he himself has believed from the first, that it cannot be "but that his master is abused."

"Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,  
Hath done you both this cursèd injury."

Imogen, who can divine no motive but the one, will not entertain this idea. But Pisano persists in his belief; and tells her he will send notice to Posthumus of her death, along with some bloody sign of it, obviously with the conviction that this will lead to some explanation of the delusion under which

his master is laboring. Will she meanwhile go back to the Court? Swift is her answer. "No Court, no father!" What! face again "the father cruel, and the step-dame false," and the persistent wooing of the "profane fellow" her son? Pisano has anticipated this answer; and finding his mistress ready even to seek a refuge abroad if necessary—"Hath Britain all the sun that shines?" he suggests that a way may be found by which she may haply come near

"The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,  
That though his actions were not visible, yet  
Report should render him hourly to your ear,  
As truly as he moves."

The right chord has been touched by the sympathetic hand of this most loyal of retainers. Posthumus may be seen, some clew at least be found to what is now all mystery and anguish. "Oh for such means!" Imogen exclaims,

"Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,  
I would adventure."

As a woman, Pisano knows it would be impossible for her to make her way alone to the camp of the Roman general, Caius Lucius, where tidings of Posthumus were most likely to reach her. Accordingly, he tells her she must don a page's dress, "forget to be woman," be "ready in gibes, quick answered, saucy, and quarrelous as the weasel." How little of all this Imogen is in her male attire we shall presently see; but the object before her makes all hesitation vanish:

"I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already,"

she says, and hails with readiness Pisano's announcement, that he has by anticipation provided for her "doublet, hat, hose, all that answer to them," with which she may present herself before the noble Lucius:

"Desire his service, tell him,  
Wherein you're happy (which you'll make him  
know,  
If that his head have ear in music),"

and where she is sure to be well received, "for he is honorable, and, doubling that, most holy." He must himself return to the Court, to avoid being suspected of having assisted in her escape, and at parting gives her a box of medi-

cine, in the belief that, in case of illness, it "will drive away distemper." It had been given him by the queen, and he believes it to be what she professed it to be; for, treacherous as he knows her, he has no suspicion that she would turn poisoner. It is only the physician Cornelius who suspects the queen's purpose, and therefore gives her drugs which he leads her to believe will kill, but which, though suspending animation for a time, will, like Juliet's potion, allow the patient to "awake as from a pleasant sleep." So for the moment they separate, that she may don her man's apparel. But they obviously meet again, when Pisano conducts her to some mountain-top, from which he points out Milford to her, which then seemed "within a ken" (Act iii. sc. 6), but which she was to find, as inexperienced mountain-travellers always do find, was much farther off than it looked. He would not leave his "gracious mistress" until he had seen that her equipment was complete, and could start her fairly on her way.

What a picture Imogen presents as we see her next (Act iii. sc. 6)—alone among the wild hills, in a strange dress, in a strange world—wandering along unknown paths, still far away from Milford-Haven! Oh that name, Milford-Haven! I never hear it spoken, see it written, without thinking of Imogen. Weary and footsore, she wanders on, with the dull ache at her heart—far worse to bear than hunger—yearning, yet dreading, to get to Milford, that "blessed Milford," as once she thought it. When I read of the great harbor and docks which are now there, I cannot help wishing that one little corner could be found to christen as "Imogen's Haven." Never did heroine or woman better deserve to have her name thus consecrated and remembered. For two nights she has made the ground her bed. What food she had has long been exhausted; and there is, oh, so little spur of hope or promise in her heart to urge her onward! She complains but little. The tender nursing of the Court learns, by the roughest lessons, what goes on in that outer world of which she has seen nothing. "I see," she says, "a man's life is a tedious one." Still, with the patient

nobility of her nature, her "resolution helps her." She has set herself a task, and she will carry it through. In her heart, despite what she has said to Pisanio, there is still a corner in which he "that was the riches of it" continues to hold a place—for her love is of the kind that alters not "where it alteration finds;" and she had learned thoroughly love's first and greatest lesson—fidelity.

It was this scene, and those at the cave which immediately follow, that, as I have said, laid the strongest hold on my young imagination. It seemed so strange, and yet so fitting, that, in her greatest grief and loneliness, Imogen should be led by an unseen hand to her natural protectors, and that they, by an irrepressible instinct, should, at the first sight, be moved to love, admire, and cherish her. Before she reaches the cave, which is to prove a brief but happy haven of refuge for her, we have learned who its inhabitants are. We have been told how the old courtier and soldier Belarius, in revenge for having been wronged, insulted, and banished by Cymbeline, had, with the help of their nurse Euriphile, stolen his two young sons, and brought them up in a mountain-fastness as his own; how he had taught them all the arts he himself knew, and into what princely fellows they had grown, with but one desire ungratified, which was to see the world which they knew only by report, and to take some part in its stirring life. How delightful a relief to the overwhelming pathos of the previous scene is the accident which brings these two noble spirits into contact with a being like Imogen, in whom all that makes a woman most winning to unspoiled manly natures is unconsciously felt through the boyish disguise! And she—how well prepared she is to take comfort in the gentle, loving thoughtfulness shown to her by these "kind creatures!"

Think of her, the daintily nurtured woman, as she comes to their cave, spent with fatigue, and made desperate by hunger! On her way she has met two beggars, whom she may have helped with money, but who could not help her with food. They have told her she "could not miss her way;" yet she has missed it. How touching the vein

of thought this incident opens in her mind!

"Will poor folks lie,  
That have afflictions on them? . . . Yes;  
no wonder,  
When rich ones scarce tell true."

Then, more in pity than reproach, she adds, "My dear Lord, thou art one o' the false ones!" We see that he *is* her "dear Lord" still. But the thought of him brings back her heart-sickness, and takes away her hunger—although, just before, she was at the "point to sink for food." Then she perceives the entrance to the cave of Belarius, and the path to it.

"Tis some savage hold:  
'Twere best not call; I dare not call."

In my first rehearsals of this scene, I instinctively adopted a way of entering the cave which I was told was unusual. My dear friend and master approved of my conception. Mr. Elton, my Pisanio, liked it much; and Mr. Macready, after expressing many apprehensions, thought I might try it. You have seen, and therefore I need not dwell on it more than to remind you that Imogen's natural terror was certain to make her exaggerate tenfold the possible dangers which that cave might cover, from wild animals, or, still worse, from savage men. Remember her Court training, and her entire unfitness for, and ignorance of, anything unlike the life she had been reared in—for, as she says herself:

"Plenty and peace breed cowards; hardness  
ever  
Of hardness is mother."

But for sheer famine—which "ere it clean o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant"—she would rather have gone away, given up the thought of help, and laid her down to die, "as to a bed, that longing she'd been sick for." The "Ho! who's here?" was given, as you may remember, with a voice as faint and full of terror as could be—followed by an instant shrinking behind the nearest bush, tree, or rock. Then another and a little bolder venture: "If anything that's civil, speak!" Another recoil. Another pause: "If savage, take or lend! Ho!" Gaining a little courage, because of the entire silence: "No answer? then I'll enter!" peering right and left, still expecting some-

thing to pounce out upon her, and keeping ready, in the last resort, to fly. Then the sword, which had been an encumbrance before, and something to be afraid of, comes into her mind. If the dreaded enemy be as cowardly as herself, it will keep him at bay :

" Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't."

And so, with great dread, but still greater hunger, and holding the sword straight before her, she creeps slowly into the cave.

What a vision is that which, as she sits in the semi-darkness of their rude home, Imogen presents to Belarius and his two foster-sons as they return from the chase ! Looking in, he warns them back :

" Stay ; come not in !  
But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
It were a fairy.

*Gui.* What's the matter, sir ?  
*Bel.* By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,  
An earthly paragon ! Behold divineness  
No elder than a boy !"

Startled by their voices, Imogen comes forward, still trembling with fear, to explain why she had entered unbidden into their cave :

" Good masters, harm me not ;  
Before I entered here, I called ; and thought  
To have begg'd or bought what I have took.  
Good troth,  
I have stolen naught ; nor would not, though I  
had found  
Gold strewed o' the floor."

How that sweet pleading figure, that voice so wistful, so irresistible in its tender beseeching pathos, finds an instant passage to their hearts ! When she offers money for what she has eaten, the suggestion is received with a burst of surprise by the young mountaineers, which she mistakes for anger !

" I see you're angry :  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have died had I not made it."

The young fellows, abashed that their words have caused fresh alarm when they meant but kindness, leave Belarius to inquire her name, and whither she is going. She gives herself an apt one—Fidele—and explains that she is on her way to Milford to join a kinsman who has embarked there for Italy. Belarius tries to reassure her by words of cordial

kindness, and bids the boys, who are hanging shyly back, to give her welcome. They do so, each in a way that marks the difference of their characters. Guiderius, the elder, and more likely to be sensitive to the womanly element that gives this seeming boy so much of her charm, says, " Were you a woman, youth, I would woo hard but be your groom." Arviragus accosts her with the words that must have gratified her more :

" I'll make't my comfort,  
He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother ;  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,  
A ter long absence, such is yours. Most wel-  
come !  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends !"

" 'Mongst friends !'" murmurs Imogen to herself, adding, as if to give voice to the prophetic instinct which draws her toward them :

" If brothers ? Would it had been so, that they  
Had been my father's sons ! then had my prize  
Been less ; and so more equal ballasting  
To thee, Posthumus."

Posthumus, ever Posthumus, coming upward in her mind ! As a fresh spasm of pain passes over her face at the thought of him, Belarius says to the boys, " He wrings at some distress ;" and they, true knightly spirits as they are, are all eagerness to avert it :

*Gui.* Would I could free't !  
*Arv.* Or I ; whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger ! Gods !"

While the common blood of near relationship is warming the hearts of these noble boys, Imogen recognizes the true ring of fine breeding in them. Of Belarius she takes little note. Her thoughts centre upon them. No prince or paladin, she sees, with that fine penetrating appreciation of character which Shakespeare marks as one of her qualities, "could outpeer these twain :"

" Pardon me, gods !  
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus false."

She still keeps aloof with natural timidity, but at length yields to their repeated prayers that she will " draw near," and share their supper with them in the "rude place they live in."

We can imagine the scene in the cave that evening. When they have supped, they would " mannerly demand" the

story of the boy, which, we hear afterward, was told in a very guarded way :

"*Gvl.* He said he was gentle, yet unfortunate ;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

*Arv.* Thus did he answer me ; yet said, hereafter  
I might know more."

What that "more" was, how little could they guess ! By this time they would have found their softest skins to make a couch for one so delicate, which she, with all a woman's feeling, would wrap well round her limbs. Then, forgetting fatigue, she would sing or recite to them some tale, of which we know she had many well stored in her memory. How the charm her presence had wrought would deepen upon them as the night wore away, and how the dreams that filled their sleep would carry on the sweet dream of the waking hours which they had passed by her side !

How long Imogen remains their guest we are not told—some days it must have been, else all the things they speak of could not have happened. For the first time, their cave is felt to be a home. On their return from their day's sport, a fresh smell of newly strewn rushes, we may think, pervades it. Where the light best finds its way into the cavern are seen such dainty wild-flowers as she has found in her solitary rambles. Fresh water from the brook is there. The vegetables are washed, and cut into quaint shapes to garnish the dishes ; a savory odor of herbs comes from the stewing broth, and a smile, sweet beyond all other sweetness in their eyes, salutes them as they hurry in, each vying with the other who first shall catch it. When the meal is ready, they wait upon Fidele, trying with the daintiest morsels to tempt her small appetite ; and, when it is over, they lay themselves at her feet, while she sings to them, or tells them tales of "high emprise and chivalry," as becomes a king's daughter. Even the old Belarius feels the subtle charm, and wonders, yet not grudgingly, to see how this stranger takes a place in the hearts of his two boys even before himself :

"I am not their father ; yet who this should be  
Doth miracle itself, loved before me."

Meanwhile, great events have taken place at Cymbeline's Court. He has re-

fused to acknowledge the claim for tribute presented from the Roman Emperor by his envoy Caius Lucius, who, after announcing that it will be claimed at the point of the sword, craves and receives a safe conduct for himself overland to Milford Haven. Cymbeline has prepared for the eventuality of war, and his preparations are so far advanced that he looks forward with confidence to the issue. The kingly qualities of the man are well shown, and contrast with his weakness in his domestic relations. And now he misses his daughter, whom he has not had time to think of for some days :

"My gentle queen,  
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appeared  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tendered  
The duty of the day."

An attendant is despatched to summon her to the presence ; while the queen, continuing to play the part of a seeming tender mother to her, who, as we know, "was a scorpion to her sight"—to her whose life she had intended to have "ta'en off by poison"—explains, that since the exile of Posthumus, Imogen has kept in close retirement, the cure whereof

"Tis Time must do. Beseech your majesty,  
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady  
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,  
And strokes death to her."

When the attendant returns after finding the princess's chambers locked and tenantless, the king is seriously alarmed. His conscience smites him when he thinks to what his unkindness may have led :

"Her doors locked ?  
Not seen of late ? Grant, heaven, that which  
I fear  
Prove false !"

And he rushes away, followed by Cloten, to find his worst fears confirmed. Pisanio gone, and Imogen ! In this the queen sees a step gained in her plot to raise her son to the throne. Pisanio's absence, she hopes, may be caused by his having swallowed the drug—a poisoned one, as she believes—which she had given him. As for Imogen, she is gone

"To death or to dishonor ; and my end  
Can make good use of either : she being down,  
I have the placing of the British crown."

The king, Cloten tells her on his return, is so wild with rage, that "none dare come about him." The fitter, then, to fall an easy prey to her cajoling! Accordingly she hurries away to reinforce her sway over him, "by watching, weeping, tendance," and affection of sympathy, and so to move him by her craft "to work her son into the adoption of the crown."

Meantime this son is working for himself a very different ending to his ignoble life. Seeing Pisanio, who has just returned, he accosts him with his usual braggart air :

"Where is thy lady? . . . . . Close villain!  
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip  
Thy heart to find it!"

Pisanio, not knowing how else to account for Imogen's absence, and to mislead Cloten, gives him the letter from Posthumus, appointing the meeting at Milford Haven—one of those "scriptures of the loyal Leonatus," which he had picked up when she tore them from her breast.

"Or this," he says to himself, "or perish!"

"She's far enough; and what he learns by this  
May prove his travel, not her danger. . . .  
I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,  
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!"

Cloten, who meantime has been reading and re-reading the letter—for we have been told how dull his wits are—sees in it an opening for the revenge on Posthumus and Imogen on which he has set his heart. He will get from Pisanio a suit of his master's clothes; and Pisanio, who has no reason to withhold them from the silly fellow, agrees to let him have the same suit that Posthumus wore when he took leave of Imogen. Thus, in the very garment which she had lately told him "she held in more respect than his noble and natural person," will he pursue the princess to Milford Haven, kill Posthumus before her eyes, and "knock her back to the Court—foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge."

When we next see Cloten, he has reached the spot to which Pisanio, believing Imogen to be by this time in the service of the Roman general, felt he might safely direct him as the meeting-

place of the lovers. It is near Belarius's cave. Cloten is more than ever enamored of his personal appearance in the garments of Posthumus. "The lines of my body," he says, "are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong"—sentences skilfully introduced by the poet to account for his body being presently mistaken by Imogen, when she sees it lying headless, for that of Posthumus. Drawing his sword, he goes off in search of those who, he fancies, vaporing fool as he is, will be his easy victims. Straightway from the cave comes forth the group that inhabit it. Imogen, with all their care, is still sick. Belarius would have her remain in the cave until they return from hunting. "Brother," says Arviragus, "stay here: are we not brothers?" At their first meeting he had said he would love her as a brother, and every hour since had deepened the feeling on his part. Imogen can but answer ambiguously :

"So man and man should be;  
But clay and clay differs in dignity,  
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick."

Upon this Guiderius, who, though of a more robust, is yet evidently of a more sensitive nature, and who from the first had wished Fidele were a woman, offers to remain behind to tend him. But now Imogen makes light of her ailment, being in truth only too glad to remain alone with her heart-sickness, which she can then give way to. Gentle and kind as her companions are, she is upon the stretch when they are by, dreading to be further questioned as to her story, and by reason of her natural disposition to lose herself in others, desiring also to do her utmost to contribute to their comfort and enjoyment. She cannot deny that she is ill—

"But your being by me  
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort  
To one not sociable."

Then she adds playfully, to set them at ease in leaving her :

"I'm not very sick,  
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me  
here;  
I'll rob none but myself."

Again do both the boys proffer in warmest terms the assurance of their love, avowing it to be deeper than that for their supposed father—the only love they have ever known; but as she still

deprecates their absenting themselves from the chase, they yield to her wish. Their tenderness and perfect courtesy have gone to her very heart; and as she moves lingeringly back toward the cave, she says :

" These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard !  
Our courtiers say all's savage but at Court.  
Experience, oh, thou disprovest report !  
\* \* \* \* \*

I am sick still—heart-sick. Pisanio,  
I'll now taste of thy drug."

Her companions watch her as she retires. There is something so touching, so especially and mysteriously sad, about her look and movements to-day, that they will not go without a fresh assurance to her that they will soon be back—

" *Arv.* We'll not be long away.  
*Bel.* Pray, be not sick,  
For you must be our housewife."

" Well or ill, I am bound to you!" are Imogen's words, as she disappears into the cave, with a wistful smile that insensibly awakens fresh perplexity in their hearts, as we see by what follows :

" *Bel.* This youth, howe'er distressed he appears, hath had  
Good ancestors.

*Arv.* How angel-like he sings !  
*Gui.* But his neat cookery ! He cut our  
roots in characters,  
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,  
And he her dieter.

*Arv.* Nobly he yokes  
A smiling with a sigh. . . . I do note  
*Gui.* That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs together."

What a picture do these sentences bring before us of a true lady and princess—not sitting apart, brooding over her own great grief, that her dear lord should be "one o' the false ones," but bestirring herself to make their cavern-home as attractive and pleasant to them as only a refined woman's touch and feeling could !

They are interrupted by the entrance of Cloten, who, not seeing them at first, exclaims, "I cannot find these runagates!" Belarius, who has seen Cloten at the Court many years before, recognizes him as the queen's son, and, thinking that the phrase applies to himself and his companions, suspects that some ambush has been set for them. He and Arviragus are hurried off by

Guiderius, to "search what companies are near," while he remains to confront this stranger. Cloten, catching sight of them as they retire, tries to stop them by recourse to his usual strain of bullying arrogance :

" What are you,  
That fly me thus ? Some villain mountaineers ?  
I have heard of such. What slave art thou ?"  
Of all tones, this is the least likely to move the manly spirit of Guiderius. To Cloten's demand that he should yield to him, he replies scornfully :  
" To who ? To thee ? What art thou ? Have  
not I  
An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger ; for I wear  
not  
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,  
That I should yield to thee.

*Clo.* Thou villain base,  
Know'st me not by my clothes ?"

This only provokes in Guiderius utter contempt for his assailant. "Thou art some fool ; I am loath to beat thee." As little is he awed by Cloten's further announcement of his name, and of the fact that he is son to the queen. Fool to the last, Cloten now attacks Guiderius, with perfect confidence that he must make short work, first of him, and then of his companions ; and they go out fighting, with the result, as we presently hear, that Guiderius disarms him, cuts off his head with his own sword and casts it into the river, that it may thence "to the sea, and tell the fishes he's the queen's son Cloten." It seems too good a death for such a creature to die by the hands of this right royal youth. Yet, remembering his persecution of Imogen, and the brutality of his intentions toward her, it is most fit that her brother should be her avenger, and so commence the work of retribution, the next stage of which is the death of Cloten's mother, who dies in mad despair for his death, having first made confession of her deadly designs, and thereby solved many mysteries which it would otherwise have been difficult to clear up (Act v. sc. 5).

When Belarius hears of Cloten's death he is naturally apprehensive that the search which will be made for him may lead to the discovery of their mountain retreat. "We'll hunt no more to-day," he says, "nor seek for danger where there's no profit;" and

he sends Arviragus to the cave, telling him, " You and Fidele play the cooks." "Poor sick Fidele!" Arviragus exclaims.

" I'd willingly to him : to gain his color,  
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,  
And praise myself for charity."

What a change Imogen has wrought upon his young pupils! What charming features in their character have been developed by her influence! This we see from what Belarius says of them, while he stays without, waiting for the return of Guiderius :

" O thou goddess !  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys ! They are as  
gentle  
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,  
Their royal mood enchaufed, as the rud'st wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale."

Guiderius returns to tell that he has sent Cloten's "clotpoll down the stream, in embassy to his mother." Suddenly they hear the "ingenious instrument" which Belarius had made, and which "solemn thing" had not been set in motion since the death of Euriphile, the supposed mother of the boys. Why should this be? What does Arviragus mean? The answer is given by his issuing from the cave, " bearing Imogen as dead in his arms." I know not with what emotions this passage is received in the theatre, for I have never seen the play acted; but, often as I have read it, I can never read it afresh without a rush of tears into my eyes :

" *Arv.* The bird is dead,  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to  
sixty,  
To have turned my leaping-time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.

*Gui.* O sweetest, fairest lily !  
My brother wears thee not one half so well  
As when thou grew'st thyself.

*Bel.* . . . . . Thou blessed thing !  
Jove knows what man thou mightst have  
made ; but I,  
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy !  
How found you him ?

*Arv.* Stark, as you see ;  
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laughed at ; his  
right cheek  
Reposing on a cushion.

*Gui.*

Where ?

*Arv.* O' the floor :  
His arms thus leagued. I thought he slept,  
and put

My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose  
rudeness

Answered my steps too loud.

*Gui.* Why, he but sleeps :  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed :  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to thee.

*Arv.* With fairest flowers,  
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not  
lack

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose ;  
nor

The azured harebell, like thy veins ; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath ; . . . . .

Yea, and furred moss beside, when flowers  
are none.

To winter ground thy corse.

*Gui.* Prithee, have done ;  
And do not play in wench-like words with  
that

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt. To the grave !

*Arv.* Say, where shall's lay him ?  
*Gui.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Arv.* Be't so :  
And let us, Polydore, . . . . sing him to  
the ground,  
As once our mother."

Then says the deep-hearted Guiderius,  
" I cannot sing ; I'll weep, and word it  
with thee." Belarius, who has stood  
silently by, now says :

" Great griefs, I see, medicine the less ; for  
Cloeten  
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;  
And though he came our enemy, remember  
He was paid for that. . . . Our foe was  
princely ;  
And though you took his life, as being our  
foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.

*Gui.* Pray you, fetch him hither.  
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',  
When neither are alive.

*Arv.* If you'll go fetch him,  
We'll say our song the while. Brother, be  
gin."

And then they repeat that sweetest  
dirge that ever was devised by aching  
heart for those who, having done their  
worldly task, have gone to a better than  
mortal home—

" Fear no more the heat o' the sun," etc.

When Belarius returns with the body  
of Cloten, they lay it by Imogen's side.  
Belarius will not leave the poor "dead  
bird," even for a little, without a  
further tribute :

" Here's a few flowers ; but, about midnight,  
more !  
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the  
night

Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces :  
 You were as flowers, now withered : even so  
 These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.  
 Come on, away ; apart, upon our knees."

So do they retire to pray and meditate, purposing to return at a later hour to lay the bodies in the grave. Well do I remember my delight, in my early readings of the play, that only flowers were put upon Imogen's face, and that she awakened so soon after ! Perhaps their cool fresh fragrance helped to recover her from the swoon. Had she lain till midnight, no doubt the burial rites would have been completed, and the earth—oh, horrible ! would thus have covered up and smothered her. When, late in the evening, for the presence of the Roman general and his men, who come presently to the spot, must have made them avoid it for a time, her companions return with the night-flowers, to complete the last sad rite of burial, what must have been their surprise to find that their office had been anticipated—no trace, at least, left of the bodies which they had so lately left !

Scarcely have they gone apart to pray, before Imogen awakes, and finds by her side what she thinks the dead body of her husband. Though the semblance of life has been suspended by Pisanio's drug, her sleep has not been dreamless. She awakens asking her way to Milford Haven from some one, who she fancies tells her it is still six miles distant. The dream is still with her :

'I thank you. By yon bush ? Pray how far thither ?  
 'Ods pittikins ! can it be six miles yet ?  
 I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.'

Then, becoming conscious of something by her side :

"But soft ! no bedfellow ! O gods and goddesses !"

She is now fully awake, feels the flowers about her, and sees the blood-stained body by her side :

"These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;  
 This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream ;  
 For so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,  
 And cook to honest creatures ; but 'tis not so."

Surprise combines with fear to overwhelm her :

"Good faith,  
 I tremble still with fear. But if there be  
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
 As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part of it !"

She looks about her ; the cave, the rocks, the woodland that she knew, are there :

"The dream's here still : even when I wake,  
 it is  
 Without me, as within me, not imagined,  
 felt."

And yet how comes it that she should be lying beside a headless man ? On looking closer she recognizes the garments of Posthumus—the figure too—'tis very Posthumus !

"I know the shape of his leg ; this is his hand ;  
 His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ;  
 The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial face—  
 Murther in heaven ! How ! 'Tis gone !"

At once her thoughts fix on Pisanio as having betrayed them both with his forged letters. It is he, "conspired with that irregulous devil Cloten," that has cut off her lord. All former distrust of that "dear lord" vanishes on the instant, and he is restored to the place in her heart and imagination which he had held before. They have both been the victims of the blackest treachery, and Pisanio, "damned Pisanio," hath—

"From this most bravest vessel in the world  
 Struck the main-top !"

Think of the anguish of her cry :

"O Posthumus ! Alas,  
 Where is thy head ? where's that ? Ah me !  
 where's that ?  
 Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart,  
 And left this head on. How should this be ?  
 Pisanio—

'Tis he, and Cloten. Malice and lucre in  
 them  
 Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant,  
 pregnant !  
 The drug he gave me, which he said was pre-  
 cious

And cordial to me, have I not found it  
 Murd'rous to the senses ? That confirms it home !'

"All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,  
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee !"

And with one long agonized wail, "Oh,  
 my lord, my lord !" she falls senseless upon the body.

There she is presently found by Caius Lucius and his followers, as they pass on

their way to Milford Haven to meet the legions from Gallia, and a select corps from Italy "under the conduct of the bold Iachimo," who have arrived there for the purpose of enforcing the tribute from Cymbeline. On perceiving the body of Cloten, Lucius exclaims :

"Soft, ho ! What trunk is here  
Without his top ? The ruin speaks that some-  
time  
It was a worthy building. How ! A page !  
Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead  
rather ;  
For nature doth abhor to make his bed  
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.  
Let's see the boy's face."

They raise him from the body, and Lucius asks in language full of sympathy, "What is thy interest in this sad wreck ? How came it ? Who is it ? Who art thou ?" What a world of pathos is in her answer !

"I am nothing ; or, if not,  
Nothing to be were better."

Truly may she say so ! All interest in life is over. She is full, too, of self-reproach, to add to the bitterness of her loss. How could she slander, even in thought, the man who was, in her esteem, "worth any woman," so much worthier than herself that he had "overbought her almost the sum he paid ?" Her words now shall at least make some atonement :

"This was my master,  
A very valiant Briton, and a good,  
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas !  
There are no more such masters. I may wan-  
der  
From east to occident, cry out for service,  
Try many, all good, serve truly, never  
Find such another master.

*Luc.* 'Lack, good youth,  
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining,  
than  
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good  
friend.

*Imo.* Richard du Champ. [Aside.] If I do  
lie, and do  
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope  
They'll pardon it ! Say you, sir ?

*Luc.* Thy name ?  
*Imo.* Fidele, sir.  
*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very  
same :

Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy  
name.  
Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say  
Thou shalt be so well mastered, but, be sure,  
No less beloved."

Here we see how the very tone and look of Imogen, apart from the boy's deso-

late state, impress Caius Lucius, as they have done all those who have ever been near her, with their resistless charm. He continues :

"The Roman emperor's letters,  
Sent by a consul to me, could not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with  
me."

The boy says he will follow, but first must see all honor paid to his master's grave. It shall be as deep, to hide him from the flies, as these "poor pickaxes" (his hands) can dig. And when it has been strewn with wild wood-leaves and weeds, and he has "on it said a century of prayers" as best he can through choking tears and sighs, he will then take leave of the master of whom the world holds "from east to occident" no other such, and will follow Lucius—"So please you entertain me." He promises no new service to this new master. He looks forward to nothing. The strength of his heart, his hopes, his usefulness, will all be buried in the grave thus left behind. Not to go with this kind man who offers help would have seemed ungracious ; and to keep up her disguise for a while will leave Imogen more free to nurse her grief. Alas ! alas ! all the strangers to her are kind and pitiful ; but the one is gone, done horribly to death, who could alone have brought comfort to her heart ! If anything could have drawn her toward this gentle, manly Roman, it would have been the way he assures the boy that he shall be taken into his service, and treated by him as a father rather than a master. "My friends," he adds,

"The boy hath taught us manly duties : let us  
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,  
And make him with our pikes and partisans  
A grave. . . . Boy, he is preferred  
By thee to us ; and he shall be interred  
As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine  
eyes.

Some falls are means the happier to arise."

And so we lose sight of Imogen for a time. That she should be "cheerful," we know to be impossible :

"All was ended now—the hope, the fear, and  
the sorrow ;  
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied  
longing ;  
All the dull deep pain, and constant anguish of  
patience."

But from what we have seen of her before, we know that she will fight

bravely with her own heart, and will not let others be made unhappy by her grief. Forget she cannot, but she will repay the kindness shown her by throwing herself zealously into the duties of her position. Lucius will keep the boy near him, employing him in light tasks about his tent. He will note with what noble gentleness and patience these duties are performed. For amid the noisy stir of the camp, as in the silent solitude of the cave, Imogen, with the self-abnegation and devotion to others which distinguish her, bears her heavy burden silently and alone. Never master, as Lucius afterward tells us, had "A page so kind, so dutious, diligent, So tender over his occasions, true, Sofeat, so nurse-like."

We must leave Imogen for a while, for the events are now hurrying on which are to bring her sorrows to a happy close. At the opening of the fifth act we find Posthumus, on the eve of battle, in the ground betwixt the Roman and the British camps, having been brought over, as he tells us, "among the Italian gentry, to fight against his lady's kingdom." From the hour the "bloody cloth" reached him, which Pisanio has sent as the evidence of Imogen's death, he has been upon the rack. What was he, that, even were she the guilty thing he thought her, he should have sent her from the world with her sin unshaven?

"Gods! if you  
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I  
never  
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved  
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck  
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance."

Never, never can he have been without misgiving that all Iachimo had said of her was untrue. Since her supposed death, "the idea of her life" must have "sweetly crept into his study of imagination," and pictured her there as the sweet, pure, noble creature who had fostered all that was best and highest in himself. Again have come back to him, in all their vivid freshness, her beauty, her "gracious parts," her bright mind, the grace and color of all things that she did.

"'Tis enough  
That Britain, I have killed thy mistress.  
Peace!  
I'll give no wound to thee. . . . I'll dis-  
robe me

O these Italian words, and suit myself  
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight  
Against the part I come with; so I'll die  
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life  
Is, every breath, a death."

And to what purpose he does fight we soon see. The gods have "put the strength of the Leonati" in him for which he prays, and so made him a main instrument in bringing about the restoration of his Imogen to his arms, and in avenging the wrong wrought upon them both by Iachimo. In the next scene, he encounters Iachimo, and after disarming him, he leaves him unscathed, probably from a noble impulse not to take the life of a man toward whom he felt a profound personal repugnance. Iachimo, who has not recognized Posthumus in his peasant's garb, thinks that his guilt has robbed him of his manhood, and that the air of the country, whose princess he has belied, "revengingly enfeebleth" him. How else should one of its mere "carles" have subdued him?

The battle continues, success wavering from side to side. At first the Romans have the best of it, and Cymbeline is taken. Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus arrive, and rally the flying Britons. The stir of war, we have been shown in a previous scene, has roused the princely ardor of the youths, and at all risks they have resolved to strike a stroke in the tented field for their country's sake. How they fight, supported by Belarius, Posthumus, who had come to their aid, afterward tells us in one of those passages written at a whiteheat, in which Shakespeare's patriotic spirit revels. "Athwart the lane," he says, "an ancient soldier," "with two striplings,"

"Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,  
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:  
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backward!  
Stand.'

These three,  
Three thousand confident, in act as many—  
. . . —with this word, 'Stand, stand,'  
Accommodated by the place, more charming  
With their own nobleness (which could have turned  
A distaff to a lance), gilded pale looks,  
Part shame, part spirit renewed; that some,  
turned coward  
But by example (oh, a sin in war,  
Damned in the first beginners!) 'gan to look  
The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
Upon the pikes o' the hunters," etc.

The tide of battle is turned, Posthumus himself performing prodigies of valor in the rescue of Cymbeline, while he seeks vainly for the death he cannot find :

"I, in mine own woe charmed,  
Could not find death where I did hear him  
groan,  
Nor feel him where he struck.  
Well, I will find him."

He will resume the Roman dress, and so be taken prisoner :

"For me, my ransom's death ;  
On either side I come to spend my breath,  
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,  
But end it by some means for Imogen."

His wish is gratified. Some British soldiers bring him a willing captive to the presence of the king. A crowd of prisoners is already there, among them Iachimo, Lucius, and with them Imogen, who has obviously followed Lucius, despite his entreaties to the contrary, through all the chances of the battle, hoping, like Posthumus, to meet in death a release from her now hopeless sorrow. Here the fine character of Lucius is again shown. He asks no mercy for himself. "Sufficeth a Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer." His only care is for the boy who has served him so well :

"This one thing only  
I will entreat ; my boy, a Briton born,  
Let him be ransomed."

He hath done no Briton harm,  
Though he have served a Roman. Save him,  
sir,  
And spare no blood beside."

Cymbeline is immediately struck by the boy's resemblance to some erewhile familiar face. At once his heart warms toward him. "Boy, thou hast looked thyself into my grace, and art mine own." Not only does he give him life ; he bids him, as a further assurance of his favor, ask "what boon thou wilt," "Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner, The noblest ta'en."

Both Cymbeline and Lucius naturally think that he will demand the life of his master. But "alack," as Imogen says, "there's other work in hand." She has in the mean time espied Iachimo among the Roman prisoners, and noticed upon his finger what was once her best treasure, "the diamond that was her mother's," and which she had given to Posthumus at parting. She remembers now that it was not on the

hand which she had lately thought her husband's. How had Iachimo come by it ? Honorably or dishonorably ? This must before all things be explained. Cymbeline, the more he notes the boy, is the more drawn to him. He marks his perplexed looks, his fixed gaze upon Iachimo. "Speak !" he says, "Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? Thy friend ?" Imogen asks permission to tell him in private the reason of her conduct, and they step aside that she may do so. How intently she has been absorbed in watching Iachimo is further shown by the circumstance that, though near her late companions of the cave, she has not observed them. They have been struck with amazement to see alive the Fidele whom they had left for dead. Belarius will not believe it is he :

"Peace, peace ! See further ; he eyes us not ; forbear.  
Creatures may be alike : were't he, I'm sure  
He would have spoke to us."

Pisano has no such doubts. "It is my mistress !" he murmurs in delight to himself.

"Since she is living, let the time run on  
To good or bad."

And now Imogen comes forward with Cymbeline, who bids the stand by his side and make her demand aloud, commanding Iachimo at the same time to answer him frankly on pain of torture. My boon, says Imogen, is, "that this gentleman may render of whom he had this ring ?" Amazed at a question so strange, Posthumus mutters to himself, "What's that to him ?" Remorse has so far turned to penitence in Iachimo, that he is "glad to be constrained to utter" what "torments him to conceal :"

"By villainy  
I got this ring ; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,  
Whom thou didst banish ; and (which more  
may grieve thee,  
As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er lived  
'Twixt sky and ground."

By villainy ? Yet how ? As yet Imogen is without a clew. But Iachimo's next words, in answer to Cymbeline's demand for further explanation, must have sent all the blood back to her heart :

"That paragon, thy daughter,  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false  
spirits  
Quail to remember—Give me leave, I faint !"

How dear a place that daughter really held in Cymbeline's heart, we see from his exclamation :

" My daughter ! What of her ? Renew thy strength :  
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,  
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak ! "

On this, Iachimo proceeds to recount the incidents of the wager, and of his visit to the Court of Britain, together with the details noted down in Imogen's chamber, that composed "the simular proof" which made "the noble Leonatus mad."

Imagine Imogen's state of mind during the recital ! Oh the shame, the agony with which she hears that her "dear lord" has indeed had cause to think her false ! All is now clear as day. The mystery is solved ; but too late, too late ! She remembers the supposed treasure in the chest, although Iachimo does not speak of it. Then the lost bracelet ! How dull has she been not to think before of how it might have been stolen from her ! Worst misery of all, Posthumus has died in the belief of her guilt. No wonder he wished for her death ! What bitter hopeless shame possesses her, even as though all were true that he had been told ! Only in the great revealing of all mysteries hereafter will Posthumus learn the truth. But till then she has to bear the burden of knowing with what thoughts of her he passed out of life.

Ah, dear friend, as I write, the agony of all these thoughts seems again to fill my mind, as it ever used to do when acting this scene upon the stage. I wonder if I ever looked what I felt ! It is in such passages as these that Shakespeare surpasses all dramatic writers. He has faith in his interpreters, and does not encumber them with words. No words could express what then is passing in Imogen's soul. At such moments, Emerson has truly said, we only "live from a great depth of being."

I cannot conceive what Imogen would have done had Posthumus been indeed dead. But I could conceive the strange bewildered rapture with which she sees him spring forward to interrupt Iachimo's further speech. He is not dead. He has heard her vindication ;

and she, too, lives to hear his remorse, his self-reproaches, his bitter taunts upon his own credulity ! From his own lips her vindication comes :

" The temple  
Of virtue was she ; yea, and she herself.  
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me,  
set  
The dogs o' the street to bay me ! Every vilain  
Be called Posthumus Leonatus. . . . O  
Imogen !  
My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen !  
Imogen, Imogen ! "

Unable to bear his anguish longer, and forgetting her page's disguise, she springs forward to throw herself into his arms, with the words, " Peace, my lord ; hear, hear !" But he will neither look nor hear, and casts the " scornful page "—who, he thinks, is trifling with his grief—with violence away from him. Pisano, who, next to Posthumus and Imogen, has been the most interested and wondering hearer of Iachimo's story, says, as he stoops to raise Imogen from the ground :

" O gentlemen, help !  
Mine and your mistress ! Oh, my Lord Posthumus,  
You ne'er killed Imogen till now. Help ! help !  
Mine honored lady ! "

When she returns to consciousness Posthumus has scarce recovered from the bewilderment of his surprise, to find Imogen still alive of whose death he had thought himself guilty. But with what pangs and yearnings of the heart must he have heard her sweet reproach !

" Why did you throw your wedded lady from  
you ?  
Think that you are upon a rock, and now  
Throw me again. [Embracing.  
Post. Hang there, like fruit, my soul,  
Till the tree die. "

Imogen has meanwhile learned how innocent Pisano was of all evil intention in regard to the drug which the queen had hoped would prove fatal to her, and how that intention had been frustrated by Cornelius giving to the queen, instead of a poison,

" Certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would  
cease  
The present power of life, but in short time  
All offices of nature should again  
Do their due functions. "

The loyal servant, we may be sure, was more than requited for the suspicion that had for a time rested on him, by

the kind glances with which Imogen would greet him. But a last sweet moment is yet to come for her, when she hears the story of Belarius, and learns that those from whom she had received such timely help and kindness are indeed, what she had then wished them to be, her brothers. When Cymbeline says to her, "O Imogen, you have lost by this a kingdom," how true to all her generous impulses is her rejoinder! A kingdom! What is so poor a thing as a kingdom in her account? "No, my lord; I have got two worlds by it!" And then, as when the heart is very full of happiness, we are afraid of giving way to emotion, or of trusting ourselves to speak of the joy we feel, she seeks relief in reminding them, half jestingly, as she places herself between them, of the past :

"Oh, my gentle brothers,  
Have we thus met? Oh, never say hereafter  
But I am truest speaker. You called me  
brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When ye were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?  
*Arv.* Ay, my good lord.

*Gui.* And at the first meeting loved;  
Continued so, until we thought she died.

*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallowed.

*Cym.* Oh, rare instinct!  
When shall I hear all through?"

When now Cymbeline hails Belarius as his brother, Imogen will not be behind in thankful recognition. She says :  
"You are my father too, and did relieve me,  
To see this gracious season."

Nor is Lucius forgotten; for when Cymbeline, in his exuberant happiness, bids his prisoners be joyful too, "for they shall taste our comfort," Imogen, as she still hangs upon the breast of Posthumus, turns to the noble Roman with the words, "My good master, I will yet do you service." They are the last she speaks; and here I might well leave her, with the picture of her in our minds which Shakespeare has drawn for us in the words of her delighted father :

"See,  
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;  
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her  
eye  
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting  
Each object with a joy."

Here, too, I believe, most people will prefer to leave her, as Shakespeare leaves her and all around her, both good

and bad, happy : "Pardon's the word for all!" But you know how, in my letter on Portia, I said that I never left my characters when the scene closed in upon them, but always dreamed them over in my mind until the end. So it was with Imogen. Her sufferings are over. The "father cruel," made so by the "step-dame false," has returned to his old love and pride in her—the love made doubly tender by remembrance of all that he has caused her to suffer. The husband—ah, what can measure his penitence, his self-abasement! That he had dared to doubt her purity, her honor—he who had known her inmost thoughts almost from childhood!

But Imogen—can she think of him as before? Yes! She is truly named the "divine Imogen;" at least, she has so much of the divine "quality of mercy" in her, that she can blot from her memory all his doubts, all his want of faith, as if they had never been. Her love is infinite—"beyond beyond." Hers is not a nature to do things by halves. She has forgotten as well as forgiven. But can Posthumus forgive himself? No! I believe, never. The more angel she proves herself in her loving self-forgetfulness, the blacker his temporary delusion will look in his own eyes. Imogen may surmise at times the thorn which pricks his conscience so sharply. Then she will quietly double the tender ways in which she delights to show her love and pride in him. But no spoken words will tell of this heart-secret between them.

In her brothers Imogen has none but sweet and happy memories. These "two worlds" are an immense and unlooked-for gain to her life; they fill it with new thoughts, new sympathies. She has their future to look forward to, their present to help. One can see how their unsophisticated natures will go forth to her; how the tender memory of the "rare boy" Fidele will give an added charm to the grace and attractiveness of the sweet sister-tie; how, in their quiet hours alone, they will repeat the incidents of the cave-life. Imogen will never tell them the whole of her sorrow there. She fears they would not forgive Posthumus. We can suppose, too, how, in this so new life to them, the young princes would be for

ever seeking this sweet counsellor to guide them in the usages and customs of the Court life, all so strange to them. Men will ask from women what they would be shy of asking from one another. Think of the pleasant banterings there would be between them! How amused Imogen would be at their mistakes! How often, laughingly, she would have to put them right; and how all these things would draw them nearer to each other!

Then, too, the old soldier Belarius, the tried retainer and friend Pisano! What a group of loving hearts about the happy princess! Caius Lucius also, in Rome, carrying in his memory tender thoughts of his once "kind, duteous" page Fidele, together with the admiring respect he feels for the noble Imogen, princess of Britain. And Iachimo! The time is to come when his repentance will flow from a still deeper source. When at the Court of Britain, he could not fail to hear of all the misery which he had wrought upon the noble lovers. With his own ears he heard the despair of Posthumus on learning the truth—his agony, his self-accusations, at the thought that he had taken away the life of the maligned princess. But even bitterer pangs of remorse than he then felt will assail Iachimo and never leave him—for we find he is capable of feeling them—when he learns that before very long the young noble life is quenched through what he brought upon it. For quenched, I believe, it is.

Happiness hides for a time injuries which are past healing. The blow which was inflicted by the first sentence in that cruel letter went to the heart with too fatal force. Then followed, on this crushing blow, the wandering, hopeless days and nights, without shelter, without food even up to the point of famine. Was this delicately nurtured creature one to go through her terrible ordeal un-

scathed? We see that when food and shelter came, they came too late. The heart-sickness is upon her: "I am sick still—heart-sick." Upon this follows the fearful sight of, as she supposes, her husband's headless body. Well may she say that she is "nothing; or if not, nothing to be were better." When happiness, even such as she had never known before, comes to her, it comes, like the food and shelter, too late.

Tremblingly, gradually, and oh, how reluctantly! the hearts to whom that life is so precious will see the sweet smile which greets them grow fainter, will hear the loved voice grow feebler! The wise physician Cornelius will tax his utmost skill, but he will find the hurt is too deep for mortal leech-craft. The "piece of tender air" very gently, but very surely, will fade out like an exhalation of the dawn. Her loved ones will watch it with straining eyes, until it

"Melts from  
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then  
Will turn their eyes and weep."

And when, as the years go by, their grief grows calm, that lovely soul will be to them

"Like a star  
Beaconing from the abodes where the Immor-  
tals are;"

inspiring to worthy lives, and sustaining them with the hope that where she is, they may, in God's good time, become fit to be. Something of this the "divine Imogen" is to us also. Is it not so?

This was my vision of Imogen when I acted her; this is my vision of her still. Ever, my dear friend, affectionately yours,

HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.

BRYNTYSILIO, LLANGOLLEN,  
NORTH WALES, Oct., 1882.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE LAST EXTREMITY.

THERE is one sad matter that in descriptions of privation is apt to be left out by the survivors, but which, when it takes place, affects them more than all the rest—namely, the necessity that

sometimes arises for the sacrifice of one or two individuals to furnish sustenance for the rest. By some persons, even in the sharpest pangs of starvation, this last shift is never resorted to. They are

ready enough, since cruel Fate demands it, to take their chance by lot with the others as to who shall die, that his fellows may live, but they themselves steadily decline to keep life in them by such means. It is to the credit of human nature that there have been many examples of this fortitude, for unless one has tried what starvation is, it is impossible to understand the passionate voracity with which the most unaccustomed, and finally the most loathsome, things are devoured. While admiring, therefore, the courage that withstands so dreadful a temptation, we must not be uncharitable to the poor wretches who, tried beyond their powers of endurance, at last give way to it. The readiness with which, from greed, we metaphorically "devour one another" is, indeed, much more hateful, because it is not compulsory, than the unnatural extremities to which hunger drives us.

As John Lery, in his terrible story of the famine on board the Le Jacques observes : "None can know who has not experienced it, what it is to *rage with hunger*." The most horrible sensations accompany it : "not only were the bodies of our people," he says, "debilitated, but their dispositions became morose, irritable, and ferocious, till after a while they began to look at one another *with a malignant eye*"—which is the preface to the terrible proposal is question. The pangs of thirst are even more dreadful, but, what is very curious, the young do not suffer from that so much as their elders.

On board the Pandora, for example, a young midshipman sold his miserable allowance of water for two days, for one allowance of bread ; and the ship's boys were the first to find relief from their ravenous appetite in chewing their leathern jackets and shoes, or in sucking the horn plates of the ship's lanterns. Long before this, "the sweepings of the bread-room, though full of maggots, had been carefully collected together, and made into dough, as black and bitter as soot," and all the parrots and monkeys which they had on board had been devoured. The last device this unhappy crew hit upon, while any strength was left in them, was to hunt on board their water-logged and almost motionless

vessel for mice, "for which many lay watching, like cats, all night. A single mouse was more prized than an ox on shore. The surgeon having been so successful as to catch two, was offered (of course in vain) a complete suit of new clothes for them, and after the master had cut off the feet of a large rat, which were left (as offal) outside the cabin door, he returned to collect and broil them on the coals, declaring that they were more savory than the best game."\*

The last things Lery remembers eating on board Le Jacques were the claws and beak of his favorite parrot ; the bird had been sacrificed long ago, though with hesitation as well as regret, "since two or three nuts would have kept it alive without water."

In the Dolphin sloop, where the crew were "one hundred and sixteen days in a state of famine," they lived for twenty days on a daily allowance of an inch and a half square of the leather lining of a pair of breeches, and on the grass growing on the deck, which the captain (one Bradshaw of New York) asserts to have been from four to five inches long. Who can wonder that in such agonies the very last extremity was resorted to, and that lots were at last drawn, "the shortest to mark the victim, and the shortest but one the executioner?" Sometimes, in such cases, even the rudest justice is dispensed with, and, by the law of the stronger, the boys on board are sacrificed ; and more than once, in the sad stories of shipwreck, one finds the captain beseeching, with desperate energy, for four-and-twenty hours' delay, which is some cases has saved them from their destined fate.

From the reticence which, as I have already said, is naturally observed respecting this matter, there is a general idea that cannibalism in shipwreck is very rare. It is, or rather was (for the chances of the sufferers being picked up are now, of course, far greater than

\* In spite of some very particular inquiries, I have never been able to discover whether the sight of eatable but unaccustomed objects causes, as we say, "the mouth to water" with starving men. The spectacle of a cook's shop of course would do so, but would that of a butcher's shop? The sufferers forget and cannot tell me ; the savans know nothing about it.

they were formerly), by no means rare—though only on ship-board. Sufferers from starvation on land are much more loath to give way to this last temptation. My conviction is that this arises from two causes: first, that the keenness of the air at sea makes the pangs of hunger more insupportable; and secondly, that the influence of public opinion is weaker. With "water, water all around, and not a drop to drink," men seem to themselves to be alone in the world; to have no other fellow-creatures save those who are undergoing the same calamity, and to be therefore less responsible for their actions. On land, though no other human beings are visible, they may be so, any moment: on the mountain top, or from out of the wood, there may appear some fellow-creature with assistance, and also with reproach; "Why could you not wait an hour longer before committing this terrible crime?" if, indeed, that can be called a crime which to some natures at least is compulsory.

There is a terrible story, admirably told (I think by Henry Kingsley), of the escape of three convicts in Australia, two of whom were driven to eat their fellow in the bush; but such shocking extremities are almost never resorted to save at sea. Among the immense number of narratives of privation which it has fallen to my lot to read for a certain purpose, I find only one case in which this most terrible occurrence happened on land. It took place after the wreck of the Nottingham Galley.

This vessel, of ten guns and fourteen men, commanded by Captain John Dean, in sailing from England to Boston in the winter of 1710, was cast away on a rock called Boon Island, off Massachusetts Bay. When she struck, she labored so violently and the waves ran so high that there was no standing on deck, while the weather was so thick that the rock was invisible. "Upon this," says the captain, "I immediately called all hands down to the cabin, where we continued a few minutes, earnestly supplicating the mercy of Providence. One of the men presently went out on the bowsprit, and reported "something black" ahead, which he volunteered to investigate if accompanied by some other swimmer. Three men thus ven-

tured, only to be swallowed up by the darkness; but as by this time the ship had almost broken up—"her decks opening, and her back breaking, so that the stern was nearly under water"—there was no choice but to take the same course. "I therefore stripped off most of my clothes, and moving gradually forward [on the bowsprit] between every sea, at last quitted it, and cast myself forward with all my strength." Conceive what "a leap in the dark," in every sense, this must have been! The rock being very slippery, he could get no hold of it when he reached it, but, miserably lacerated, was thrown on and off it with every wash of the sea; "the rest of the crew were exposed to the same peril, but still, through the mercy of heaven, we all escaped with our lives." On the rock they found the three men who had preceded them, and "having all met together, we returned humble thanks for our deliverance." The good or evil that happens to us is comparative, otherwise we might well say that these poor souls were thankful for small mercies. The rock, which was but one hundred yards long and fifty broad, afforded no shelter on its leeward side; it was so craggy that they could not walk to keep themselves warm; and the weather was extremely cold, with rain and snow. With daylight came little cheer, since it only disclosed the miseries of their position. From the wreck there were cast ashore some planks and sails, "but no provision save some small fragments of cheese, which we picked up among the rock-weed." They had a steel and flint, and also "a drill with a very swift motion," but having nothing in their possession which had not been long soaked in water, their utmost endeavors to procure a light were unsuccessful, and after eight days of failure the attempt was abandoned. "All night we crowded upon one another under canvas, so as to preserve our mutual heat."

The only hope of the castaways, unless they should be discovered by some passing sail, was to build a boat from the material of the wreck; but in the mean time they could not live on hope. The cook died, exclaiming, "I am starved to death," and his body was placed "in a convenient place" for the

sea to carry it away. "No one proposed to eat the body, though they afterward acknowledged that they had thought of it ; as indeed," says the captain, "I had myself."

The frost now became so intense as to deprive the hands and feet of most of the men of all sensation, and to render them so discolored as to suggest mortification. They pulled off their boots (and the nails of their toes with them), and wrapped their feet in vain in oakum and canvas. They had built a tent out of the ship's sails, within which there was just room for all to lie down "each on our side, so that none could turn unless the whole turned, which was done about every two hours, on notice given." The building of the boat also proceeded, but very slowly ; they had few tools, the carpenter was very ill, and "the weather of such extreme rigor (it was December) that we could stay out of the shelter of the tent only four hours a day.

The piety of these poor folks was remarkable (which renders their subsequent proceedings only explicable upon the ground of absolute necessity), and the captain gives thanks to Providence for the casting ashore of a carpenter's awl wherewith the boat is finished—only to be staved to pieces the instant it is launched. In the boat were both awl and hammer, so that the building even of a raft was rendered almost impossible : still, "we had reason to admire the goodness of God in making our disappointment the means of our safety, since the wind blew so hard that day that if we had been in that poor imitation of a boat we should certainly all have perished." They were almost perishing now. Their extremities were frozen and mortified, and they had wounds, with nothing but one linen rag wherewith to dress them. There was no fire ; their cheese was quite exhausted ; and they "had nothing to support our feeble bodies save rock-weed and a few mussels, scarce and difficult to be got, and at most two or three a day to each man." Moreover, they had reason to apprehend that the approaching spring tides, with the high wind, would overflow the rock whereon they had established their miserable abode. "The pinching of cold and hunger, the extremity of pain and weakness, to many

the racks of conscience, and to all the foresight of a certain but lingering death, destitute of the remotest chances of escape ! How heightened, how exaggerated, was such misery !" The captain, however still clung to hope : "Providence," he touchingly says, "a little to alleviate our distress and fortify our faith, guided my mate to strike down a sea-gull, which he joyfully brought me, and I distributed in equal portions to every one. Though raw, and such a mouthful, we received it thankfully."

The miserable chance of constructing a seaworthy raft was still left them, and was earnestly urged by a certain stout (or once stout) Swede, who, notwithstanding he had lost the use of both feet, was very active in putting it together. They accomplished their task with infinite labor, and raft was launched, but at once overset, with the intrepid Swede, who, however, swam ashore. He again embarked upon it, with another sailor who volunteered to accompany him, asserting that they would rather be drowned in the sea than endure such lingering torments. The poor fellows had their wish, for they were never heard of more.

What added to the miseries of the survivors was misplaced hope. They had arranged that their late companions should light a fire on the mainland in case they reached it, and they observed for two days a smoke issuing from a certain wood, which they took for a good sign.

The poor captain now found that his stomach rejected mussels, and his food was therefore restricted to rock-weed ; he was the strongest of the castaways, and we can therefore picture what must have been the condition of the rest, especially of "a young brother I had with me, and another young gentleman, neither of whom had ever been at sea, or before endured any severities." Fresh water they got from the rain and melted snow, and it was administered to the sick in the tent with a powder-horn. Part of a green hide, fastened to a piece of the main yard, being thrown up by the sea, was minced small, and swallowed voraciously.

Then the carpenter dies. The captain orders the men to throw the body into the sea ; they plead their inability

through weakness, and he himself is not strong enough for the task. Breaking down in the attempt, "and being ready to faint, I crept back into the tent, when, as the highest aggravation of distress, my men requested me to give them the body of their lifeless comrade to support their own existence." The struggle in the captain's breast is most pitiable and pathetic. "This was of all I had hitherto experienced the most grievous and shocking to me, to see myself and my companions, who had three weeks before been laden with provisions, now reduced to such a deplorable situation that two of us were absolutely starved to death, and that the rest, though still surviving, were at the last extremity, to desire to eat the dead. After mature reflection and consultation on the lawfulness and sinfulness of the act on one hand, and absolute necessity on the other, judgment, conscience, and other considerations were obliged to submit to the more prevailing arguments of our craving appetite."

What was very curious, though the captain thus gave way to the general desire, and even upon his own account, yet when the moment came for indulging in this dreadful repast he could not bring himself to partake of it. Perhaps it was because to him, at the urgent entreaties of his men, had fallen the grievous task of preparing the hideous meal; but, at all events, he never touched it. The others, though some held out for a day or two, "ate abundantly and with the utmost greediness;" so much so that he had to carry the dreadful thing some distance from the tent, out of which they could not stir. This terrible experience seems to have been physically little harmful to them, while it undoubtedly supported life, but morally it had the same effect which

has almost always been observed of it in similar cases. "The affectionate, peaceable temper which my men had hitherto displayed, was altogether lost. Their eyes became wild and staring, their countenances fierce and barbarous, and instead of obeying my commands as they had readily and unreservedly done before, I found that all I could say was vain and fruitless." The narrator appears to have had little doubt that had their sufferings been prolonged, or in other words, a second necessity arisen for the same loathsome food, there would have been murder done, since there was not enough sense of right left for the casting of lots.

Early in January the fragments of their raft, having come ashore on the mainland, attracted attention, and boats were sent out for their deliverance. It was some time, however, by reason of the high seas, before succor could reach them, and longer still ere they could be transferred in their miserable and crippled state to ship-board. One of their visitors, ere this was done, perceiving the remains of their poor comrade exposed on the summit of the rock, expressed his satisfaction that, notwithstanding their deplorable condition, they were not utterly destitute. I acquiesced in the remark," says Captain John Dean, "but I kept the truth to myself." Even when they were rescued he seems not to have revealed the matter, but finding himself in England a few months afterward—some of his crew "having sailed one way and some another"—thought it no harm to publish his narration. Captain Dean was the only one of the castaways who escaped without losing finger or toe from frost-bite: he lived for nearly fifty years afterward, and died British Consul at Ostend.—*Belgravia.*

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#### THE CAPTAIN OF THE "POLE-STAR."

[Being an extract from the journal of JOHN MCALISTER RAY, student of medicine, kept by him during the six months' voyage in the Arctic seas, of the steam-whaler Pole-star, of Dundee, Captain Nicholas Craigie.]

*September 11th.* Latitude  $81^{\circ} 40' N.$ ; longitude  $2^{\circ} E.$  — Still lying-to amid enormous ice-fields. The one which stretches away to the north of us, and

to which our ice anchor is attached, cannot be smaller than an English county. To the right and left unbroken sheets extend to the horizon. This

morning the mate reported that there were signs of pack ice to the southward. Should this form of sufficient thickness to bar our return, we shall be in a position of danger, as the food, I hear, is already running somewhat short. It is late in the season and the nights are beginning to reappear. This morning I saw a star twinkling just over the fore-yard—the first since the beginning of May. There is considerable discontent among the crew, many of whom are anxious to get back home to be in time for the herring season, when labor always commands a high price upon the Scotch coast. As yet their displeasure is only signified by sullen countenances and black looks, but I heard from the second mate this afternoon that they contemplated sending a deputation to the captain to explain their grievance. I much doubt how he will receive it, as he is a man of fierce temper, and very sensitive about anything approaching to an infringement of his rights. I shall venture after dinner to say a few words to him upon the subject. I have always found that he will tolerate from me what he would resent from any other member of the crew. Amsterdam Island, at the north-west corner of Spitzbergen, is visible upon our starboard quarter—a rugged line of volcanic rocks, intersected by white seams, which represent glaciers. It is curious to think that at the present moment there is probably no human being nearer to us than the Danish settlements in the south of Greenland—a good nine hundred miles as the crow flies. A captain takes a great responsibility upon himself when he risks his vessel under such circumstances. No whaler has ever remained in these latitudes till so advanced a period of the year.

9 P.M.—I have spoken to Captain Craigie, and though the result has been hardly satisfactory, I am bound to say that he listened to what I had to say very quietly and even deferentially. When I had finished he put on that air of iron determination which I have frequently observed upon his face, and paced rapidly backward and forward across the narrow cabin for some minutes. At first I feared that I had seriously offended him, but he dispelled the

idea by sitting down again, and putting his hand upon my arm with a gesture which almost amounted to a caress. There was a depth of tenderness too in his wild dark eyes which surprised me considerably. "Look here, Doctor," he said, "I'm sorry I ever took you—I am indeed—and I would give fifty pounds this minute to see you standing safe upon the Dundee quay. It's hit or miss with me this time. There are fish to the north of us. How dare you shake your head, sir, when I tell you I saw them blowing from the masthead!"—this in a sudden burst of fury, though I was not conscious of having shown any signs of doubt. "Two and twenty fish in as many minutes as I am a living man, and not one under ten foot." Now, Doctor, do you think I can leave the country when there is only one infernal strip of ice between me and my fortune? If it came on to blow from the north to-morrow we could fill the ship and be away before the frost could catch us. If it came on to blow from the south—well, I suppose the men are paid for risking their lives, and as for myself it matters but little to me, for I have more to bind me to the other world than to this one. I confess that I am sorry for you, though I wish I had old Angus Tait who was with me last voyage, for he was a man that would never be missed, and you—you said once that you were engaged, did you not?"

"Yes," I answered, snapping the spring of the locket which hung from my watch-chain, and holding up the little vignette of Flora.

"Blast you!" he yelled, springing out of his seat, with his very beard bristling with passion. "What is your happiness to me? What have I to do with her that you must dangle her photograph before my eyes?" I almost thought that he was about to strike me in the frenzy of his rage, but with another imprecation he dashed upon the door of the cabin and rushed out upon deck, leaving me considerably astonished at his extraordinary violence. It is the first time that he has ever shown me anything but courtesy and kindness. I

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\* A whale is measured among whalers not by the length of its body, but by the length of its whalebone.

can hear him pacing excitedly up and down overhead as I write these lines.

I should like to give a sketch of the character of this man, but it seems presumptuous to attempt such a thing upon paper, when the idea in my own mind is at best a vague and uncertain one. Several times I have thought that I grasped the clew which might explain it, but only to be disappointed by his presenting himself in some new light which would upset all my conclusions. It may be that no human eye but my own shall ever rest upon these lines, yet as a psychological study I shall attempt to leave some record of Captain Nicholas Craigie.

A man's outer case generally gives some indication of the soul within. The captain is tall and well-formed, with dark, handsome face, and a curious way of twitching his limbs, which may arise from nervousness, or be simply an outcome of his excessive energy. His jaw and whole cast of countenance is manly and resolute, but the eyes are the distinctive feature of his face. They are of the very darkest hazel, bright and eager, with a singular mixture of recklessness in their expression, and of something else which I have sometimes thought was more allied with horror than any other emotion. Generally the former predominated, but on occasions, and more particularly when he was thoughtfully inclined, the look of fear would spread and deepen until it imparted a new character to his whole countenance. It is at these times that he is most subject to tempestuous fits of anger, and he seems to be aware of it, for I have known him lock himself up so that no one might approach him until his dark hour was passed. He sleeps badly, and I have heard him shouting during the night, but his room is some little distance from mine, and I could never distinguish the words which he said.

This is one phase of his character, and the most disagreeable one. It is only through my close association with him, thrown together as we are day after day, that I have observed it. Otherwise he is an agreeable companion, well-read and entertaining, and as gallant a seaman as ever trod a-deck. I shall not easily forget the way in which

he handled the ship when we were caught by a gale among the loose ice at the beginning of April. I have never seen him so cheerful, and even hilarious, as he was that night as he paced backward and forward upon the bridge amid the flashing of the lightning and the howling of the wind. He has told me several times that the thought of death was a pleasant one to him, which is a sad thing for a young man to say; he cannot be much more than thirty, though his hair and mustache are already slightly grizzled. Some great sorrow must have overtaken him and blighted his whole life. Perhaps I should be the same if I lost my Flora—God knows! I think if it were not for her that I should care very little whether the wind blew from the north or the south to-morrow. There, I hear him come down the companion and he has locked himself up in his room, which shows that he is still in an amiable mood. And so to bed, as old Pepys would say, for the candle is burning down (we have to use them now since the nights are closing in), and the steward has turned in, so there are no hopes of another one.

*September 12th.*—Calm clear day, and still lying in the same position. What wind there is comes from the south-east, but it is very slight. Captain is in a better humor, and apologized to me at breakfast for his rudeness. He still looks somewhat distract, however, and retains that wild look in his eyes which in a Highlander would mean that he was "*fey*"—at least so our chief engineer remarked to me, and he has some reputation among the Celtic portion of our crew as a seer and expounder of omens.

It is strange that superstition should have obtained such mastery over this hard-headed and practical race. I could not have believed to what an extent it is carried had I not observed it for myself. We have had a perfect epidemic of it this voyage, until I have felt inclined to serve out rations of sedatives and nerve tonics with the Saturday allowance of grog. The first symptom of it was that shortly after leaving Shetland the men at the wheel used to complain that they heard plaintive cries and screams in the wake of the ship, as if something were

following it and were unable to overtake it. This fiction has been kept up during the whole voyage, and on dark nights at the beginning of the seal-fishing it was only with great difficulty that men could be induced to do their spell. No doubt what they heard was either the creaking of the rudder-chains, or the cry of some passing sea-bird. I have been fetched out of bed several times to listen to it, but I need hardly say that I was never able to distinguish anything unnatural. The men, however, are so absurdly positive upon the subject that it is hopeless to argue with them. I mentioned the matter to the captain once, but to my surprise he took it very gravely, and indeed appeared to be considerably disturbed by what I told him. I should have thought that he at least would have been above such vulgar delusions.

All this disquisition upon superstition leads me up to the fact that Mr. Manson, our second mate, saw a ghost last night—or, at least, says that he did, which of course is the same thing. It is quite refreshing to have some new topic of conversation after the eternal routine of bears and whales which has served us for so many months. Manson swears the ship is haunted, and that he would not stay in her a day if he had any other place to go to. Indeed the fellow is honestly frightened, and I had to give him some chloral and bromide of potassium this morning to steady him down. He seemed quite indignant when I suggested that he had been having an extra glass the night before, and I was obliged to pacify him by keeping as grave a countenance as possible during his story, which he certainly narrated in a very straightforward and matter-of-fact way.

"I was on the bridge," he said, "about four bells in the middle watch, just when the night was at its darkest. There was a bit of a moon, but the clouds were blowing across it so that you couldn't see far from the ship. John McLeod, the harpooner, came aft from the foc'sle-head and reported a strange noise on the starboard bow. I went forrad and we both heard it, sometimes like a bairn crying and sometimes like a wench in pain. I've been seventeen years to the country and I never heard seal, old or young, make a

sound like that. As we were standing there on the foc'sle-head the moon came out from behind a cloud, and we both saw a sort of white figure moving across the ice field in the same direction that we had heard the cries. We lost sight of it for a while, but it came back on the port bow, and we could just make it out like a shadow on the ice. I sent a hand aft for the rifles, and McLeod and I went down on to the pack, thinking that maybe it might be a bear. When we got on the ice I lost sight of McLeod, but I pushed on in the direction where I could still hear the cries. I followed them for a mile or may be more, and then running round a hummock I came right on to the top of it standing and waiting for me seemingly. I don't know what it was. It wasn't a bear any way. It was tall and white and straight, and if it wasn't a man nor a woman, I'll stake my davy it was something worse. I made for the ship as hard as I could run, and precious glad I was to find myself aboard. I signed articles to do my duty by the ship, and on the ship I'll stay, but you don't catch me on the ice again after sundown."

That is his story given as far as I can in his own words. I fancy what he saw must, in spite of his denial, have been a young bear erect upon its hind legs, an attitude which they often assume when alarmed. In the uncertain light this would bear a resemblance to a human figure, especially to a man whose nerves were already somewhat shaken. Whatever it may have been, the occurrence is unfortunate, for it has produced a most unpleasant effect upon the crew. Their looks are more sullen than before and their discontent more open. The double grievance of being debarred from the herring fishing and of being detained in what they choose to call a haunted vessel, may lead them to do something rash. Even the harpooners, who are the oldest and steadiest among them, are joining in the general agitation.

Apart from this absurd outbreak of superstition, things are looking rather more cheerful. The pack which was forming to the south of us has partly cleared away, and the water is so warm as to lead me to believe that we are ly-

ing in one of those branches of the gulf-stream which run up between Greenland and Spitzbergen. There are numerous small Medusæ and sealions about the ship, with abundance of shrimps, so that there is every possibility of "fish" being sighted. Indeed one was seen blowing about dinner-time, but in such a position that it was impossible for the boats to follow it.

*September 13th.*—Had an interesting conversation with the chief mate, Mr. Milne, upon the bridge. It seems that our captain is as great an enigma to the seamen, and even to the owners of the vessel, as he has been to me. Mr. Milne tells me that when the ship is paid off, upon returning from a voyage, Captain Craigie disappears, and is not seen again until the approach of another season, when he walks quietly into the office of the company, and asks whether his services will be required. He has no friend in Dundee, nor does any one pretend to be acquainted with his early history. His position depends entirely upon his skill as a seaman, and the name for courage and coolness which he had earned in the capacity of mate, before being intrusted with a separate command. The unanimous opinion seems to be that he is not a Scotchman, and that his name is an assumed one. Mr. Milne thinks that he has devoted himself to whaling simply for the reason that it is the most dangerous occupation which he could select, and that he courts death in every possible manner. He mentioned several instances of this, one of which is rather curious, if true. It seems that on one occasion he did not put in an appearance at the office, and a substitute had to be selected in his place. That was at the time of the last Russian and Turkish war. When he turned up again next spring he had a puckered wound in the side of his neck which he used to endeavor to conceal with his cravat. Whether the mate's inference that he had been engaged in the war is true or not I cannot say. It was certainly a strange coincidence.

The wind is veering round in an easterly direction, but is still very slight. I think the ice is lying closer than it did yesterday. As far as the eye can reach on every side there is one wide expanse of spotless white, only broken by an oc-

casional rift or the dark shadow of a hummock. To the south there is a narrow lane of blue water which is our sole means of escape, and which is closing up every day. The captain is taking a heavy responsibility upon himself. I hear that the tank of potatoes has been finished, and even the biscuits are running short, but he preserves the same impassible countenance and spends the greater part of the day at the crow's nest, sweeping the horizon with his glass. His manner is very variable, and he seems to avoid my society, but there has been no repetition of the violence which he showed the other night.

7.30 P.M.—My deliberate opinion is that we are commanded by a madman. Nothing else can account for the extraordinary vagaries of Captain Craigie. It is fortunate that I have kept this journal of our voyage, as it will serve to justify us in case we have to put him under any sort of restraint, a step which I should only consent to as a last resource. Curiously enough it was he himself who suggested lunacy and not mere eccentricity as the secret of his strange conduct. He was standing upon the bridge about an hour ago, peering as usual through his glass, while I was walking up and down the quarter-deck. The majority of the men were below at their tea, for the watches have not been regularly kept of late. Tired of walking, I leaned against the bulwarks, and admired the mellow glow cast by the sinking sun upon the great ice fields which surround us. I was suddenly aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen by a hoarse voice at my elbow, and starting round I found that the captain had descended and was standing by my side. He was staring out over the ice with an expression in which horror, surprise, and something approaching to joy were contending for the mastery. In spite of the cold, great drops of perspiration were coursing down his forehead, and he was evidently fearfully excited. His limbs twitched like those of a man upon the verge of an epileptic fit, and the lines about his mouth were drawn and hard.

"Look!" he gasped, seizing me by the wrist, but still keeping his eyes upon the distant ice, and moving his head slowly in a horizontal direction, as if

following some object which was moving across the field of vision. "Look! There, man, there! Between the hummocks! Now coming out from behind the far one! You see her, you *must* see her! There still! Flying from me, by God, flying from me—and gone!"

He uttered the last two words in a whisper of concentrated agony which shall never fade from my remembrance. Clinging to the ratlines he endeavored to climb up upon the top of the bulwarks as if in the hope of obtaining a last glance at the departing object. His strength was not equal to the attempt, however, and he staggered back against the saloon skylights, where he leaned panting and exhausted. His face was so livid that I expected him to become unconscious, so lost no time in leading him down the companion, and stretching him upon one of the sofas in the cabin. I then poured him out some brandy which I held to his lips, and which had a wonderful effect upon him, bringing the blood back into his white face and steadyng his poor shaking limbs. He raised himself up upon his elbow, and looking round to see that we were alone, he beckoned to me to come and sit beside him.

"You saw it, didn't you?" he asked, still in the same subdued awesome tone so foreign to the nature of the man.

"No, I saw nothing."

His head sank back again upon the cushions. "No, he wouldn't without the glass," he murmured. "He couldn't. It was the glass that showed her to me, and then the eyes of love—the eyes of love. I say, Doc, don't let the steward in! He'll think I'm mad. Just bolt the door, will you?"

I rose and did what he had commanded.

He lay quiet for a little, lost in thought apparently, and then raised himself up upon his elbow again, and asked for some more brandy.

"You don't think I am, do you? Doc?" he asked as I was putting the bottle back into the after-locker. "Tell me now, as man to man, do you think that I am mad?"

"I think you have something on your mind," I answered, "which is exciting you and doing you a good deal of harm."

"Right there, lad!" he cried, his eyes sparkling from the effects of the brandy. "Plenty on my mind—plenty! But I can work out the latitude and the longitude, and I can handle my sextant and manage my logarithms. You couldn't prove me mad in a court of law, could you, now?" It was curious to hear the man lying back and coolly arguing out the question of his own sanity.

"Perhaps not," I said, "but still I think you would be wise to get home as soon as you can and settle down to a quiet life for a while."

"Get home, eh?" he muttered with a sneer upon his face. "One word for me and two for yourself, lad. Settle down with Flora—pretty little Flora. Are bad dreams signs of madness?"

"Sometimes," I answered.

"What else? what would be the first symptoms?"

"Pains in the head, noises in the ears, flashes before the eyes, delusions—

"Ah! what about them?" he interrupted. "What would you call a delusion?"

"Seeing a thing which is not there is a delusion."

"But she *was* there!" he groaned to himself. She *was* there!" and rising, he unbolted the door and walked with slow and uncertain steps to his own cabin, where I have no doubt that he will remain until to-morrow morning. His system seems to have received a terrible shock, whatever it may have been that he imagined himself to have seen. The man becomes a greater mystery every day, though I fear that the solution which he has himself suggested is the correct one, and that his reason is affected. I do not think that a guilty conscience has anything to do with his behavior. The idea is a popular one among the officers, and, I believe, the crew; but I have seen nothing to support it. He has not the air of a guilty man, but of one who has had terrible usage at the hands of fortune, and who should be regarded as a martyr rather than a criminal.

The wind is veering round to the south to-night. God help us if it blocks that narrow pass which is our only road to safety! Situated as we are on the edge of the main Arctic pack, or the

"barrier" as it is called by the whalers, any wind from the north has the effect of shredding out the ice around us and allowing our escape, while a wind from the south blows up all the loose ice behind us and hems us in between two packs. God help us, I say again!

*September 14th.*—Sunday, and a day of rest. My fears have been confirmed, and the thin strip of blue water has disappeared from the southward. Nothing but the great motionless ice fields around us, with their weird hummocks and fantastic pinnacles. There is a deathly silence over their wide expanse which is horrible. No lapping of the waves now, no cries of sea-gulls or straining of sails, but one deep universal silence in which the murmurs of the seamen and the creak of their boots upon the white shining deck, seem discordant and out of place. Our only visitor was an Arctic fox, a rare animal upon the pack, though common enough upon the land. He did not come near the ship, however, but after surveying us from a distance fled rapidly across the ice. This was curious conduct, as they generally know nothing of man, and being of an inquisitive nature become so familiar that they are easily captured. Incredible as it may seem, even this little incident produced a bad effect upon the crew. "Yon puir beastie kens mair, aye an' sees mair nor you nor me!" was the comment of one of the leading harpooners, and the others nodded their acquiescence. It is vain to attempt to argue against such puerile superstition. They have made up their minds that there is a curse upon the ship, and nothing will ever persuade them to the contrary.

The captain remained in seclusion all day except for about half an hour in the afternoon, when he came out upon the quarter-deck. I observed that he kept his eye fixed upon the spot where the vision of yesterday had appeared, and was quite prepared for another outburst, but none such came. He did not seem to see me although I was standing close beside him. Divine service was read as usual by the chief engineer. It is a curious thing that in whaling vessels the Church of England Prayer-book is always employed, although there is never a member of that Church among either

officers or crew. Our men all are Roman Catholics or Presbyterians, the former predominating. Since a ritual is used which is foreign to both, neither can complain that the other is preferred to them, and they listen with all attention and devotion, so that the system has something to recommend it.

A glorious sunset, which made the great fields of ice look like a lake of blood. I have never seen a finer and at the same time more ghastly effect. Wind is veering round. If it will blow twenty-four hours from the north all will yet be well.

*September 15th.*—To-day is Flora's birthday. Dear lass! it is well that she cannot see her boy, as she used to call me, shut up among the ice fields with a crazy captain and a few weeks' provisions. No doubt she scans the shipping list in the *Scotsman* every morning to see if we are reported from Shetland. I have to set an example to the men and look cheery and unconcerned; but God knows, my heart is very heavy at times.

The thermometer is at nineteen Fahrenheit to-day. There is but little wind, and what there is comes from an unfavorable quarter. Captain is in an excellent humor; I think he imagines he has seen some other omen or vision, poor fellow, during the night, for he came into my room early in the morning, and stooping down over my bunk whispered, "It wasn't a delusion, Doc, it's all right!" After breakfast he asked me to find out how much food was left, which the second mate and I proceeded to do. It is even less than we had expected. Forward they have half a tank full of biscuits, three barrels of salt meat, and a very limited supply of coffee beans and sugar. In the after-hold and lockers there are a good many luxuries such as tinned salmon, soups, haricot mutton, etc., but they will go a very short way among a crew of fifty men. There are two barrels of flour in the store-room, and an unlimited supply of tobacco. Altogether there is about enough to keep the men on half rations for eighteen or twenty days—certainly not more. When we reported the state of things to the captain, he ordered all hands to be piped, and addressed them from the quarter-deck. I never saw him to better advantage.

With his tall, well-knit figure and dark, animated face, he seemed a man born to command, and he discussed the situation in a cool sailor-like way which showed that while appreciating the danger he had an eye for every loophole of escape.

" My lads," he said, " no doubt you think I brought you into this fix, if it is a fix, and maybe some of you feel bitter against me on account of it. But you must remember that for many a season no ship that comes to the country has brought in as much oil-money as the old Pole-star, and every one of you has had his share of it. You can leave your wives behind you in comfort while other poor fellows come back to find their lasses on the parish. If you have to thank me for the one you have to thank me for the other, and we may call it quits. We've tried a bold venture before this and succeeded, so now that we've tried one and failed we've no cause to cry out about it. If the worst comes to the worst, we can make the land across the ice, and lay in a stock of seals which will keep us alive until spring. It won't come to that, though, for you'll see the Scotch coast again before three weeks are out. At present every man must go on half rations, share and share alike, and no favor to any. Keep up your hearts and you'll pull through this as you've pulled through many a danger before." These few simple words of his had a wonderful effect upon crew. His former unpopularity was forgotten, and the old harpooner whom I have already mentioned for his superstition, led off three cheers, which were heartily joined in by all hands.

*September 16th.*—The wind has veered round to the north during the night, and the ice shows some symptoms of opening out. The men are in a good humor in spite of the short allowance upon which they have been placed. Steam is kept up in the engine-room, that there may be no delay should an opportunity for escape present itself. The captain is in exuberant spirits, though he still retains that wild "fey" expression which I have already remarked upon. This burst of cheerfulness puzzles me more than his former gloom. I cannot understand it. I think I mentioned in an

early part of this journal that one of his oddities is that he never permits any person to enter his cabin, but insists upon making his own bed, such as it is, and performing every other office for himself. To my surprise he handed me the key to-day and requested me to go down there and take the time by his chronometer while he measured the altitude of the sun at noon. It is a bare little room containing a washing-stand and a few books, but little else in the way of luxury, except some pictures upon the walls. The majority of these are small cheap oleographs, but there was one water-color sketch of the head of a young lady which arrested my attention. It was evidently a portrait, and not one of those fancy types of female beauty which sailors particularly affect. No artist could have evolved from his own mind such a curious mixture of character and weakness. The languid, dreamy eyes with their drooping lashes, and the broad, low brow unruffled by thought or care, were in strong contrast with the clean-cut, prominent jaw, and the resolute set of the lower lip. Underneath it in one of the corners was written "M. B., at 19." That any one in the short space of nineteen years of existence could develop such strength of will as was stamped upon her face seemed to me at the time to be well-nigh incredible. She must have been an extraordinary woman. Her features have thrown such a glamour over me that though I had but a fleeting glance at them, I could, were I a draughtsman, reproduce them line for line upon this page of the journal. I wonder what part she has played in our captain's life. He has hung her picture at the end of his berth so that his eyes continually rest upon it. Were he a less reserved man I should make some remark upon the subject. Of the other things in his cabin there was nothing worthy of mention—uniform coats, a camp stool, small looking-glass, tobacco box and numerous pipes, including an oriental hookah—which by-the-by give some color to Mr. Milne's story about his participation in the war, though the connection may seem rather a distant one.

11.20 P.M.—Captain just gone to bed after a long and interesting conversation

on general topics. When he chooses he can be a most fascinating companion, being remarkably well read, and having the power of expressing his opinion forcibly without appearing to be dogmatic. I hate to have my intellectual toes trod upon. He spoke about the nature of the soul and sketched out the views of Aristotle and Plato upon the subject in a masterly manner. He seems to have a leaning for metempsychosis and the doctrines of Pythagoras. In discussing them we touched upon modern spiritualism, and I made some joking allusion to the impostures of Slade, upon which, to my surprise, he warned me most impressively against confusing the innocent with the guilty, and argued that it would be as logical to brand Christianity as an error, because Judas who professed that religion was a villain. He shortly afterward bade me good-night and retired to his room.

The wind is freshening up, and blows steadily from the north. The nights are as dark now as they are in England. I hope to-morrow may set us free from our frozen fetters.

*September 17th.*—The Bogie again. Than Heaven that I have strong nerves! The superstition of these poor fellows, and the circumstantial accounts which they give, with the utmost earnestness and self-conviction, would horrify any man not accustomed to their ways. There are many versions of the matter, but the sum-total of them all is that something uncanny has been flitting round the ship all night, and that Sandie McDonald of Peterhead and "lang" Peter Williamson of Shetland saw it, as also did Mr. Milne on the bridge—so having three witnesses, they can make a better case of it than the second mate did. I spoke to Milne after breakfast and told him that he should be above such nonsense, and that as an officer he ought to set the men a better example. He shook his weather-beaten head ominously, but answered with characteristic caution, "Mebbe aye, mebbe na, Doctor," he said; "I didna ca' it a ghast. I canna' say I preen my faith in sea boggles an' the like, though there's a mony as claims to ha' seen a' that and waur. I'm no easy feared, but maybe your ain bluid would run a bit cauld, mun, if instead o'

speerin' aboot it in daylight ye were wi' me last night, an' seed an awfu' like shape, white an' gruesome, whiles here, whiles there, an' it greetin' and ca'ing in the darkness like a bit lambie that hae lost its mither. Ye would na' be sae ready to put it a' doon to auld wives' clavers then, I'm thinkin'." I saw it was hopeless to reason with him, so contented myself with begging him as a personal favor to call me up the next time the spectre appeared—a request to which he acceded with many ejaculations expressive of his hopes that such an opportunity might never arise.

As I had hoped, the white desert behind us has become broken by many thin streaks of water which intersect it in all directions. Our latitude to-day was  $80^{\circ} 52' N.$ , which shows that there is a strong southerly drift upon the pack. Should the wind continue favorable it will break up as rapidly as it formed. At present we can do nothing but smoke and wait and hope for the best. I am rapidly becoming a fatalist. When dealing with such uncertain factors as wind and ice a man can be nothing else. Perhaps it was the wind and sand of the Arabian deserts which gave the minds of the original followers of Mahomet their tendency to bow to kismet.

These spectral alarms have a very bad effect upon the captain. I feared that it might excite his sensitive mind, and endeavored to conceal the absurd story from him, but unfortunately he overheard one of the men making an allusion to it, and insisted upon being informed about it. As I had expected, it brought out all his latent lunacy in an exaggerated form. I can hardly believe that this is the same man who discoursed philosophy last night with the most critical acumen, and coolest judgment. He is pacing backward and forward upon the quarterdeck like a caged tiger, stopping now and again to throw out his hands with a yearning gesture, and stare impatiently out over the ice. He keeps up a continual mutter to himself, and once he called out, "But a little time, love—but a little time!" Poor fellow, it is sad to see a gallant seaman and accomplished gentleman reduced to such a pass, and to think that imagination and delusion can cow a mind to

which real danger was but the salt of life. Was ever a man in such a position as I, between a demented captain and a ghost-seeing mate? I sometimes think I am the only really sane man abroad the vessel—except perhaps the second engineer, who is a kind of ruminant and would care nothing for all the fiends in the Red Sea, so long as they would leave him alone and not disarrange his tools.

The ice is still opening rapidly, and there is every probability of our being able to make a start to-morrow morning. They will think I am inventing when I tell them at home all the strange things that have befallen me.

12 P.M.—I have been a good deal startled, though I feel steadier now, thanks to a stiff glass of brandy. I am hardly myself yet, however, as this handwriting will testify. The fact is that I have gone through a very strange experience, and am beginning to doubt whether I was justified in branding every one on board as madmen, because they profess to have seen things which did not seem reasonable to my understanding. Pshaw! I am a fool to let such a trifles unnerve me, and yet coming as it does after all these alarms, it has an additional significance, for I cannot doubt either Mr. Manson's story or that of the mate, now that I have experienced that which I used formerly to scoff at.

After all it was nothing very alarming—a mere sound, and that was all. I cannot expect that any one reading this, if any one ever should read it, will sympathize with my feelings, or realize the effect which it produced upon me at the time. Supper was over and I had gone on deck to have a quiet pipe before turning in. The night was very dark—so dark that standing under the quarter boat, I was unable to see the officer upon the bridge. I think I have already mentioned the extraordinary silence which prevails in these frozen seas. In other parts of the world, be they ever so barren, there is some slight vibration of the air—some faint hum, be it from the distant haunts of men, or from the leaves of the trees, or the wings of the birds, or even the faint rustle of the grass that covers the ground. One may not actively perceive the sound, and yet

if it were withdrawn it would be missed. It is only here in these Arctic seas that stark, unfathomable stillness obtrudes itself upon you in all its gruesome reality. You find your tympanum straining to catch some little murmur and dwelling eagerly upon every accidental sound within the vessel. In this state I was leaning against the bulwarks when there arose from the ice almost directly underneath me, a cry, sharp and shrill, upon the silent air of the night, beginning, as it seemed to me, at a note such as prima donna never reached, and mounting from that ever higher and higher until it culminated in a long wail of agony, which might have been the last cry of a lost soul. The ghastly scream is still ringing in my ears. Grief, unutterable grief, seemed to be expressed in it and a great longing, and yet through it all there was an occasional wild note of exultation. It seemed to come from close beside me, and yet as I glared into the darkness I could make out nothing. I waited some little time, but without hearing any repetition of the sound, so I came below, more shaken than I have ever been in my life before. As I came down the companion I met Mr. Milne coming up to relieve the watch. "Weel, Doctor," he said, "may be that's auld wives' clavers tae? Did ye no hear it skirling? May be that's a superstition? what d'ye think o't noo?" I was obliged to apologize to the honest fellow, and acknowledged that I was puzzled by it as he was. Perhaps tomorrow things may look different. At present I dare hardly write all that I think. Reading it again in days to come, when I have shaken off all these associations, I should despise myself for having been so weak.

September 18th.—Passed a restless and uneasy night still haunted by that strange sound. The captain does not look as if he had had much repose either, for his face is haggard and his eyes bloodshot. I have not told him of my adventure of last night, nor shall I. He is already restless and excited, standing up, sitting down, and apparently utterly unable to keep still.

A fine lead appeared in the pack this morning, as I had expected, and we were able to cast off our ice-anchor, and

steam about twelve miles in a west-southerly direction. We were then brought to a halt by a great floe as massive as any which we have left behind us. It bars our progress completely, so we can do nothing but anchor again and wait until it breaks up, which it will probably do within twenty-four hours, if the wind holds. Several bladdernosed seals were seen swimming in the water, and one was shot, an immense creature more than eleven feet long. They are fierce, pugnacious animals, and are said to be more than a match for a bear. Fortunately they are slow and clumsy in their movements, so that there is little danger in attacking them upon the ice.

The captain evidently does not think we have seen the last of our troubles, though why he should take a gloomy view of the situation is more than I can fathom, since every one else on board considers that we have had a miraculous escape, and are sure now to reach the open sea.

"I suppose you think it's all right now, Doctor?" he said as we sat together after dinner.

"I hope so," I answered.

"We mustn't be too sure—and yet no doubt you are right. We'll all be in the arms of our own true loves before long, lad, won't we? But we mustn't be too sure—we mustn't be too sure."

He sat silent a little, swinging his leg thoughtfully backward and forward. "Look here," he continued. "It's a dangerous place this, even at its best—a treacherous, dangerous place. I have known men cut off very suddenly in a land like this. A slip would do it sometimes—a single slip, and down you go through a crack and only a bubble on the green water to show where it was that you sank. It's a queer thing," he continued with a nervous laugh, "but all the years I've been in this country I never once thought of making a will—not that I have anything to leave in particular, but still when a man is exposed to danger he should have everything arranged and ready—don't you think so?"

"Certainly," I answered, wondering what on earth he was driving at.

"He feels better for knowing it's all settled," he went on. "Now if any-

thing should ever befall me, I hope that you will look after things for me. There is very little in the cabin, but such as it is I should like it to be sold, and the money divided in the same proportion as the oil-money among the crew. The chronometer I wish you to keep yourself as some slight remembrance of our voyage. Of course all this is a mere precaution, but I thought I would take the opportunity of speaking to you about it. I suppose I might rely upon you if there were any necessity?"

"Most assuredly," I answered; "and since you are taking this step, I may as well—"

"You! you!" he interrupted. *You're* all right. What the devil is the matter with *you*? There, I didn't mean to be peppery, but I don't like to hear a young fellow, that has hardly began life, speculating about death. Go up on deck and get some fresh air into your lungs instead of talking nonsense in the cabin, and encouraging me to do the same."

The more I think of this conversation of ours the less do I like it. Why should the man be settling his affairs at the very time when we seem to be emerging from all danger? There must be some method in his madness. Can it be that he contemplates suicide? I remember that upon one occasion he spoke in a deeply reverent manner of the heinousness of the crime of self-destruction. I shall keep my eye upon him however, and though I cannot obtrude upon the privacy of his cabin, I shall at least make a point of remaining on deck as long as he stays up.

Mr. Milne pooh-poohs my fears, and says it is only the "skipper's little way." He himself takes a very rosy view of the situation. According to him we shall be out of the ice by the day after to-morrow, pass Jan Meyen two days after that, and sight Shetland in little more than a week. I hope he may not be too sanguine. His opinion may be fairly balanced against the gloomy precautions of the captain, for he is an old and experienced seaman, and weighs his words well before uttering them.

\* \* \* \* \*

The long-impending catastrophe has come at last. I hardly know what to

write about it. The captain is gone. He may come back to us again alive, but I fear me—I fear me. It is now seven o'clock of the morning of the 19th of September. I have spent the whole night traversing the great ice-floe in front of us with a party of seamen in the hope of coming upon some trace of him, but in vain. I shall try to give some account of the circumstances which attended upon his disappearance. Should any one ever chance to read the words which I put down, I trust they will remember that I do not write from conjecture or from hearsay, but that I, a sane and educated man, am describing accurately what actually occurred before my very eyes. My inferences are my own, but I shall be answerable for the facts.

The captain remained in excellent spirits after the conversation which I have recorded. He appeared to be nervous and impatient, however, frequently changing his position, and moving his limbs in an aimless choreic way which is characteristic of him at times. In a quarter of an hour he went upon deck seven times, only to descend after a few hurried paces. I followed him each time, for there was something about his face which confirmed my resolution of not letting him out of my sight. He seemed to observe the effect which his movements had produced, for he endeavored by an over-done hilarity, laughing boisterously at the very smallest of jokes, to quiet my apprehensions.

After supper he went on to the poop once more, and I with him. The night was dark and very still, save for the melancholy soughing of the wind among the spars. A thick cloud was coming up from the north-west, and the ragged tentacles which it threw out in front of it were drifting across the face of the moon, which only shone now and again through a rift in the wrack. The captain paced rapidly backward and forward, and then seeing me still dogging him, he came across and hinted that he thought I should be better below—which I need hardly say had the effect of strengthening my resolution to remain on deck.

I think he forgot about my presence after this, for he stood silently leaning over the taffrail, and peering out across

the great desert of snow, part of which lay in shadow, while part glittered mistily in the moonlight. Several times I could see by his movements that he was referring to his watch, and once he muttered a short sentence of which I could only catch the one word "ready." I confess to having felt an eerie feeling creeping over me as I watched the loom of his tall figure through the darkness, and noted how completely he fulfilled the idea of a man who is keeping a tryst. A tryst with whom? Some vague perception began to dawn upon me as I pieced one fact with another, but I was utterly unprepared for the sequel.

By the sudden intensity of his attitude I felt that he saw something. I crept up behind him. He was staring with an eager questioning gaze at what seemed to be a wreath of mist, blown swiftly in a line with the ship. It was a dim nebulous body devoid of shape, sometimes more, sometimes less apparent, as the light fell on it. The moon was dimmed in its brilliancy at the moment by a canopy of thinnest cloud, like the coating of an anemone.

"Coming, lass, coming," cried the skipper, in a voice of unfathomable tenderness and compassion, like one who soothes a beloved one by some favor long looked for, and as pleasant to bestow as to receive.

What followed, happened in an instant. I had no power to interfere. He gave one spring to the top of the bulwarks, and another which took him on to the ice, almost to the feet of the pale misty figure. He held out his hands as if to clasp it, and so ran into the darkness with outstretched arms and loving words. I still stood rigid and motionless, straining my eyes after his retreating form, until his voice died away in the distance. I never thought to see him again, but at that moment the moon shone out brilliantly through a chink in the cloudy heaven, and illuminated the great field of ice. Then I saw his dark figure already a very long way off, running with prodigious speed across the frozen plain. That was the last glimpse which we caught of him—perhaps the last we ever shall. A party was organized to follow him, and I accompanied them, but the men's hearts were not in the work, and nothing was

found. Another will be formed within a few hours. I can hardly believe I have not been dreaming, or suffering from some hideous nightmare as I write these things down.

7.30 P.M.—Just returned dead beat and utterly tired out from a second unsuccessful search for the captain. The floe is of enormous extent, for though we have traversed at least twenty miles of its surface, there has been no sign of its coming to an end. The frost has been so severe of late that the overlying snow is frozen as hard as granite, otherwise we might have had the footsteps to guide us. The crew are anxious that we should cast off and steam round the floe and so to the southward, for the ice has opened up during the night, and the sea is visible upon the horizon. They argue that Captain Craigie is certainly dead, and that we are all risking our lives to no purpose by remaining when we have an opportunity of escape. Mr. Milne and I have had the greatest difficulty in persuading them to wait until to-morrow night, and have been compelled to promise that we will not under any circumstances delay our departure longer than that. We propose therefore to take a few hours' sleep and then to start upon a final search.

*September 20th, evening.*—I crossed the ice this morning with a party of men exploring the southern part of the floe, while Mr. Milne went off in a northerly direction. We pushed on for ten or twelve miles without seeing a trace of any living thing except a single bird, which fluttered a great way over our heads, and which by its flight I should judge to have been a falcon. The southern extremity of the ice field tapered away into a long narrow spit which projected out into the sea. When we came to the base of this promontory, the men halted, but I begged them to continue to the extreme end of it that we might have the satisfaction of knowing that no possible chance had been neglected.

We had hardly gone a hundred yards before McDonald of Peterhead cried out that he saw something in front of us, and began to run. We all got a glimpse of it and ran too. At first it was only a vague darkness against the white ice, but as we raced along together

it took the shape of a man, and eventually of the man of whom we were in search. He was lying face downward upon a frozen bank. Many little crystals of ice and feathers of snow had drifted on to him as he lay, and sparkled upon his dark seaman's jacket. As we came up some wandering puff of wind caught these tiny flakes in its vortex, and they whirled up into the air, partially descended again, and then, caught once more in the current, sped rapidly away in the direction of the sea. To my eyes it seemed but a snow-drift, but many of my companions averred that it started up in the shape of a woman, stooped over the corpse and kissed it, and then hurried away across the floe. I have learned never to ridicule any man's opinion, however strange it may seem. Sure it is that Captain Nicholas Craigie had met with no painful end, for there was a bright smile upon his blue pinched features, and his hands were still outstretched as though grasping at the strange visitor which had summoned him away into the dim world that lies beyond the grave.

We buried him the same afternoon with the ship's ensign around him, and a thirty-two pound shot at his feet. I read the burial service, while the rough sailors wept like children, for there were many who owed much to his kind heart, and who showed now the affection which his strange ways had repelled during his lifetime. He went off the grating with a dull, sullen splash, and as I looked into the green water I saw him go down, down, down until he was but a little flickering patch of white hanging upon the outskirts of eternal darkness. Then even that faded away and he was gone. There he shall lie, with his secret and his sorrows and his mystery all still buried in his breast, until that great day when the sea shall give up its dead, and Nicholas Craigie come out from among the ice with the smile upon his face, and his stiffened arms outstretched in greeting. I pray that his lot may be a happier one in that life than it has been in this.

I shall not continue my journal. Our road to home lies plain and clear before us, and the great ice field will soon be but a remembrance of the past. It will be some time before I get over the

shock produced by recent events. When I began this record of our voyage I little thought of how I should be compelled to finish it. I am writing these final words in the lonely cabin, still starting at times and fancying I hear the quick nervous step of the dead man upon the deck above me. I entered his cabin to-night as was my duty, to make a list of his effects in order that they might be entered in the official log. All was as it had been upon my previous visit, save that the picture which I have described as having hung at the end of his bed had been cut out of its frame, as with a knife, and was gone. With this last link in a strange chain of evidence I close my diary of the voyage of the *Pole-star*.

[NOTE by Dr. John McAlister Ray, senior.— "I have read over the strange events connected with the death of the Captain of the *Pole-star*,

as narrated in the journal of my son. That everything occurred exactly as he describes it I have the fullest confidence, and, indeed, the most positive certainty, for I know him to be a strong-nerved and unimaginative man, with the strictest regard for veracity. Still, the story is, on the face of it, so vague and so improbable, that I was long opposed to its publication. Within the last few days, however, I have had independent testimony upon the subject which throws a new light upon it. I had run down to Edinburgh to attend a meeting of the British Medical Association, when I chanced to come across Dr. P—, an old college chum of mine, now practising at Saltash, in Devonshire. Upon my telling him of this experience of my son's, he declared to me that he was familiar with the man, and proceeded, to my no small surprise, to give me a description of him, which tallied remarkably well with that given in the journal, except that he depicted him as a younger man. According to his account, he had been engaged to a young lady of singular beauty residing upon the Cornish coast. During his absence at sea his betrothed had died under circumstances of peculiar horror.]

*Temple Bar.*

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COMETS.\*

BY WILLIAM HUGGINS.

ANY phenomenon outside the daily round of things necessarily fixes upon itself the attention of even the less observant of men. Among these uncommon phenomena, comets by their sudden coming, rapid movements and changing forms, are especially remarkable. It was to be expected that in the uncritical ages of the world, these "wonders" should also be looked upon as "signs;" and the fiery and threatening appearance of large comets made them to be regarded as the messengers of evil. Du Bartas speaks of them thus :†

There with long bloody haire, a Blazing Star Threatens the World with Famin, Plague and War :  
To Princes, death: to Kingdoms, many crosses :  
To all Estates, ineuitable Losses :  
To Heard-men, Rot: to Plough-men, hapless Seasons :  
To Saylers, Storms : to Cities, ciuill, Treasons.

Last year, including telescopic comets, no fewer than seven of these por-

tents of woe showed themselves in the heavens, and this year another large comet, which will be unusually fiery, though not conspicuous in the daylight, has come to threaten us. If Du Bartas were writing this paper, he would say, " See, how true to the letter were my words some three centuries ago ! How real have been the ' death to princes,' ' the many crosses to kingdoms,' ' the inevitable losses to all estates,' the ' hapless seasons,' ' the storms to sailors,' and now, alas ! the ' civil treasons ! ' "

In the present critical age, comets have in an unusual degree fixed upon themselves the attention of scientific men, because of the enormous difficulties which present themselves, if an attempt is made to explain their marvelous phenomena by the rigid application to them of the laws of physics. Indeed, at first sight there seems something almost supernatural about them, " more than is dreamt of in our philosophy," some profound and still unknown mystery of nature. But " where wise men hesitate to tread, fools rush in," and so a great cloud of absurd theories has been raised about the nature

\* The substance of this article was given in a Discourse at the Royal Institution on Friday evening, January 21, 1882.

† Du Bartas, translated by J. Sylvester, folio 1621, p. 33.

of comets. Even the cautious guesses at truth by the masters of science are based on different, and in some cases on opposing, principles of explanation. At the present time there is no accepted consensus of scientific opinion as to the nature of these bodies.

Recently by the application to comets of the very fruitful method which distinguishes modern research, of confronting together classes of phenomena which were formerly kept strictly apart, some trustworthy knowledge of the nature of comets has been gained. I refer to the application of chemistry by means of the method of spectrum analysis, and to the linking of comets in close blood-relationship with shooting-stars, through the discovery of orbits common to these two orders of bodies. It is the writer's object to describe what we have learned from these methods of investigation, and to distinguish sharply between what we really know of cometary phenomena, and those points on which at present we can only speculate.

Obviously it is outside the scope of this paper to speak of remarkable comets, or even to describe in detail the more purely astronomical side of the subject. Some comets come suddenly, we know not whence, pay a visit to our sun, and then go off again, we know not whither. Other comets have settled among us, have become naturalized members of our system, and now acknowledge permanent allegiance to our sun. It depends upon the relation of a comet's velocity of motion to the sun's attractive power whether its future course shall be a closed orbit, bringing it back to us after a longer or shorter period. If the comet when at the earth's distance from the sun be moving more rapidly than twenty-six miles a second, it will go off again into space, never to come back to us. Possessed of a slower motion, it will become subject to the sun, and periodically return, at regular intervals, after longer or shorter wanderings. It so happens that in the case of many comets, including the bright comet of last year, their velocity is so near the parabolic limit that from the observations made in the small part of their orbit, when near the sun and visible to us, it is not possible to be certain if they will return or not. This uncertainty applies to most of the com-

ets to which very long periods have been assigned. A number of comets, chiefly small ones, is certainly periodic, and of some of these, several returns, true to the calculated times, have been observed.

It is necessary to examine with some care the phenomena which have to be explained, namely, the essential appearances and changes which comets exhibit during their approach to the sun when they are visible to us. This small portion of their life is quite exceptional, and unlike the ordinary course of their humdrum existence. It consists of a short period of extreme excitement, accompanied by rapid and marvellous changes of form, often on a stupendous scale. It may be assumed that all who read these lines have seen the really grand spectacle of a great comet sweeping majestically along, among the quiet stars; some have also gazed through a telescope at the less conspicuous members of the comet-family, at the more or less oval or fan-like wisp of faint light. But these differences are subordinate and individual; and all comets have in common three distinctive parts, however much these may be modified and concealed by the special conditions of the individual. They are, the nucleus, the coma, and the tail.

*i. The Nucleus.*—With the aid of a telescope a bright point may be detected in the heads of most comets. This apparently insignificant speck is truly the heart and kernel of the whole thing—potentially it is the comet. It is this part of the comet which conforms rigorously to the laws of gravitation, and moves strictly in its orbit. If we could see a great comet during its distant wanderings, when it has put off the gala trappings of perihelion excitement, it would appear as a very sober object, and consist of little more than nucleus alone. The nucleus is the only part of the comet which can have any claim to solidity or even appreciable weight. Though many telescopic comets are of extremely small mass, nucleus included—so small indeed that they are unable to perturb such small bodies as Jupiter's satellites—yet we should mistake greatly if we were to suppose that all comets are “airy nothings.” In some large comets the nucleus may be a few hundred miles in diameter, or even very much larger, and may consist of solid matter.

It is not necessary to say that the collision of a cometary nucleus of this order with the earth would produce destruction on a wide scale.

2. *The Coma.*—The comet's hair appears usually as a luminous fog, surrounding the nucleus, especially on the side toward the sun.

3. *The Tail* may be considered as a continuation in a direction opposite to that of the sun of the luminous fog of the coma. This appendage appears as if it were due to the matter of the coma driven backward. The tail may be very small, or it may extend half across the heavens, and be many millions of miles in length. The tail may be single or divided into branches, and accompanied by bright rays or secondary tails.

It must not be supposed that, greatly as comets differ from each other, each individual comet remains fixed and unaltered in form. On the contrary, a great comet is most protean in its characters. What the naked eye sees is but the general outcome of ceaseless commotions and tumultuous actions taking place within, which the telescope reveals to us. The immediate neighborhood of the nucleus is pre-eminently the stage where these spectacular transformations, often on an enormous scale, take place. From the glowing nucleus streams flash forth sunward. Shortly their sunward motion is arrested, they gather themselves together to form one or more bright halos, or envelopes as they are technically called, concentrically arranged in front of the nucleus. Now is seen to take place a change which is most puzzling, namely, these envelopes of light appear to give up their substance under the influence of a strong repulsive force exerted from the sun, and to be forced backward, flowing past the nucleus on all sides, still ever expanding and shooting backward until a tail is formed in a direction opposite to the sun. This tail is usually curved, though sometimes rays or extra tails sensibly straight are also seen.\*

These are some of the phenomena

which ask an explanation at our hands. We shall clear the ground if we consider first two primary questions: (1) whether a comet shines wholly by reflecting solar light, or whether it has also light of its own; and (2) of what kind of stuff is a comet composed?

It is here that spectrum analysis has come to our aid. The spectroscope has enabled us to subject the cometary matter to chemical analysis—a result which some years ago appeared forever impossible. The vibrations of the ether we call light are the only possible go-between; it is, indeed, through them alone we know of the comet's existence. But this light has in it much more than the eye can see. By means of a prism we can unroll it into a rainbow manuscript, full of writing. Now we learn that there are lights and lights. What the eye fails to distinguish the prism shows to be unlike, and to tell a different tale. The spectroscope lays bare before us the precise kinds of vibration of which the light consists. Laboratory research teaches that different sets of vibrations are peculiar to different substances. In the dark and bright lines of the spectrum of the light of a heavenly body we may read, therefore, the symbols of the substances by which the light was emitted, or through which it has passed.

The first successful application of the spectroscope to the light of a comet was made by Donati in 1864, who found it resolved into three bright bands. In 1866 the writer was able to distinguish two kinds of light from a telescopic comet, the one kind giving a continuous spectrum and presumably reflected solar light, and the other a spectrum with three bright bands similar to those which had been seen by Donati. But in 1868 a great advance was made. The close agreement of measures taken by the writer of the positions in the spectrum of the three bright bands of comet  $\delta$  of that year with measures he had previously taken of similar bright bands, which are characteristic of certain compounds of carbon, suggested, what was most unexpected, that some combinations of carbon might be present in the comet.

In conjunction with his friend, the late Dr. W. Allen Miller, he confronted directly in the spectroscope attached to

\* Last year photography was for the first time successfully applied to the forms of comets. The brightest comet was photographed by M. Janssen in France, by Mr. Common near Ealing, and by Dr. Draper at New York.

the telescope the comet's light with that from induction-sparks passing in olefiant gas. The sensible identity of the two spectra left no doubt of the essential oneness of the cometary stuff with the gas composed of carbon and hydrogen that was employed for comparison. Since that time the light from some twenty comets has been examined by different observers. The general close agreement in all cases, notwithstanding some small divergences, of the bright bands in the cometary light with those seen in the spectra of hydrocarbons, justifies us fully in ascribing the original light of these comets to matter which contains carbon in combination with hydrogen.

Last year another important advance was made. The eye is very limited in its range of power. We are blind to all light outside about one octave of vibrations in the middle of the luminous gamut. On both sides of the visible part of light, beyond the violet, and below the red, are great tracts of vibrations, which may become known to us through their decomposing power upon very delicately balanced silver salts. Thanks to Captain Abney, photography can now explore for us the dark red end of the spectrum as successfully as it had done the invisible light-tones beyond the violet limit of vision.

The writer had already extended our knowledge of the condition of things existing in the stars by a photographic exploration of the ultra-violet part of their spectra, which consists of vibrations shorter than the eye can see.

Last year, for the first time since the spectroscope has been in the hands of the astronomer, the coming of a bright comet made it possible to extend this method to the invisible parts of the cometary spectrum. Making use of a spectroscope, in which glass is replaced by Iceland spar and quartz, attached to a reflecting telescope which can accurately follow the comet by a clock motion, the writer succeeded in obtaining a photograph of the spectrum of the head of the brightest comet of last year.

The plate showed a continuous spectrum containing many well-known Fraunhofer-lines. The presence of these lines was crucial, and made it certain that one part of the comet's light is

reflected sunlight, though there is little doubt that in most comets a part of the continuous spectrum is due to light emitted by the comet. But there was also a second spectrum of bright lines. These lines possessed extreme interest, for there was certainly contained within this hieroglyphic writing some new information. A discussion of the positions of these new lines showed them to be undoubtedly the same lines which appear in certain compounds of carbon. Not long before Professors Liveing and Dewar had found from their laboratory experiments that these lines are only present when nitrogen is also present, and that they indicate a nitrogen compound of carbon, namely cyanogen. Two other bright groups were also seen in the photograph, confirming the presence of hydrogen carbon, and nitrogen.\*

To sum up, the spectroscope has enabled us to obtain trustworthy answers to the two questions we had put. We have learned that a comet shines partly by reflected solar light, and partly by light of its own; and in reply to the second question we have found that one part of the cometary stuff is in the condition of gas, and that this gas in a large majority of comets contains carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and possibly also oxygen, in the form of hydrocarbons, cyanogen, and possibly oxygen compounds of carbon.

We must now consider the information about comets which has come to us from a wholly different source.

On almost any fine night, after a short watch of the heavens, we may see the well-known appearances of "shooting stars." At ordinary times these are small, are far between, and occur indifferently in all parts of the heavens; but on certain nights they show themselves in great numbers, and of such brilliancy as to present a spectacle, of much magnificence. On such occasions one remarkable feature presents itself. The meteors all shoot forth from one spot, which is called the radiant point. A little consideration will show that this appearance is due to perspective, and

\* Some days subsequently Dr. Draper succeeded in getting a photograph of this comet's spectrum. It appears to confirm the statements given above, with the exception that it does not contain the Fraunhofer lines.

represents the vanishing point of the parallel courses in which the meteors are moving. Hence we learn that they all belong to an enormous swarm of these bodies which the earth is meeting ; and, further, it is possible to find the direction in which the swarm is moving relatively to the earth. Now the researches of Olbers, H. A. Newton, and Adams showed that the November meteors really form a planetary swarm, revolving round the sun in about thirty-three and a quarter years. Then the investigations of Schiaparelli, Leverrier, and Oppolzer brought out the astonishing result that the path of the November meteors is really identical with that of a comet discovered by Tempel in 1865. Schiaparelli showed further that another independent group of meteors which appears in August has an orbit identical with the third comet of 1862. We are thus led to see the close physical connection and oneness of origin, if not, indeed, identity of nature of comets and of these meteor swarms. Now the meteors belonging to these swarms are for the most part too minute to pass unscathed through the fiery ordeal of ignition by our atmosphere ; most happily they do not bombard us with an incessant Gatling discharge of meteoric stones, but are burned up before they reach the earth. At other times small celestial masses do come down to us, which there can be little doubt are of the same order of bodies and similar in chemical nature. In these meteorites, which we can handle and analyze at our leisure, we possess probably good examples of the sort of stuff of which the nuclei of comets are composed.

The question now arises, How far are the revelations of the spectroscope about comets in harmony with what we know of the chemical nature of these celestial waifs and strays ? Meteorites may be arranged in a long series, passing from metallic iron alloyed with nickel at one extremity, to those of a stony nature, chiefly silicates, at the other. In meteorites more than twenty of the terrestrial elements have been found, including hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, which the spectroscope has shown to be in comets. Here a difficulty presents itself : if the meteoric matter itself were decomposed, we should

expect to have a more complicated spectrum from the light of comets. It may be that in ordinary cometary phenomena we have not to do with the breaking up of the meteoric matter, but with the setting free of gases occluded within the meteoric matter which forms the comet's nucleus.

In the year 1867 Professor Graham extracted from a meteorite the gas it had brought down to us from celestial space. This meteorite was of the iron type, and yielded nearly three times its volume of gas, of which 85 per cent was hydrogen, 5 per cent carbonic oxide, and 10 per cent nitrogen. Since that time Professor Wright has experimented with a meteorite of the stony type, but containing small grains of metallic iron. This meteorite yielded similar gas, but in different proportions, there being a larger proportion of the oxide of carbon ; when at a low temperature carbon dioxide was chiefly given off. Now in all these cases a spectrum similar to that of comets would be given by these gases under suitable conditions. Some years ago the writer, in conjunction with Professor Nevil Story Maskelyne, examined the spectra of certain meteorites, and obtained in several cases a spectrum similar to that of comets. Some meteorites, like that from Bokkeldt, contain a large percentage of hydrocarbons. Professor H. C. Vogel has recently experimented in the same direction, and finds that the gas which comes off from the meteorite he used gives a hydrocarbon spectrum mixed with that of carbonic oxide, and under certain conditions the spectrum of the hydrocarbon predominates, and assumes a character almost exactly similar to that of the bright comet of last year.

The experiments hitherto made on meteorites throw but little light upon the question whether the nitrogen compound of carbon of which the photograph tells us, is already present in the comet, or whether it is formed under the conditions which cause the comet to emit light by the interaction of carbonaceous and nitrogenous matter. In the latter case we should have to admit a high temperature, which would be in favor of the view of an electric origin of the comet's light unless indeed some substance containing nitrogen were pres-

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ent under conditions specially favorable to this action. Professor Dewar has found that conditions conducive to the formation of hydrocyanic acid are brought about if ammonia or a similar nitrogen compound is introduced into a flame where carbon is liberated. Under such circumstances, the comparatively low temperature of ordinary flame is sufficient to bring out in the spectrum the ultra-violet lines which are distinctive of cyanogen, and were present in the photographic spectrum of the bright comet of last year. In our experiments on meteorites we must not forget that we are at the disadvantage of not being able to examine them as they exist in celestial space, but only after having suffered superficial ignition in passing through the air.

Since these words were written the writer has obtained a photograph of the comet (Wells) of the present year. This comet, for the first time since spectrum analysis has been applied to the light of these bodies, gives a spectrum which differs from the hydrocarbon type common to all comets which have appeared since 1864. The visible spectrum contains the bright lines of sodium and some other bright lines and groups of lines, some of which may agree in position with the stronger of the hydrocarbon groups. The writer's photograph shows that the original light of the comet which gives a continuous spectrum was too strong to allow of the Fraunhofer lines being recognized in the reflected solar light. Between G and H at least five bright groups are present, which extend to the light of the coma. The cyanogen groups are not present in the photograph. Professor A. Herschel and Dr. Von Konkoly pointed out long ago that the spectra of the periodic meteors belonging to different swarms differ from each other, and the meteorites which come down to us differ in their chemical constitution. It is not surprising to find the matter of the nucleus of this comet to exhibit a chemical difference from that of other comets, but the influence of great heat from a near approach to the sun must also be taken into consideration.

We have now completed that part of our purpose which was to present some account of the knowledge of a certain

character of the nature of comets which we have gained from the more modern methods of research. We have reached the very shore of the solid ground of ascertained fact about comets. If we would advance, it must be by embarking on the uncertain sea of speculation. There is certainly, beyond, a new world of further truth, but if we would gain its shores, it must be by betaking ourselves to hypotheses more or less seaworthy.

Of whatever nature we may regard the tremendous changes which take place in these bodies, we must certainly look to the sun as the primary disturbing cause. Is the solar heat sufficient to account directly for the self-light of comets, or does it act the part of a trigger setting free chemical or electrical forces? On this point, of the sufficiency of the solar radiation, we must look not to the few cases of exceptionally close approach to the sun, but to the more average distance of comets at perihelion.

Professor Stokes has suggested that some results obtained by Mr. Crookes in the course of his brilliant experiments on high vacua may throw some light upon this question. He concluded from his experiments that in such vacua as exist in planetary space the loss of heat, which in such cases would take place only by radiation, would be exceedingly small. In this way the heat received from the sun by the comet would accumulate, and we should get a much higher temperature than would otherwise be possible. In this connection may be mentioned the remarkable persistence of the bright trains of meteors in the rare upper air, which sometimes remain visible for three quarters of an hour before the light fades out by the gradual dissipation of energy. Our reasoning on these points would undergo considerable modification if we accept the views as to the condition of interplanetary space and of the sun's action which have been recently suggested by Dr. Siemens in his solar theory. The readers of the *Nineteenth Century* have recently had the advantage of studying these views as set forth by the able pen of the author himself; it is therefore not necessary to refer to them further in the present article.\*

\* See *Nineteenth Century* for April, 1882.

It now remains for us to state briefly two or three of the most important of the many hypotheses which have been put forward to explain the formation and the phenomena of the tails of comets.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the enormous tails of bright comets, many millions of miles in length, cannot be considered as one and the same material object, brandished round like a great flaming sword, as the comet moves about the sun. It is but little less difficult to suppose that the cometary mass is of so large an extent as to include all the space successively occupied by the sweep of the tail at perihelion, the enormous stretch of tail maintaining a position always opposite to the sun, as the comet moves round the sun. Therefore, on the theory that material cometary matter is present throughout the entire extent of the tail, we seem shut up to the view that this appendage, often of stupendous magnitude, is constantly being renewed and reformed, either by matter streaming from the nucleus or in some other way. But such a view involves velocities of transportation of matter far greater than the force of gravitation could account for, and indeed in the opposite direction, for we need a force of repulsion of some kind from the sun, and not of attraction toward it.

Consider a little closely the order of the apparent phenomena. As a comet approaches the sun, luminous jets issue from the matter of the nucleus on the side exposed to the sun's heat. These are seen to be almost immediately arrested in their motion sunward, and to form themselves into a luminous cap; the matter of this cap then appears to stream out into the tail as if by a violent wind of some kind setting against it. Now one hypothesis supposes these appearances to correspond to the real state of things in the comet, and that there does exist a repulsive force of some kind acting between the sun and the gaseous matter which has been emitted from the nucleus. On this hypothesis the forms of the tails of comets which are usually curved, and denser on the convex side, admit of the following explanation. Each separate particle of matter of the tail is moving in a curved course, under the influence of the motion it originally

possessed, combined with that of this hypothetical repulsive force. But in the form which the tail assumes for spectators on the earth, we have to consider not only the effect of perspective, but also the circumstance that the comet itself is rapidly advancing in its course, so that the tail visible at any moment is due to the portion of space which at the time contains all the repelled matter, of which each particle describes its own independent orbit, and reflects to the eye the solar light, or gives out its own light as the case may be.

As a rule the tails of comets appear to be luminous by reflecting solar light, but at times the light-emitting stuff which gives a spectrum of bright lines or a continuous spectrum is carried into the tail, and retains this power of giving out light to a greater or less distance from the head. The value of the repulsive force which would be necessary on this theory has been investigated by Bessel, Peirce, Faye, and others. Recently Bredichin, of the Observatory of Moscow, by a series of investigations, has shown that the curvatures of a large number of comets fall into three distinct classes, each type of curve depending upon a different assumed value of the repulsive force. In this connection come in the secondary tails which are often present. On the hypothesis under consideration, these would appear to be darted off under an energy of repulsion so enormously great that the original motion of the nucleus tells for very little, and hence these secondary tails or rays are but slightly curved, or even appear sensibly straight. It has been suggested that if this repulsive force, of whatever nature it may be, varies as the surface, and not like gravity as the mass, substances of different specific gravity would be very differently affected by it, and consequently separated from each other. On this view these secondary straight or nearly straight tails would consist of the lightest matter winnowed out from the other constituents of the cometary stuff. Of course, on this view a comet would suffer a waste of material at each return to perihelion, as the nucleus would not be able by the force of gravity to gather up again to itself the widely-scattered matter of the tail. It is certainly in accordance with this

view that no comet of short period has a tail of any considerable magnitude.

A different view of the whole matter has been suggested by Professor Tait, which it is worth while to give as succinctly as possible, and in nearly his own words. He supposes not the nucleus only but the whole comet to consist of an enormous swarm of minute meteoroids, which becomes self-luminous at and about the nucleus in consequence of the impacts of the various meteoric masses against each other, giving rise to incandescence, melting, and the development of glowing gas, and the crushing and breaking up of the bodies into fragments of different sizes, and endowed with a great variety of velocities. The tail he conceives to be a portion of the less dense part of the train illuminated by sunlight, and visible or invisible to us, according not only to circumstances of density, illumination, and nearness, but also of tactic arrangement, as of a flock of birds under different conditions of perspective, or the edge of a cloud of tobacco smoke. If on this hypothesis we are to suppose the glowing gas to arise from the decomposition of the meteoric matter, we should expect to have a more complicated spectrum from comets, and their spectra to differ from each other more than is the case, the comet of the present year standing alone in possessing a spectrum different from the type of spectrum common to all the other comets—about twenty—observed since 1864.

There seems to be a rapidly growing feeling among physicists that both the self-light of comets and the phenomena of their tails belong to the order of electrical phenomena. One of the most distinguished American astronomers recently wrote to the writer: "As to American views of the self-light of comets, I cannot speak with authority for any one but myself, still I think the prevailing impression among us is that the light is due to an electric, or, if I may coin the word, electric-oid action of some kind." The spectroscopic results fail to give conclusive evidence on this point; still, perhaps, upon the whole, especially if we consider the photographs of last year, the teachings of the spectroscope are in favor of the

view that the self-light of comets is due to electric discharges. Those who are disposed to believe that the truth lies in this direction differ from each other in the precise modes in which they would apply the known laws of electric action to the phenomena of comets. Broadly the different applications of the principle of electricity which have been suggested group themselves about the common idea that great electrical disturbances are set up by the sun's action in connection with the vaporization of some of the matter of the nucleus, and that the tail is probably matter carried away, possibly in connection with electric discharges, under an electrical influence of repulsion exerted by the sun. This view necessitates the supposition that the sun is strongly electrified, either negatively or positively, and, further, that in the processes taking place in the comet, either of vaporization or of some other kind, the matter thrown out by the nucleus has become strongly electrified in the same way as the sun, *i.e.*, negatively if the sun's electricity is negative, or positively if the sun's is positive. The enormous disturbances which the spectroscope shows to be always at work in the sun must be accompanied by electrical changes of equal magnitude, but we know nothing as to how far these are all, or the great majority of them, in one direction, so as to cause the sun to maintain permanently a high electrical state, whether positive or negative. Unless some such state of things exists, Sir John Herschel's statement, "that this force cannot be of the nature of electric or magnetic forces," must be accepted, for, as he points out, "the centre of gravity (of each particle) would not be affected. The attraction on one of its sides would precisely equal the repulsion on the other." Repulsion of the cometary matter could only take place if this matter, after it has been driven off from the nucleus, and the sun, have both high electric potentials of the same kind. Further, it is suggested that the luminous jets, streams, halos, and envelopes belong to the same order of phenomena as the aurora, the electrical brush, and the stratified discharges

\* *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects*, p. 140.

of exhausted tubes. Views resting more or less on this basis have been put forward by several physicists, and in particular by the late Professor Zöllner, who endeavored to show that on certain assumed data, which appeared to him to be highly probable, the known laws of electricity are fully adequate to explain the phenomena of comets.\*

The writer's task is completed. He has defined sharply and kept clearly by

itself the new information of a certain character which the more modern methods of research have gained for us, and he has stated briefly the more probable hypotheses as to what is still unknown. Let us try to catch in these hypotheses the first strains of the "Leitmotiv" of advancing perfect knowledge of the stupendous and almost mysterious phenomena of comets.—*Nineteenth Century.*

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### POOR MATTHIAS.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Poor Matthias ! Found him lying  
Fall'n beneath his perch and dying—  
Found him stiff, you say, though warm—  
All convulsed his little form ?  
Poor canary ! many a year  
Well he knew his mistress dear ;  
Now in vain you call his name,  
Vainly raise his rigid frame,  
Vainly warm him in your breast,  
Vainly kiss his golden crest—  
Smooth his ruffled plumage fine,  
Touch his trembling beak with wine.  
One more gasp—it is the end !  
Dead and mute our tiny friend !  
—Songster thou of many a year,  
Now thy mistress brings thee here  
Says, it fits that I rehearse,  
Tribute ask'd by thee, a verse,  
Meed for daily song of yore  
Silent now forevermore.

Poor Matthias ! Wouldst thou have  
More than pity ? claim'st a stave ?  
Friends more near us than a bird  
We dismiss'd without a word.  
Rover, with the good brown head,  
Great Atossa, they are dead—  
Dead, and neither prose nor rhyme  
Tells the praises of their prime.  
Thou didst know them old and gray,  
Know them in their sad decay ;  
Thou hast seen Atossa sage  
Sit for hours beside thy cage ;  
Thou wouldst chirp, thou foolish bird,  
Flutter, chirp—she never stirr'd !

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\* A theory based on chemical decomposition has been proposed by Professor Tyndall ; and Professor A. W. Wright and Mr. Johnstone Stoney have suggested that the bright lines do not indicate heated matter, but are due to the opacity of the cometary gas to those particular kinds of light.

What were now these toys to her ?  
 Down she sank amid her fur—  
 Eyed thee with a slow resign'd—  
 And thou deemedst cats were kind !  
 —Cruel, but composed and bland,  
 Dumb, inscrutable and grand,  
 So Tiberius might have sat,  
 Had Tiberius been a cat.

Rover died—Atossa too.  
 Less than they to us are you !  
 Nearer human were their powers,  
 Closer knit their life with ours.  
 Hands had stroked them, which are cold,  
 Now for years, in churchyard mould ;  
 Comrades of our past were they,  
 Of that unreturning day.  
 Changed and aging, they and we  
 Dwelt, it seem'd, in sympathy.  
 Always from their presence broke  
 Somewhat which remembrance woke  
 Of the loved, the lost, the young—  
 Yet they died, and died unsung.

Geist came next, our little friend ;  
 Geist had verse to mourn his end.  
 Yes, but that enforcement strong  
 Which compell'd for Geist a song—  
 All that gay courageous cheer,  
 All that human pathos dear ;  
 Soul-fed eyes with suffering worn,  
 Pain heroically borne,  
 Faithful love in depth divine—  
 Poor Matthias, were they thine ?

Max and Kaiser we to-day  
 Greet upon the lawn at play.  
 Max a dachshound without blot—  
 Kaiser should be, but is not ;  
 Max, with shining yellow coat,  
 Prinking ears and dewlap throat—  
 Kaiser, with his collie face,  
 Penitent for want of race.  
 —Which may be the first to die,  
 Vain to augur, they or I !  
 But, as age comes on, I know,  
 Poet's fire gets faint and low ;  
 If so be that travel they  
 First the inevitable way,  
 Much I doubt if they shall have  
 Dirge of mine to crown their grave.

Yet, poor bird, thy tiny corse  
 Moves me, somehow, to remorse ;  
 Something haunts my conscience, brings  
 Sad, compunctious visitings.  
 Other favorites, dwelling here,  
 Open lived to us, and near ;

Well we knew when they were glad,  
 Plain we saw if they were sad—  
 Joy'd with them when they were gay,  
 Sooth'd them in their last decay—  
 Sympathy could feel and show  
 Both in weal of theirs and woe.

Birds, companions more unknown,  
 Live beside us, but alone ;  
 Finding not, do all they can,  
 Passage from their souls to man.  
 Kindness we bestow, and praise,  
 Laud their plumage, greet their lays ;  
 Still, beneath their feather'd breast,  
 Stirs a history unexpress'd.  
 Wishes there, and feelings strong,  
 Incommunicably throng ;  
 What they want, we cannot guess,  
 Fail to track their deep distress—  
 Dull look on when death is nigh,  
 Note no change, and let them die.  
 Poor Matthias ! could'st thou speak,  
 What a tale of thy last week !  
 Every morning did we pay  
 Stupid salutations gay,  
 Suited well to health, but how  
 Mocking, how incongruous now !  
 Cake we offer'd, sugar, seed,  
 Never doubtful of thy need ;  
 Praised, perhaps, thy courteous eye,  
 Praised thy golden livery.  
 Gravely thou the while, poor dear !  
 Sat'st upon thy perch to hear,  
 Fixing with a mute regard  
 Us, thy human keepers hard,  
 Troubling, with our chatter vain,  
 Ebb of life, and mortal pain—  
 Us, unable to divine  
 Our companion's dying sign,  
 Or o'erpass the severing sea  
 Set betwixt ourselves and thee,  
 Till the sand thy feathers smirch  
 Fallen dying off thy perch !

Was it, as the Grecian sings,  
 Birds were born the first of things,  
 Before the sun, before the wind,  
 Before the gods, before mankind,  
 Airy, ante-mundane throng—  
 Witness their unworldly song !  
 Proof they give, too, primal powers,  
 Of a prescience more than ours—  
 Teach us, while they come and go,  
 When to sail, and when to sow.  
 Cuckoo calling from the hill,  
 Swallow skimming by the mill,  
 Mark the seasons, map our year,  
 As they show and disappear.

But, with all this travail sage  
 Brought from that anterior age,  
 Goes an unreversed decree  
 Whereby strange are they and we ;  
 Making want of theirs, and plan,  
 Indiscernible by man.

No, away with tales like these  
 Stol'n from Aristophanes !  
 Does it, if we miss your mind,  
 Prove us so remote in kind ?  
 Birds ! we but repeat on you  
 What among ourselves we do.  
 Somewhat more or somewhat less,  
 'Tis the same unskilfulness.  
 What you feel, escapes our ken—  
 Know we more our fellow-men ?  
 Human suffering at our side,  
 Ah, like yours is undescried !  
 Human longings, human fears,  
 Miss our eyes and miss our ears.  
 Little helping, wounding much,  
 Dull of heart, and hard of touch,  
 Brother man's despairing sign  
 Who may trust us to divine ?  
 Who assure us, sundering powers  
 Stand not 'twixt his soul and ours ?

Poor Matthias ! See, thy end  
 What a lesson doth it lend !  
 For that lesson thou shalt have,  
 Dead canary-bird ! a stave ;  
 Telling how, one stormy day,  
 Stress of gale and showers of spray  
 Drove my daughter small and me  
 Inland from the rocks and sea.  
 Driv'n inshore, we follow down  
 Ancient streets of Hastings town—  
 Slowly thread them—when behold,  
 French canary-merchant old  
 Shepherding his flock of gold  
 In a low dim-lighted pen  
 Scann'd of tramps and fishermen !  
 There a bird, high-colored, fat,  
 Proud of port, though something squat—  
 Pursy, play'd-out Philistine—  
 Dazzled Nelly's youthful eyne.  
 But, far in, obscure, there stirr'd  
 Ou his perch a sprightlier bird,  
 Courteous-eyed, erect and slim ;  
 And I whisper'd : “ Fix on him ! ”  
 Home we brought him, young and fair,  
 Songs to trill in Surrey air.  
 Aere Matthias sang his fill,  
 Saw the cedars of Pains Hill ;  
 Here he pour'd his little soul,  
 Heard the murmur of the Mole.

Eight in number now the years  
 He hath pleased our eyes and ears ;  
 Other favorites he hath known  
 Go, and now himself is gone.  
 —Fare thee well, companion dear !  
 Fare forever well, nor fear  
 Tiny though thou art, to stray  
 Down the uncompanion'd way !  
 We without thee, little friend,  
 Many years have not to spend ;  
 What are left, will hardly be  
 Better than we spent with thee.

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

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#### THE DIVINING ROD.

THERE is something remarkable, and not flattering to human sagacity, in the periodical resurrection of superstitions. Houses, for example, go on being "haunted" in country districts, and no educated man notices the circumstance. Then comes a case like that of the Drummer of Tedworth, or the Cock Lane Ghost, and society is deeply moved, philosophers plunge into controversy, and he who grubbs among the dusty tracts of the past finds a world of fugitive literature on forgotten bogies. Chairs move untouched by human hands, and tables walk about in lonely castles of Savoy, and no one marks them, till a day comes when the furniture of some American cottage is similarly afflicted, and then a shoddy new religion is based on the phenomenon. The latest revival among old beliefs is that in the divining rod. "Our liberal shepherds give it a shorter name," and so do our conservative peasants, calling the "rod of Jacob" the "twig." To "work the twig" is rural English for the craft of Douster-swivel in the "Antiquary," and perhaps from this comes our slang expression to "twig" or divine, the hidden meaning of another. Recent correspondence in the newspapers has proved that, whatever may be the truth about the "twig," belief in its powers is still very prevalent. Respectable people are not ashamed to bear signed witness to its miraculous powers of detecting springs of water and secret mines. It is habitually used by the miners in the Mendips, as Mr. Woodward found ten years ago ; and forked hazel divining rods from the Mendips are a recognized

part of ethnological collections. There are two ways of investigating the facts or fancies about the rod. One is to examine it in its actual operation—a task of considerable labor, which will doubtless be undertaken by the Society of Psychical Research ; the other, and easier, way is to study the appearances of the divining wand in history, and that is what we propose to do in this article.

When a superstition or belief is widely spread in Europe, as the faith in the divining rod certainly is (in Germany rods are hidden under babies' clothes when they are baptized), we naturally expect to find traces of it in ancient times and among savages all over the modern world. Let us take what seems a very similar example. There is a magical instrument—a small fish-shaped piece of thin, flat wood tied to a thong—which, when whirled in the air, produces a strange noise, a compound of roar and buzz. This instrument is sacred among the natives of Australia, where it is used to call together the men, and to frighten away the women from the religious mysteries of the males. The same instrument is used for similar purposes in New Mexico, and in South Africa and New Zealand—parts of the world very widely distant from each other, and inhabited by very diverse races. It has also been lately discovered that the Greeks used this toy, which they called *φόμβος*, in the Mysteries of Dionysus, and possibly it may be identical with the *mystica vannus Iacchi* (Virgil, "Georgics," i. 166). The conclusion drawn by the ethnologist is that this object, called *Turndun* by the Australians,

is a very early savage invention, probably discovered and applied to religious purposes in various separate centres, and retained from the age of savagery in the mystic rites of Greeks and perhaps of Romans. Well, do we find anything analogous in the case of the divining rod?

Future researches may increase our knowledge, but at present little or nothing is known of the divining rod in classical ages, and not very much (though that little is significant) among uncivilized races. It is true that in all countries rods or wands, the Latin *virga*, have a magical power. Virgil obtained his mediæval répute as a wizard because his name was erroneously connected with *virgula*, the magic wand. But we do not actually know that the ancient wand of the enchantress Circe, in Homer, or the wand of Hermes, was used, like the divining rod, to indicate the whereabouts of hidden wealth or water. In the Homeric hymn to Hermes (line 529), Apollo thus describes the *caduceus*, or wand of Hermes : " Thereafter will I give thee a lovely wand of wealth and riches, a golden wand with three leaves, which shall keep thee ever unharmed." In later art this wand, of *caduceus*, is usually entwined with serpents ; but on one vase, at least, the wand of Hermes is simply the forked twig of our rustic miners and water-finders. The same form is found on an engraved Etruscan mirror.\* Now, was a wand of this form used in classical times to discover hidden objects of value ? That wands were used by Scythians and Germans in various methods of casting lots is certain ; but that is not the same thing as the working of the twig. Cicero speaks of a fabled wand by which wealth can be procured ; but he says nothing of the method of its use, and possibly was only thinking of the rod of Hermes, as described in the Homeric hymn already quoted. There was a Roman play, by Varro, called *Virgula Divina* ; but it is lost, and throws no light on the subject. A passage usually quoted from Seneca has no more to do with the divining rod than with the telephone. Pliny is a writer extremely fond of marvels ; yet when he describes the various modes

of finding wells of water, he says nothing about the divining wand. The isolated texts from Scripture which are usually referred to clearly indicate wands of a different sort, if we except Hosea 4 : 12, the passage used as motto by the author of " Lettres qui déçoivent l' Illusion des Philosophes sur la Baguette" (1696). This text is translated in our Bible, " My people ask counsel at their stocks, and their staff declareth unto them." Now, we have here no reference to the search for wells and minerals, but to a form of divination for which the modern twig has ceased to be applied. In rural England people use the wand to find water, but not to give advice, or to indicate thieves or murderers ; but, as we shall see, the rod has been very much used for these purposes within the last three centuries. This brings us to the moral powers of the twig ; and here we find some assistance in our inquiry from the practices of uncivilized races. In 1719 John Bell was travelling across Asia ; he fell in with a Russian merchant, who told him of a custom common among the Mongols. The Russian had lost certain pieces of cloth, which were stolen out of his tent. The Kutuchu Lama ordered the proper steps to be taken to find out the thief. " One of the Lamas took a bench with four feet, and after turning it in several directions, at last it pointed directly to the tent where the stolen goods were concealed. The Lama now mounted across the bench, and soon carried it, or, as was commonly believed, it carried him, to the very tent, where he ordered the damask to be produced. The demand was directly complied with ; for it is vain in such cases to offer any excuse."\* Here we have not a wand, indeed, but a wooden object which turned in the direction, not of water or minerals, but of human guilt. A better instance is given by the Rev. H. Rowley, in his account of the Mauganja.† A thief had stolen some corn. The medicine-man, or sorcerer, produced two sticks, which he gave to four young men, two holding each stick. The medicine-man danced and sang a magi-

\* Tylor, Prim. Cult. ii. 156. Pinkerton, vii. 357.

† Universities Mission to Central Africa, p. 217. Prim. Cult. ii. 156, 157.

\* Preller, " Ausgewählte Aufsätze," p. 154.

cal incantation, while a zebra-tail and a rattle were shaken over the holders of the sticks. "After a while, the men with the sticks had spasmodic twitchings of the arms and legs ; these increased nearly to convulsions. . . . According to the native idea, it was the sticks which were possessed primarily, and through them the men, who could hardly hold them. The sticks whirled and dragged the men round and round like mad, through bush and thorny shrub, and over every obstacle ; nothing stopped them ; their bodies were torn and bleeding. At last they came back to the assembly, whirled round again, and rushed down the path to fall panting and exhausted in the hut of one of a chief's wives. The sticks, rolling to her very feet, denounced her as a thief. She denied it ; but the medicine-man answered, 'The spirit has declared her guilty ; the spirit never lies.' The woman, however, was acquitted, after a proxy trial by ordeal ; a cock, used as her proxy, threw up the *muawi*, or ordeal-poison.

Here the points to be noted are, first, the violent movement of the sticks, which the men could hardly hold ; next, the physical agitation of the men. The former point is illustrated by the confession of a civil engineer writing in the *Times*. This gentleman had seen the rod successfully used for water ; he was asked to try it himself, and he determined that it should not twist in his hands "if an ocean rolled under his feet." Twist it did, however, in spite of all his efforts to hold it, when he came above a concealed spring. Another example is quoted in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxii. p. 374. A narrator, in whom the editor had "implicit confidence," mentions how, when a lady held the twig just over a hidden well, "the twig turned so quick as to snap, breaking near her fingers." There seems to be no indiscretion in saying, as the statement has often been printed before, that the lady spoken of in the *Quarterly Review* was Lady Milbanke, mother of the wife of Byron. Dr. Hutton, the geologist, is quoted as a witness of her success in the search for water with the divining rod. He says that, in an experiment at Woolwich, "the twigs twisted themselves off below her fingers, which were considerably indented by so

forcibly holding the rods between them."<sup>\*</sup> Next, the violent excitement of the four young men of the Mauganja is paralleled by the physical experience of the lady quoted in the *Quarterly Review*. "A degree of agitation was visible in her face when she first made the experiment ; she says this agitation was great" when she first began to practise the art, or whatever we are to call it. Again, in "Lettres qui découvrent l'Illusion" (p. 63), we read that Jacques Aymar (who discovered the Lyons murderer in 1692) *se sent tout ému*—feels greatly agitated—when he comes on that of which he is in search. On page 97 of the same volume, the body of the man who holds the divining rod is described as "violently agitated." When Aymar entered the room where the murder, to be described later, was committed, "his pulse rose as if he were in a burning fever, and the wand turned rapidly in his hands" ("Lettres," p. 107). But the most singular parallel to the performance of the African wizard must be quoted from a curious pamphlet already referred to, a translation of the old French "*Verge de Jacob*," written, annotated, and published by a Mr. Thomas Welton. Mr. Welton seems to have been a believer in mesmerism, animal magnetism, and similar doctrines, but the coincidence of his story with that of the African sorcerer is none the less remarkable. It is a coincidence which must almost be "undesigned." Mr. Welton's wife was what modern occult philosophers call a "Sensitive." In 1851, he wished her to try an experiment with the rod in a garden, and sent a maid-servant to bring "a certain stick that stood behind the parlor door. In great terror she brought it to the garden, her hand firmly clutched on the stick, nor could she let it go. . . ." The stick was given to Mrs. Welton, "and it drew her with very considerable force to nearly the centre of the garden, to a bed of poppies, where she stopped." Here water was found, and the gardener, who had given up his lease as there was no well in the garden, had the lease renewed.

\* Quoted in *Jacob's Rod*; London, n.d., a translation of "*La Verge de Jacob*," Lyon, 1693.

We have thus evidence to show (and much more might be adduced) that the belief in the divining rod, or in analogous instruments, is not confined to the European races. The superstition, or whatever we are to call it, produces the same effects of physical agitation, and the use of the rod is accompanied with similar phenomena among Mongols, English people, Frenchmen, and the natives of Central Africa. The same coincidences are found in almost all superstitious practices, and in the effects of these practices on believers. The Chinese use a form of *planchette*, which is half a divining rod—a branch of the peach tree; and "spiritualism" is more than three quarters of the religion of most savage tribes, a Maori *séance* being more impressive than anything the civilized Sludge can offer his credulous patrons. From these facts different people draw different inferences. Believers say that the wide distribution of their favorite mysteries is a proof that "there is something in them." The incredulous look on our modern "twigs," and turning-tables, and ghost stories as mere "survivals" from the stage of savage culture, or want of culture, when the fancy of half-starved man was active and his reason uncritical.

The great authority for the modern history of the divining rod is a work published by M. Chevreuil, in Paris, in 1854. M. Chevreuil, probably with truth, regarded the wand as much on a par with the turning-tables, which, in 1854, attracted a good deal of attention. He studied the topic historically, and his book, with a few accessible French tracts and letters of the seventeenth century, must here be our guide. A good deal of M. Chevreuil's learning, it should be said, is reproduced in Mr. Baring Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," but the French author is much more exhaustive in his treatment of the topic. M. Chevreuil could find no earlier book on the twig than the "Testament du Frère Basil Valentin," a holy man who flourished (the twig) about 1413; but whose treatise is possibly apocryphal. According to Basil Valentin, the twig was regarded with awe by ignorant laboring men, which is still true. Paracelsus, though he has a repu-

tation for magical daring, thought the use of the twig "uncertain and unlawful;" and Agricola, in his "De Re Metallica" (1546) expresses a good deal of scepticism about the use of the rod in mining. A traveller of 1554 found that the wand was *not* used—and this seems to have surprised him—in the mines of Macedonia. Most of the writers of the sixteenth century accounted for the turning of the rod by "sympathy," which was then as favorite an explanation of everything as evolution is to-day. In 1630 the Baron de Beau Soleil of Bohemia (his name sounds rather Bohemian) came to France with his wife, and made much use of the rod in the search for water and minerals. The baroness wrote a little volume on the subject, afterward reprinted in a great storehouse of this lore, "La Physique Occulte," of Vallemont. Kircher, a Jesuit, made experiments which came to nothing; but Gaspard Schott, a learned writer, cautiously declined to say that the devil was always "at the bottom of it" when the rod turned successfully. The problem of the rod was placed before our own Royal Society by Boyle, in 1666, but the society was not more successful here than in dealing with the philosophical difficulty proposed by Charles II. In 1679 De Saint Romain, deserting the old hypothesis of secret "sympathies," explained the motion of the rod (supposing it to move) by the action of *corpuscles*. From this time the question became the playing ground of the Cartesian and other philosophers. The struggle was between theories of "atoms," magnetism, "corpuscles," electric effluvia, and so forth, on one side, and the immediate action of devils, or of conscious imposture, on the other. The controversy, comparatively simple as long as the rod only indicated hidden water or minerals, was complicated by the revival of the savage discovery that the wand could "smell out" moral offences. As long as the twig turned over material objects, you could imagine sympathies and "effluvia" at pleasure. But when the wand twirled over the scene of a murder, or dragged the expert after the traces of the culprit, fresh explanations were wanted. Le Brun wrote to Malebranche on July 8th, 1689, to tell him

that the wand only turned over what the holder had the *intention* of discovering.\* If he were following a murderer, the wand good-naturedly refused to distract him by turning over hidden water. On the other hand, Vallemont says that when a peasant was using the wand to find water, it turned over a spot in a wood where a murdered woman was buried, and it conducted the peasant to the murderer's house. These events seem inconsistent with Le Brun's theory of *intention*. Malebranche replied, in effect, that he had only heard of the turning of the wand over water and minerals; that it then turned (if turn it did) by virtue of some such force as electricity; that, if such force existed, the wand would turn over open water. But it does not so turn; and, as physical causes are constant, it follows that the turning of the rod cannot be the result of a physical cause. The only other explanation is an intelligent cause—either the will of an impostor, or the action of a spirit. Good spirits would not meddle with such matters; therefore either the devil or an impostor causes the motion of the rod, if it *does* move at all. This logic is not agreeable to believers in the twig; but there the controversy stood, till, in 1692, Jacques Aymar, a peasant of Dauphiné, by the use of the twig discovered one of the Lyons murderers.

The story of this singular event has recently been told, but inaccurately, and on the authority of a second-hand compilation, in the *St. James's Gazette*. Though the anecdote is pretty well known, it must here be briefly repeated. No affair can be better authenticated, and our version is abridged from the "Relations" of "Monsieur le Procureur du Roi, Monsieur l'Abbe de la Garde, Monsieur Panthot, Doyen des Médecins de Lyon, and Monsieur Aubert, Avocat célèbre."

On July 5th, 1692, a vintner and his wife were found dead in the cellar of their shop at Lyons. They had been killed by blows from a hedging-knife, and their money had been stolen. The culprits could not be discovered, and a neighbor took upon him to bring to Lyons a peasant out of Dauphiné, named

Jacques Aymar, a man noted for his skill with the divining rod. The Lieutenant-Criminel and the Procureur du Roi, took Aymar into the cellar, furnishing him with a rod of the first wood that came to hand. According to the Procureur du Roi, the rod did not move till Aymar reached the very spot where the crime had been committed. His pulse then rose, and the wand twisted rapidly. "Guided by the wand or by some internal sensation," Aymar now followed the track of the assassins, entered the court of the archbishop's palace, left the town by the bridge over the Rhone, and followed the right bank of the river. He reached a gardener's house, which he declared the men had entered, and some children confessed that three men (*whom they described*) had come into the house one Sunday morning. Aymar followed the track up the river, pointed out all the places where the men had landed, and, to make a long story short, stopped at last at the door of the prison of Beaucaire. He was admitted, looked at the prisoners, and picked out as the murderer a little hunchback (had the children described a hunchback?) who had just been brought in for a small theft. The hunchback was taken to Lyons, and he was recognized, on the way, by the people at all the stages where he had stopped. At Lyons he was examined in the usual manner, and confessed that he had been an accomplice in the crime, and had guarded the door. Aymar pursued the other culprits to the coast, followed them by sea, landed where they had landed, and only desisted from his search when they crossed the frontier. As for the hunchback, he was broken on the wheel, being condemned on his own confession. It does not appear that he was put to the torture to make him confess. If this had been done his admissions would, of course, have been as valueless as those of the victims in trials for witchcraft.

This is, in brief, the history of the famous Lyons murders. It must be added that many experiments were made with Aymar in Paris, and that they were all failures. He fell into every trap that was set for him; detected thieves who were innocent, failed to detect the guilty, and invented absurd excuses; alleging, for example, that the rod would not in-

\* "Lettres sur la Baguette," pp. 106-112.

dicate a murderer who had confessed, or who was drunk when he committed his crime. These excuses seem to annihilate the wild contemporary theory of Chauvin and others, that the body of a murderer naturally exhales an invisible *matière meurtrière*—peculiar indestructible atoms, which may be detected by the expert with the rod. Something like the same theory, we believe, has been used to explain the pretended phenomena of haunted houses. But the wildest philosophical credulity is staggered by a *matière meurtrière* which is disengaged by the body of a sober, but not by that of an intoxicated, murderer, which survives tempests in the air, and endures for many years, but is dissipated the moment the murderer confesses. Believers in Aymar have conjectured that his real powers were destroyed by the excitements of Paris, and that he took to imposture; but this is an effort of too easy good-nature. When Vallemont defended Aymar (1693) in the book called "La Physique Occulte," he declared that Aymar was physically affected to an unpleasant extent by *matière meurtrière*, but was not thus agitated when he used the rod to discover minerals. We have seen that, if modern evidence can be trusted, holders of the rod are occasionally much agitated even when they are only in search of wells. The story gave rise to a prolonged controversy, and the case remains a judicial puzzle, but little elucidated by the confession of the hunchback, who may have been insane, or morbid, or wearied by constant questioning till he was tired of his life. He was only nineteen years of age.

The next use of the rod was very much like that of "tipping" and turning tables. Experts held it (as did Le Père Ménestrier, 1694), questions were asked, and the wand answered by turning in various directions. By way of showing the inconsistency of all philosophies of the wand, it may be said that one girl found it turned over concealed gold if she held gold in her hand, while another found that it indicated the metals so long as she did *not* carry gold with her in the quest. In the search for water, ecclesiastics were particularly fond of using the rod. The Marechal de Boufflers dug many wells, and found no

water, on the indications of a rod in the hands of the Prieur de Dorenic, near Guise. In 1700 a curé, near Toulouse, used the wand to answer questions, which, like *planchette*, it often answered wrong. The great *sourcier*, or water-finder of the eighteenth century, was one Bleton. He declared that the rod was a mere index, and that physical sensations of the searcher communicated themselves to the wand. This is the reverse of the African theory, that the stick is inspired, while the men who held it are only influenced by the stick. On the whole, Bleton's idea seems the less absurd, but Bleton himself often failed when watched with scientific care by the incredulous. Paramelle, who wrote on methods of discovering wells, in 1856, came to the conclusion that the wand turns in the hands of certain individuals of peculiar temperament, and that it is very much a matter of chance whether there are, or are not, wells in the places where it turns.

On the whole, the evidence for the turning of the wand is a shade better than that for the magical turning of tables. If there are no phenomena of this sort at all, it is remarkable that the belief in them is so widely diffused. But if the phenomena are purely subjective, owing to the conscious or unconscious action of nervous patients, then they are precisely of the sort which the cunning medicine-man observes, and makes his profit out of, even in the earliest stages of society. Once introduced, these practices never die out among the conservative and unprogressive class of peasants; and, every now and then, they attract the curiosity of philosophers, or win the belief of the credulous among the educated classes. Then comes, as we have lately seen, a revival of ancient superstition. For it were as easy to pluck the comet out of the sky by the tail, as to eradicate superstition from the mind of man.

Perhaps one good word may be said for the divining rod. Considering the chances it has enjoyed, the rod has done less mischief than might have been expected. It might very well have become in Europe, a kind of ordeal, or method of searching for and trying malefactors. Men like Jacques Aymar might have played, on a larger scale, the part of

Hopkins, the witch-finder. Aymar was, indeed, employed by some young men to point out, by help of the wand, the houses of ladies who had been more frail than faithful. But at the end of the seventeenth century in France, this research was not regarded with favor, and put the final touch on the discomfiture of Aymar. So far as we know, the

hunchback of Lyons was the only victim of the "twig" who ever suffered in civilized society. It is true that, in rural England, the movements of a Bible, suspended like a pendulum, have been thought to point out the guilty. But even that evidence is not held good enough to go to a jury.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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#### A STUDY OF LONGFELLOW.

BY HENRY NORMAN.

THERE will be held, in the first month of the new year, at the Lyceum Theatre, by the permission of Mr Henry Irving, a meeting of the Longfellow Memorial Committee, when the sub-committee will present a report on the best use to be made of the large sum of money that has been already subscribed for perpetuating in some visible shape the memory of the most popular of American poets.

When George Ticknor wrote to recommend Longfellow to Dean Milman he said of him : " He is a most amiable and agreeable person, of whom we are all very fond." When Mr. Matthew Arnold has occasion to mention " Evangeline," he speaks of it as " Mr. Longfellow's pleasing and popular poem." When Longfellow visited the Queen—he himself is authority for this statement—she actually said as he was taking his leave, " We shall not forget you. Why, all my servants read your poetry." These three quotations express the general mental attitude toward Longfellow and his poetry ; in each case the words are kind enough and—with one possible exception—the speaker meant to be complimentary ; but there is an undertone of depreciation, and a distant suggestion of the unpleasant significance of faint praise. In short, and in spite of the present remarkable display of public good-will in high places, there can be no doubt that the tendency of cultured English opinion has long been to class him with the poets of mediocrity—a race unpleasing alike to gods, men, and publishers.

At the present moment it is interesting to inquire what are the special reasons that have led to this classification of Longfellow with the mediocre poets, and

before his personality is lost in the " remarkable retirement of the grave," to consider him from the standpoint of a criticism midway between cultured disdain and popular eulogy. The literary notice which his works have received has been of such a superficial or one-sided character that an attempt to estimate them with some knowledge of the circumstances of their origin, and on their merits, is much to be desired. The brilliant composition of the Memorial Committee must not be allowed to conceal the fact that it, too, is a popular movement, and therefore without influence upon dispassionate criticism. The striking inequality of Longfellow's work renders the thankless task of discrimination the duty of some one who has honored him as a man, for it is the best service toward securing the just appreciation of him as a poet.

The first of the special reasons, then, for the low rank of Longfellow's poetry is that much of it is didactic. The circumstances of his life made this tendency unavoidable ; his Puritan birth and education gave him the moral fibre for which the New England character is noted, his direct ancestors being among those early pilgrims of whom Emerson has said that they were so righteous they had to hold on to the huckleberry bushes for fear of being translated. Then his Puritan temperament was fertilized by several years of residence in Germany at the time when the rabid naturalism of the *Sturm und Drang* had crystallized into a firm and enthusiastic humanism. A tender-hearted man, in comfortable and easy surroundings, following, like all the young American writers of his

time, in the footsteps of Bryant, with this fertilized Puritanism, how could his verses be anything but didactic? And didactic verse, as such, was heartily welcomed; we find the delighted critics declaring that his poems "are of a nature to encourage the best and purest sentiments," that his lines "are as happy in their expression as they are correct in their moral tendency;" and as late as 1844, E. P. Whipple writing that Longfellow's great characteristic is "addressing the moral nature through the imagination, of linking moral truth to intellectual beauty." So, being applauded, he went on, perfectly conscious of what he was doing, and of the audience he was addressing—"Maiden, who read'st this simple rhyme," for instance. His life and all his writings show that he was profoundly in earnest; he was not preaching merely because preaching was popular. His prose works, in particular, are permeated with the simple doctrines of the "Psalm of Life." "Therefore should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness—not in useless pastime—not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task." Similar sentiments furnish mottoes for two of his books, and occur again and again in their pages. Now, waiving any discussion of the theory of didactic poetry, the fact is clear that this age professes to believe in art for art's sake; the artist must not be conscious of any purpose; his function is to depict; truth "to be loved, needs only to be seen." Mr. Buchanan, for instance, is so well aware of this fact that he feels compelled to preface his latest novels, which show nothing much worse than what the Germans call a *Tendenz*, with a kind of defiant apology. "So it is not to be expected that the critical public which patronizes the modern school of poetry will tolerate the crudeness of such rhymed exhortation as 'Be resolute and calm.' Longfellow's natural bent and circumstances made him didactic, and he secured his first laurels by following this bent; we belong to an age which is horrified at what has been wittily called "the illicit conveyance of useful knowledge," and which looks upon preaching out of church as savoring of impertinence; so we have

handed his poems over to that class of readers upon whose shelves they stand by the side of the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress."

In the second place, Longfellow has been judged by his early poems. It was a misfortune for a man destined to a long and gradual development that his first efforts should attract so much attention, for people have continued to bear them in mind long after he has ceased to be fairly reflected in them. The poetry by which Longfellow is known to-day to the majority of his readers thus consists of verses written while he was still uncertain whether he was singing or preaching, and long before he had any conception of poetry as distinct from verse-writing. Take, for instance, the two pieces which are indissolubly connected with his name—the "Psalm of Life" and "Excelsior." The first of these is so familiar to us that we can hardly bring ourselves to consider the thought of it apart from the form.

We can escape this difficulty, however, by taking it in a foreign tongue. "La vie des grands hommes nous apprend que nous pouvons rendre nos existences sublimes." The language of the translation is at least as fine as that of the original, and how extremely commonplace—or worse—the thought is! So, too, is the whole poem when we have once escaped from the youthful and pulpit associations which cling to it. Yet the above translation is by M. Emile Montégut, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and is not, as might be thought, one made for the present occasion. No wonder he declares that the *jolis détails* in Longfellow's poetry are *trop souvent noyés dans de mélancoliques pubrilités*.

"Excelsior" is no better. Mr. M. W. Rossetti has aptly described it as *ad captandum* poetry, i.e. depending for its effect, like some of Mr. Aldrich's stories, upon a kind of trick—in this case the recurrence of the catch-word "Excelsior!" Making all allowance for allegory, the imagery is preposterous. It is impossible to sympathize with a young man who commits suicide by climbing an Alpine mountain at night with no other object than to keep getting higher. As some one has said, it was a foregone conclusion that he would be frozen to death. And when, in addition, he re-

fuses all shelter and even declines advice as to the precautions to be observed by any one who wishes to get as high as possible, and carries in his hand a banner with "Excelsior"—which, by the way, is the motto of the State of New York—upon it, the poem becomes ridiculous, and even, as Mr. Rossetti suggests, irritating. We are told that it symbolizes the man of genius in his struggle to attain his ideal, ever striving to climb higher and higher, and scorning everything that might distract him. But it is hardly necessary to stop to point out that the metaphor breaks down at almost every point.

Beside early poems which are unworthy of his subsequent attainments, Longfellow is known by other early poems of considerable merit which have become wearisome by dint of constant repetition. They have been subjected to a barrel-organ treatment, and like many good sayings and stirring songs have become at last intolerable. It is only the greatest works that can be constantly repeated without palling. Thus in the fact that Longfellow is known to the majority of his readers by his early poems, and that these were either originally commonplace or have become commonplace by an unfortunate popularity, we find a further reason for the comparatively low estimate in which he is held.

In any estimate of his genius Longfellow deserves attention first for his prose, and all the more because it is probable that of five hundred persons who are fairly familiar with all his poetry, there is not more than one that has read his prose works. Without counting contributions to the *North American Review*, which are no longer of any special value, Longfellow's prose consists of three works, "Outre-Mer," a "pilgrimage;" "Hyperion," a "romance;" and "Kavanagh," a "tale." The two thin octavo volumes of the original edition of "Hyperion" recall a couple of interesting incidents of Longfellow's life. The publisher, Colman, of New York, became bankrupt immediately after their appearance, and all the copies, except the few that were already sold, were seized by the creditors and kept for nearly eighteen months. This was a cruel blow for a young author, and Longfellow said, when he told me the

story, "Of course I was in despair, for I supposed the book was entirely ruined," adding with a quiet chuckle, "but it managed to survive." Paul Fleming, the hero, represents Longfellow himself (he once acknowledged the portrait so far as to say, "He was what I thought I might have been"), and Mary Ashburton, the heroine, is the Miss Appleton whom the poet afterward married, and to win whose love by a faithful picture of his own feelings before and after her refusal of him, the book was written. So, at least, the story runs, and if it is true, the romance was no less successful in private than in public.

Longfellow's prose has four distinct characteristics: clearness and originality of style, remarkable erudition, humor, and an unbounded fertility of imagination. It is sufficient to mention the first two of these, but the second two have been generally overlooked, and they throw so much light upon Longfellow's temperament and therefore upon his poetry, that they call for special notice. He has never received due credit for his humor, which has been pronounced indifferent by the critics, who were probably among the majority who have not read the poet's prose, and it will remain indifferent to people who roar over "Josh Billings" and the *Danbury News*; but if space permitted it would be easy to show that Longfellow was a humorist of much originality and merit. One example may be given: the old servant, he tells us in "Kavanagh," was about to retire from the family, "being engaged to a travelling dentist, who, in filling her teeth with amalgam, had seized the opportunity to fill a soft place in her heart with something still more dangerous and mercurial." This is a perfectly characteristic specimen, and it would be difficult to find in the pages of professed wits anything neater and lighter. Among his friends Longfellow was famous for his wit and as a capital *raconteur*.

In one of his essays, Emerson says, "I had rather have a good symbol of my thought, or a good analogy, than the suffrage of Kant or Plato." If this is a reasonable preference, Longfellow's unbounded fertility of imagination, is an important testimony to the merit of his work. I called it the fourth characteristic of his prose, but it would be more

accurately described as the most prominent of his mental traits. His style is charming, his humor is "choicely good," and his scholarship is extensive; but the play of his imagination is beyond all question the greatest of his powers. It is perfectly described in the following account of one of his heroes: "Imagination was the ruling power of his mind. His thoughts were twin-born; the thought itself, and its figurative semblance in the outer world. Thus, through the quiet, still waters of his soul each image floated double, swan and shadow." This is literally true of Longfellow; almost every thought came to him clothed in some simile, it seems as if he could grasp his own ideas only through some material presentation of them; he was indeed what he called himself in his last poem,

"A dreamer of dreams,  
To whom what is and what seems  
Are often the same."

For instance, describing the village schoolmaster, he says: "They saw him daily moiling and delving in the common path like a beetle, and little thought that underneath that hard and cold exterior lay folded delicate golden wings, where-with, when the heat of the day was over, he soared and revelled in the evening air." A beautiful peasant-girl offered to tell him the story of the Liebenstein, "but before she began, she rested a moment on her oars, and taking the crucifix which hung suspended from her neck, kissed it, and then let it sink into her bosom, as if it were an anchor she was letting down into her heart." What could be prettier? And here is an original one: The old professor "loved solitude, and silence, and candle-light, and the deep midnight. 'For,' said he, 'if the morning hours are the wings of the day, I only fold them about me to sleep more sweetly, knowing that, at its other extremity, the day, like the fowls of the air, has an epicurean morsel—a parson's nose; and on this oily midnight my spirit revels and is glad.'" It would be difficult to match this delightful and racy comparison. This double sight, however, sometimes betrayed its possessor, as in the following instance: "The passing years had drunk a portion of the light from her eyes, and left their traces on her cheeks, as birds that drink at

lakes leave their footprints on the margin." This is too good, it is hardly credible that such a thought and simile "floated double" into any one's mind.

Had Longfellow written nothing but his three prose works, he would have deserved a name in American letters, as much for the literary excellence of his books as for his services in breaking the way for an American knowledge of German authors. Upon the heels of this supposition naturally comes the wish that he had given us more prose; most people would willingly exchange the "New England Tragedies" for another "Hyperion," and would give the "Divine Tragedy" to boot. But after 1849 he never turned his pen to prose.

Longfellow's poetry is very varied in character, he has tried his wine in every kind of vessel, and, as has been said, it is very unequal in quality. Leigh Hunt said that authors must sift their own works to save posterity the trouble of choice—"posterity is so rich and idle"—but Longfellow constantly added to his volumes and never subtracted from them. The selected poems of Byron, Wordsworth, and Shelley have lately appeared, to present their authors in a fair light; but each of these was more independent of the critic's selective art than was the author of "Excelsior" and the "Saga of King Olaf." With all deference to the great popularity of many of his poems, and after due consideration of the subtleties of American eulogy, it seems clear enough that much of Longfellow's poetry has little or no permanent value. An occasional nod may be forgiven even to Homer, but Longfellow nods too often. Versification was so easy to him, and his sympathy was so much more prompt than discriminating—as shown, for instance, in his toleration of bores and the ridiculous apology he once gave for it—"Who would be kind to them if I were not?" that he seldom refused an invitation to write, or checked his own impulse to do so. The latest illustration of this is afforded by his action when the children of Cambridge presented him on his birthday with a chair made from the wood of the "spreading chestnut-tree." It was a pretty gift, and might have been fittingly acknowledged, one would think, in a simple letter. Longfellow, how-

ever, composed a string of verses, and caused a thousand copies to be printed and distributed to the children. It is all very well to say that he thus gave pleasure to the children of Cambridge, and that they would treasure the lines addressed to them by the great poet; but there is a good sense, as well as a bad one, in which a man may write with a view to his biographers, and even if we admit that "this splendid ebon throne" is an appropriate epithet for an ordinary black arm-chair, it is still difficult to understand how a man of Longfellow's good taste could so far forget himself as to go out of his way to demand in pompous verse "by what right divine" he could claim a thing that had just been given to him.

With epic poetry properly so called, Longfellow had, of course, nothing to do. He wrote, however, two long poems which have been termed miniature epics. These are "Evangeline" and the "Song of Hiawatha." The first is a middle member of an interesting literary pedigree. J. H. Voss was the creator of the modern idyllic epic, his "Luise" appearing in 1795. Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea" was published in 1797, and its relation to the preceding work may be determined from what Goethe said of Voss some time afterward. "There are few who have had such an influence as he upon the higher German culture. One who is so permeated with his worth as I am scarcely knows how to honor his memory too much." In 1847 "Evangeline" appeared, and although I know of no direct evidence to connect it with Goethe's poem, Longfellow's extensive acquaintance with German literature, and the similarity of the two works, make the source of his inspiration reasonably certain. In 1848 the "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" was published, and we have Clough's own testimony concerning its origin. He wrote to Emerson, "Will you convey to Mr. Longfellow the fact that it was a reading of his 'Evangeline' aloud to my mother and sister which, coming after a re-perusal of the Iliad, occasioned this outbreak of hexameters." So we have a direct line of descent, "Luise," "Hermann und Dorothea," "Evangeline," "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich."

"Evangeline" was Longfellow's favor-

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ite of his own poems, and yet he was indebted for the story almost as it stands, to Hawthorne, with whom it was not original. Under the date of October 24th, 1838, the story is sketched out in Hawthorne's note-book, with the statement that it was given to him by "H. L. C—" (Conolly), who had it from a French Canadian. James T. Fields tells how Hawthorne made it over to Longfellow for a poem, not caring much for it himself for a story, and finding that it struck Longfellow's fancy. The groundwork of the poem Longfellow got, he once said, from a visit to the poor-house in Philadelphia. Strange to say, he was never in Nova Scotia, where the scene is laid, but drew his information about the life of the people from the Abbé Raynal, and his history from Haliburton. This work did more to establish Longfellow's reputation than any of his previous ones, and if, as has been said by one of the profoundest of critics, poems are to be judged by the state of mind in which they leave the reader, the high place which "Evangeline" occupies in popular esteem is justly awarded to it; for its chaste style and homely imagery, with its sympathetic and occasionally dramatic story, produce a refined and elevated impression, and present a beautiful and invigorating picture of "affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient," of "the beauty and strength of woman's devotion."

Longfellow's countrymen were proud of his success with "Evangeline," but they were still more delighted when the "Song of Hiawatha" appeared, for it seemed to them to herald the advent of the long-looked-for American poet, the messiah of their national literature. At last they found themselves possessed of a poem which owed nothing to previous literature or European tradition, but sang of the prairie, the mountains, the rivers, the races, and the mythology of their own great West. The success of the book was enormous; ten thousand copies were sold in five weeks, and fifty thousand in eighteen months. By many foreign critics, too, "Hiawatha" was enthusiastically received. M. Emile Montégut, for instance, wrote of it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* as follows: "Puisse le succès de cette œuvre charmante persuader à M. Longfellow de

marcher dans cette voie sans être tenté d'en sortir désormais!" Even Mr. Rossetti said it was "made for posterity and permanence;" Mr. Bright has recently recommended it as a remedy for sickness and loneliness; and at least two of the English reviews in their obituary notices assigned to it the highest place among Longfellow's poems. And in the memorial article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. O. B. Frothingham expresses contemporary American opinion as follows: "'*Hiawatha*' is, not merely as a work of art, but as a moral achievement, greatly in advance of '*Evangeline*.' It is, in our opinion, the poet's masterpiece, the fullest expression of his mind. Theme and treatment perfectly correspond; the former calling forth all the poet's peculiar talent; the latter taxing, yet exquisitely illustrating, his literary skill."

Now, we have here either a magnificent poetical work in "*Hiawatha*," or else a vast amount of misplaced admiration. I think the latter is the case. At any rate the question will bear examination.

Longfellow believed that he had found in the writings of Schoolcraft, the historian of the Indian tribes of North America, the materials for a new epic, an American saga. It was natural that a poet with sympathetic knowledge of the previous spontaneous epics of the world, and who had just safely accomplished one long poetic flight, should seek eagerly for the legendary material to enable him to make another and longer one. But it is trite to suggest that the "*Heimskringla*" and the "*Nibelungenlied*" are as impossible to us as the Doric temple or the Gothic cathedral; both factors in their creation are gone—the spirit which could produce them and the need which they satisfied. Instead of holding, therefore, that the Iroquois tradition of *Hiawatha* found its voice in Longfellow as the Sagas found theirs in some unknown minstrel, or as the Hebrew word came to the prophet, I am inclined to think that Longfellow looked about him for material for a poem which should be like the old poems, and thought he had found it in the Iroquois legend, and that, therefore, Mr. Lowell throws out a true hint when he speaks of Longfellow as

"driven to take refuge among the red men."

The most striking feature in this "*Indian Edda*," as its author called it, is the metre. This is simple enough in itself, being nothing but a trochaic diameter, but it is remarkable as being chosen for an English poem of some five thousand six hundred lines. It is difficult to understand how any one could have thought that the machine-like monotony of over twenty thousand successive trochees would be anything but extremely wearisome; but it is much more difficult to understand how any one can read them without finding out the fact. The beautiful flexibility of Greek, and the opportunities it afforded for the building up of words and sentences delightful in themselves as music and intelligence combined, made such metres beautiful in the hands of Greek writers, but the English language is not sufficiently malleable and musical to warrant us in dropping the "ornaments of rhyme" and confining ourselves to a measure so extremely simple. The monotony of the versification of "*Hiawatha*" is revealed by the first lines, and is present, with a few exceptions, throughout the whole poem; and even these exceptions are passages which are beautiful, not because of the metre, but in spite of it. In reading them one does not notice the metre, and they would be equally effective if printed as prose. A curious defence of the metre of "*Hiawatha*" has been made by a French critic: "La mélodie des vers, rapide et monotone, ressemble singulièrement aux voix de la nature, qui ne se fatigue jamais de répéter toujours les mêmes sons." This is ingenious, but inadequate, for the sounds of nature are not monotonous, but infinitely varied; it would be just as true to say that nature's coloring is monotonous because the forest is all green. The forest green is beautiful because of its infinite variety of tints and play of light, and the sounds of nature are entrancing because they are never constant; the noise of the waterfall changes every moment, and even the "burly, dozing humble-bee" sweeps the whole gamut as he approaches or recedes. The cuckoo, too—an excellent illustration, as his note is not a bad trochee—understands the rhetorical

value of the pause ; it is terrible to think of him crying "cuckoo" twenty thousand times.

There is, however, a much graver charge to be brought against "Hiawatha." The poem, as a whole, is without interest. The character of "Hiawatha" is nothing worth mentioning, and the deeds by which he educates his brethren and frees them from oppression do not arouse our sympathy in any way; the whole story is little better than an Indian nursery tale. Longfellow has, too, drawn so freely upon the uncouth redskin dialect that he has made much of his work positively ludicrous. Pau-Puk-Kewis, Gitche-Gume, Sheshebwug, Mudjekeewis, Baimwawa, Sah-sah-je-wun, Kah-gah-gee, the Puk-widjies, the Jeebi, how could any one write a great poem with such *dramatis personæ* as these ? The work contains, of course, occasional quaint and pretty passages, and one or two pieces of really vigorous writing—e.g., the beginning of the nineteenth canto, but as a whole it seems an example of genuine poetic power and sympathy misapplied, and can hardly have failed, by its immense circulation, to exert a weakening influence on American literature.

Of all forms of poetry the lyric is pre-eminently the one which should rest upon what has been called the "autobiographic basis," and almost every one of Longfellow's lyrics has this characteristic. The autobiographic basis, however, is of two kinds, personal and local. The personal is seen when the lyric has its origin in some deep-rooted emotion in the poet's breast, love, disappointment, jealousy, anger; the local basis is when the lyric is the expression of the poet's emotional relationship to some merely local interest, a view, a house, or even a person. In many cases it is difficult to draw the line between the two, but when the distinction can be clearly made there is no doubt that the former is the higher and greater kind of poetic inspiration; its interest is common to all men, and not half universal and half local. A glance through the index of Longfellow's collected works shows that the autobiographic basis of the majority of his lyrics is the local one. "To the River Charles," "The Belfry of Bruges," "The Arsenal at

Springfield," "The Lighthouse," "The Fire of Driftwood," "The Herons of Elmwood," "The Bridge"—these are specimens of the subjects that attracted his pen. Some concrete interest is necessary to call forth the sympathy of the less cultivated reader, the man who is accustomed to have each of his thoughts linked to a fact, and hence the welcome which these lyrics have received from those who form the majority of our society. They exhibit no sudden transport when a poetic idea reveals itself; none of the insight of great passion; little of the suggestion of an original view. Given a man of healthy temperament, of tender heart, of much cultivation, with a genuine poetic faculty, whose life had been passed in circumstances of comfort and uneventful privacy, and these are just the lyrics that he would naturally write. This is not saying so little as might at first appear, for such a coincidence of man and circumstances is rare in our time. And though there is much of Longfellow's lyrical poetry that is commonplace enough, there is not wanting some that belongs to a high order of verse.

A poet who was the reflection and echo of our common life to such an extent as Longfellow would naturally find much of his inspiration take the corresponding poetical form, the epic-lyric. "King Witlaf's Drinking Horn" and the "Wreck of the Hesperus" are among the best, as they are the best known of his ballads. "Paul Revere's Ride" suggests and can sustain comparison with Browning's "How they brought the good news from Ghent." But by far his best single epic-lyric piece is the "Skeleton in Armor," a splendid and powerful piece of versification. There is nothing in English that has caught the old Norse spirit better than Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf," the Musician's tale at the Wayside Inn. It is the single time when Longfellow has been strong, when he has shown real passion. With great variety of style and metre he has wrought the "Heimskringla" into an animated and impulsive English poem. The best of the twenty-two divisions of the Saga are "Thora of Rimol," "The Wraith of Odin," "Thangbrand the Priest," "King Olaf's Christmas," and "King Olaf and Earl Sigvald." The

"Tales of a Wayside Inn" exhibit all the marked features of Longfellow's poetical work. The following key to the persons who figure in them was given to me by the late Mr. John Owen, Longfellow's first publisher and life-long Bohemian friend: The Landlord, Lyman Howe (the scene is laid in the old Howe Tavern, near Sudbury, Massachusetts); the Student, Henry Ware Wales; the Spanish Jew, Isaac Edraeles; the Sicilian, Luigi Monti; the Musician, Ole Bull; the Poet, Thomas W. Parsons; the Theologian, Samuel Longfellow. Three of these persons are still living. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that their meeting under such circumstances is wholly fictitious; they were not even all mutually acquainted, and their only common ground was in the poet's imagination. It is much to be doubted if most of them—possibly including the author himself—ever stopped at the Wayside Inn at all.

The sonnet was a form of poetical expression well suited to Longfellow's genius. So far as his muse bore him he was accustomed to think clearly; he had great power of imagination, and an accurate aim in literary matters. Beside these he was possessed of a characteristic which is perhaps the one most conspicuous by its absence from the school of poetry prevalent at the present day, viz. a constant self-control. A dithyramb would have been impossible to him; he never lost sight of the artistic quality of the work he had in hand, and the freest of his songs exhibits a complete subordination of the parts. Just as in the *prestissimo* each finger of the pianist falls accurately upon the proper note, so, in the most rapid utterance of which the sonnet-writer is capable, accuracy of accent, syllable, contrasted rhyme, quatrain, and octave, must be strictly secured. To this difficult end self-control is the one indispensable attribute.

As we might expect, most of Longfellow's sonnets are in the legitimate form, and in a majority of cases they preserve the due separation of the quatrains, an observance which is easily, and therefore frequently, neglected. He had, too, the power to make the sonnet sing, one of its primary attributes, and one which is utterly absent from many of the com-

plicated sonnets of the last few years. It is, however, probable that the readers of Longfellow's sonnets will be conscious of missing something to which they are accustomed, and on reflection will find that something to be richness and luxury of imagery and language. The self-control, however, which is demanded by the sonnet gives it necessarily a certain asceticism; it is a finely-chiselled, well-fitted work of art, and we miss a familiar luxuriance in sonnets which answer this description, only because our taste has been vitiated by constant reading of bad examples. Let any one who doubts this compare a couple of sonnets from the earlier English poets—say Ben Jonson, or Shakespeare, or even Wordsworth—with any of the sonnets of D. G. Rossetti, for instance, and see if he does not find the latter by comparison cloying, burning, overladen, and tangled. Leigh Hunt's fourth rule for the sonnet was, "It must not have a speck of obscurity." One may almost say that half our contemporary sonnets have not a speck of transparency.

It is questionable whether the English language contains a series of six original sonnets equal in every point to those which are prefixed to Longfellow's translation of the "Divina Commedia." They are perfect in form, splendid and yet moderate in language, and full of scholarly suggestion; they exhibit a distinct progression of thought, and, though they are of great virility, their singing quality never relaxes. The sonnets on "Giotto's Tower," "Night," "President Garfield," "My Books" "Possibilities," the pathetic "Victor and Vanquished," and several of his earlier ones, exhibit Longfellow's best work, and are surpassed by few modern sonnets, if by any.

If, in addition to a knowledge of many languages, a poet possesses a true gift of song, the same qualities which make him a good sonneteer will make him a good translator. The same clearness, subordination of himself to the style of his model, constant self-control in avoiding unwarranted addition or subtraction—these are the indispensables to good translation. To reproduce the total impression made by the original, with only the slightest possible departure from exact transcription—to turn literalism into

realism—should be the translator's ideal. An example of such a translation is furnished by Strodtmann's rendering of Tennyson's "Bugle Song," beginning, "Es fällt der Strahl auf Burg und Thal." Longfellow, by his extensive linguistic knowledge and skill with rhyme and metres, was exceptionally well fitted for the work of translation, and he employed his gifts to such good purpose that it is not too much to say of him that, as a translator, he had no living rival.

Every one knows that it is much more difficult to translate a folk-song well than an artistic poem, and every one who is familiar with the rollicking side of German university life remembers the never-failing "Kneiplied" of sweet "Aennchen von Tharau," and what a really large place it holds in the hearts of the students, each of whom believes in its peculiar applicability to a certain "Aennchen" of his own, present or to come. So a few stanzas from it will serve to show Longfellow's facility. He translated it directly from the Low German of its author, Simon Dach; the following German words are Herder's translation, by which it is generally known in Germany. This will explain the few discrepancies.

" Aennchen von Tharau hat wieder ihr Herz  
Auf mich gerichtet in Lieb und in Schmerz.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Krankheit, Verfolgung, Betrübniss und Pein  
Soll unsrer Liebe Verknötingung sein.  
Würdest du gleich einmal von mir getrennt,  
Lebstest da, wo man die Sonne kaum kennt;  
Ich will dir folgen durch Wälder, durch

Meer,

Eisen und Kerker und feindliches Heer.

Aennchen von Tharau, mein Licht, meine  
Sonne,  
Mein Leben schliesst sich um deines her  
um."

" Annie of Tharaw her heart once again,  
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and  
pain,

Shall be to our true love as links to the  
chain.

Should'st thou be torn from me to wander  
alone,

In a desolate land where the sun is scarce  
known,

Through forests I'll follow, and where the  
sea flows,

Through ice, and through iron, through  
armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,  
The threads of our two lives are woven in  
one."

Longfellow's great work as a translator, however, and perhaps the great work of his life, is his three splendid volumes of the "Divina Commedia." His election to the position of the first President of the Dante Society at Cambridge—a position in which Mr. James Russell Lowell has succeeded him—was a fitting recognition of this work. As early as 1839, in his "Voices of the Night," he published translations of a few of the chosen passages of the poem, but it was not until 1863, when in need of some anodyne for the shock caused by the terrible death of his wife, that he determined to attempt a version of the entire "Divine Comedy." The people of Florence had given notice of their approaching celebration of the sixth centenary of Dante's birth, and had invited the co-operation of all lovers of the poet, so there was a special appropriateness in the time of his work. The translation of the "Inferno" was completed and sent to the printer. He then invited two of his intimate friends, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of the History of Art, at Harvard University—the *charissimo signore* and *profondo cognoscitore di Dante* to whom Witte dedicated his *variorum* edition of the "Vita Nuova"—and Mr. Lowell, to assist him in the delicate work of final revision. Mr. Norton has given the following account of their meetings: "Every Wednesday evening Mr. Lowell and I met in Mr. Longfellow's study to listen while he read a canto of his translation from the proof-sheet. We paused over every doubtful passage, discussed the various readings, considered the true meaning of obscure words and phrases, sought for the most exact equivalent of Dante's expression, objected, criticised, praised, with a freedom that was made perfect by Mr. Longfellow's absolute sweetness, simplicity, and modesty, and by the entire confidence which existed between us." Ten copies of an *édition de luxe* of the translation of the "Inferno" were printed, bearing the special dedication, "In Commemorazione del Secentesimo Anniversario della Nascita di Dante Alighieri," and five of them were despatched to Florence as a New World contribution to the festival of May, 1865. The two remaining parts were prepared with the same care, and the three volumes of the complete translation ap-

peared early in 1867. With what sympathy Longfellow performed his great task may be learned from the following extract from a private note which he wrote while at work on Dante : " How different from this gossip is the divine Dante with which I begin the morning ! I write a few lines every day before breakfast. It is the first thing I do—the morning prayer, the key-note of the day."

To give anything like an adequate account of this translation, and to cite passages for comparison with the original, would take up far too much space. For the same reason a number of eulogistic reviews which are before me must all be condensed into the statement that the work has received the commendation of almost every famous Dante scholar, and, with very few exceptions, of every literary authority. There can be no doubt that Longfellow's presentation of the " mediæval miracle of song " is by far the best that we have, and probably the best that we shall have in English, and that it will take final rank among the greatest achievements of American letters.

To raise again here the old question of Longfellow's originality would be to depart widely from the intention of discussing only the unfamiliar aspects of his work. The best thing that has been said upon the subject, and one which contains more truth than do all the pages of literary comparisons, is the following remark of a German critic : " Besondere Originalität wird man bei Longfellow vergeblich suchen, wenn man sie nicht in seiner bezaubernden Gemüthsstiefe erblicken will." " We shall look in vain for any special originality in Longfellow, if we are not willing to perceive it in his fascinating depth of heart." This is the whole truth in the matter : Longfellow possessed an aboriginal humanity of disposition ; his spirit seemed to go back from the modern complication of motives to the sources of human feeling.

Two days after Longfellow's death a friend of mine who knew him very well wrote to me as follows : " It is surprising how the man has taken hold of the hearts of all. I have never heard him say anything very striking, or very grand or beautiful, yet his face is always associated in my mind with qualities

partaking of all three. He had not a majestic presence to stir you into great feeling for himself personally, yet one could not see his face, nor see or know his daily life and ways, without being deeply inspired by the simplicity, purity, and entire unselfishness of his nature." This is an admirable statement of the common experience. The smaller acts and sayings of his life, assumedly the best indexes of a man's character, showed the " invincible sweetness " of the underlying disposition. I remember that he told me once that a Chicago lady had sent him a packet containing two hundred of her visiting-cards, with the request that he would put his autograph upon each of them, as she was about to give a reception to her friends, and wished to present them with some pleasing memento of the occasion. I expressed the hope that the lady's cards had promptly found their way to his waste basket. " Oh, no !" he said in a tone of surprise, and almost of reproach, and added, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, " I returned them with a note, saying that the many demands upon my time made it quite impossible for me to do as she asked." Mr. William Winter has told us that when he once alluded to Poe's attacks upon Longfellow—mostly contemptible fabrications—the latter only said gravely, " My work seemed to give him much trouble, first and last ; but Mr. Poe is dead, and I am alive, and still writing, and that is the end of the matter." Then he picked up a volume of Poe, and particularly commended certain pieces. And one who knew Longfellow intimately all his life has just said, " Nothing human that I ever saw exceeded the tenacity of his friendship." In the light of these anecdotes it is not surprising to learn of the universal affection that was felt for him, or to find one reviewer saying, " How like a benediction on our homes his music falls ! "

All this bears testimony to the correctness of the German critic in attributing Longfellow's originality to his *Gemüthsstiefe*, or depth of heart ; and to those who hold with Lotze and his school that the choicest parts of our experience are those that come to us from the *Gemüth*, this originality will seem one of no mean order.

In conclusion, setting aside for the moment what it has been the special object of this study to show, namely, that, besides writing a quantity of commonplace verse, Longfellow has done really first-rate work in several fields, and that he is, therefore, entitled to a higher rank than that to which the critics have customarily assigned him ; and admitting all that any one wishes about art for its own sake, we must still recognize and honor his position as a teacher of the people. It is certain that multitudes of people have received direct help from Longfellow's poetry—their lives have gained new sentiment, their sorrows have been made less dismal, they have been strengthened in their efforts to live decently.

Longfellow preserved to the end the vigorous and cheery tone of his song ;

• • •

not even such a subject as " *Morituri Salutamus*" could dampen it. While some men of genius in their worship at what one of their own number has called the " altar to the unknown god of unachieved desire," are writhing in their efforts to parade all the sensuousness of which human nature is capable, this simple man with his sweetness of life—a " sweetness as of home-made bread "—must not be allowed to pass away without our reverent recognition. His was not the gift of " song which shall spur you to soar," but we may be confident that whenever the army of true bards is mustered, the suffrage of future ages will not grudge him the fulfilment of his modest hope—" to have my place preserved among the rest."—*Fortnightly Review*.

#### OMENS OF TROUBLE.

EUROPE at the present hour is full of signs and premonitions of a coming crisis. Visibly she is drifting upon another of those cataracts of event which break the course of History: each of them a series of rapids, down which the Past has descended into the Present, and the Present will plunge into the new Future. Far be it from us to seek to dispel the comforting dream of that " millennial " time when the nations will rest in amity, cultivating the arts of war no more. Doubtless it will come; but the world is a long way yet from that happy goal. Every European Settlement is still but a temporary arrangement; partly arbitrary or artificial even when made, and destined to be outgrown and thrust aside as inadequate, or even (to some) as hateful, as time rolls on—as new growths of power disturb the political equilibrium, or the nations awake to new objects and desires, which did not exist, and therefore could not be taken into account, when the existent Settlement was arrived at. Indeed a cynic might be prone to say that each of the great Treaty-settlements of Europe has simply been a compulsory truce. Nations cannot go on fighting ceaselessly (although certainly they sometimes do wonders toward the attainment of such a miracle of belligerence); and empty exchequers

have done more than the skill of diplomats toward the attainment of those successive Settlements which have given epochs of peace to this smallest but most restless and powerful of continents. Yet, no ! even when, through the almost complete recognition of nationality—leaving each people free in its own territory—we are visibly approaching a time when there may be settled peace within Europe herself, the far-reaching conquests of the Aryan nations are bringing them more and more into close contact and more strenuous rivalry in other parts of the world; and Europe will pay penalty for her power and greatness by a crop of wars reflected back upon her from the other continents !

With matters which are distant, whether in place or in time, it is needless to expect perception and attention from the masses of mankind. But, speaking of the thoughtful classes, it is no exaggeration to say that over all Europe there is a sensation of disquietude, rising in some quarters into anxiety and serious apprehension. In national as well as individual life, a vague and blind presentiment of evil has at times portended a disastrous convulsion; but at present the presentiment is not blind. There are visible grounds for the disquietude; yet no man can tell the exact shape which

the peril will assume ; still less—and this is the worst part of the disquietude—what will be its magnitude, or where it will end. That danger is ahead—danger to the peace of Europe, or more—hardly any intelligent reader of the newspapers can doubt. The more sanguine and the less provident or prescient, doubtless, will as usual take the easy-going course of “hoping the best” (the cheapest means, be it noted, of winning the applause of the ignorant)—and, looking back upon the comparatively long period of peace which Europe at large has enjoyed since the fall of Napoleon the Great, the public are loath to regard as possible the recurrence of a great war such as our grandsires so gallantly fought through. In these days, is not the thought too shocking to be entertained that, despite all our progress and much-vaunted civilization, the closing years of the century may yet witness as bloody and momentous a military contest as that by which the century was ushered in ? Is it not too startling to be told that Europe is waiting for another Waterloo, ere it can hope to re-attain a new epoch of equilibrium and peace ? Nay, more, how bitter and humiliating to practical philanthropists—to the number of good and self-denying men (whose name nowadays is Legion) who devote alike mind and money, time and strength, to the amelioration of human ills and misfortunes ; how humiliating, too, to the vanity of harder-hearted statesmanship, is the thought that, after all, and when (as it may seem) we have all but perfected Law, Government, and Society, the dangerous classes and “dissolving forces” are becoming more formidable than ever ; and that the “social revolution”—atheistic Communism and Nihilism—may yet shake to its foundations the entire system of civilization which modern Europe has been slowly perfecting as the highest product of the Aryan community of nations ?

It is the former of these two dangers—namely, international conflict—which the more readily awakens the apprehensions of a generation which is especially peace-loving. War, too, is one of those things which, like Fire, challenges general attention, even by its premonitory sparks. Blood and fire, indeed, are its essential accompaniments ; and even the

dullest mind is quickened into outlook and anxiety at the very sound of its name. Naturally, therefore, the prevalent disquietude takes most prominently a military complexion. True, this apprehension is as yet but little apparent in our own country. In these “Isles of the Blessed”—*penitus toto orbe divisos*—War has not the name of terror which it bears in the oftentimes war-swept countries of the Continent ; yet the suspicion with which our people regard the proposed Channel Tunnel shows that we are by no means blind to the mercies we have enjoyed from our geographical insulation. But on the Continent, it is no exaggeration to say that there is not a Cabinet, nor even a Parliament, which does not sniff gun-powder in the air, or does not quake somewhat at the thought of secret plans and machinations of statecraft which are believed to be at work in the dark, slowly or swiftly working toward an explosion. Governments are quietly but eagerly keeping watch upon each other, and tread warily, as if upon ground which they suspect is undermined.

Indeed, what more striking instance of such apprehension has Europe ever seen than that recently displayed by France, which draws back from concerted action in Egypt rather than risk exposing herself to some deadly thrust which she suspects may be suddenly dealt to her ? What bait so alluring to Gallican ambition than Egypt ? What more pleasing to her traditional sentiment than that the Tricolor of France should wave anew upon the banks of the Nile, and within sight of the Pyramids, from whose summit “forty centuries looked down” upon the victories of Napoleon the Great ? Yet this very circumstance—the knowledge that other Powers might reckon upon her taking the bait, sufficed to cause France to recoil. What is especially noticeable, as showing the prevailing disquietude, is that this *reculade* is not primarily the work, freak, or mistake of diplomatists and statesmen, but a popular *stampede*—a spontaneous energetic decision of the national representatives ; and with which the Government promptly acquiesced. And so, France, scenting danger, resolves to stand on defence, keeping her forces at home, resolved to engage in no sally which might expose her to attack in flank from

a lurking foe. It is true that no foe is in sight ; and if there be a danger, it is veiled and invisible, like the sword of Harmodius of old, concealed in flowers till the moment of striking. But if so, what grounds for apprehension must there not be when popular suspicion is so keen-scented, and when statesmen see daggers in the air where none are present to the bodily sense ? The oft-quoted line of the poet seems plain as a matter of prose at the present moment, for rarely is it seen so plainly that " coming events cast their shadows before."

Before dealing with some of the signs of the day which directly betoken the approach of international conflict—signs little resembling in character those fiery meteors of the sky which were regarded as war-portents of old ; but terrestrial, tangible, and sensible, like to the progressive wearing-down of rocky lake-barriers, such as at some distant yet almost calculable date will produce a Deluge over the whole valley of the St. Lawrence—let us first ask the reader to consider some of the surroundings of his daily life—circumstances highly ominous ; all the more so, indeed, from the duration and commonness which, by sheer familiarity, blind men to their true significance. While Peace was never before so prized and preached, have we not for years past come to live in an atmosphere of War ? While the Scriptural phrase of turning swords into ploughshares has been regarded as the peculiar aim of national industry and of human aspirations, has there not for half a lifetime been quite an opposite current of thought underlying it all, and cropping up in various forms around us—somewhat like to those jets and veins of fire-rock which we see permeating the sedimentary strata which form the present cool and quiet surface of earth, and telling of the igneous forces which lurk unseen below ? Only, these signs of old terrestrial convulsion are relics of the past ; whereas the moral or mental phenomena of which we speak, and which so visibly surround us, are not relics but portents—not consequences of a troubled Past, but preparations against a Future which we distrust. " Playing at soldiers" was the mild and half-contemptuous phrase with which men first spoke of the Volunteer movement. But we

do not so speak of it now ; every passing year we attach to it a greater importance—expressing satisfaction and deriving comfort as we see that this "play" is converting our youth into belligerents of no mean order. Look, too, even at our learned societies, and observe how belligerent Science has become of late years. Enter hall or lecture-room, and you may find the *élite* of Science investigating the "initial velocity" of projectiles—the strain which iron in its newer forms is capable of bearing under the shock of explosives—the propelling power of gunpowder in large cubes instead of in grains—torpedoes, monster cannon, and the best means or material for resisting the impact of those destructive thunderbolts of human war. Chemistry triumphs in the discovery of new explosives. Is not the old unquenchable "Greek fire" now replaced among the enginery of war ; and are not dynamite and nitro-glycerine, not to speak of the more diabolical picric acid, now included in the "resources of civilization?" Is all this a mere love of Science ? Is it as an academic pursuit—in pure search or thirst for knowledge, that learned men thus study the arts and enginery of destruction ? And is the *Kriegspiel* a mere amusement, prized as a novelty, to while away the tedium of barrack-life in the place of nap or loo ?

Sweet illusions of this kind will hardly bear a moment's consideration, if we lift our eyes and look upon the world around us. To any Rip van Winkle who went asleep thirty years ago, the Europe of to-day would be unrecognizable. Nations have become armies ; each country is a camp. The awakening sleeper might, in his blank bewilderment, for a moment believe that he was still dreaming—some troubled dream of the Middle Ages, when War was the main business of States, and fighting in all shapes the chief excitement and popular amusement. But apart from the sight of Krupp and Armstrong artillery, of Minie and Remington rifles, and other overt signs of the military Present, a moment's reflection would suffice to show that it is not the Europe of any past age which is before his eyes ; but one which for half a century has been framing for itself new

objects and principles, under the influence of which our Continent is about to take another leap forward, and to descend into a new and ultimately stabler system of power through the cataracts of war.

How well do we remember the happy idea which first rose into the mind of philosophers in the time of our youth, and which it was reckoned the mark of an "advanced mind" to entertain! How comfortably and complacently it was proclaimed that progress in the arts of war was inevitably suicidal, and destined to make an end of all war! That was forty or more years ago, at the time when the first small advances were made in military weapons and enginery—before even the old "Brown Bess" had been withdrawn from the hands of our soldiery; but when the great outburst of mechanical science and invention had fully begun, and was devoting its mere spare moments to the art of destruction. How confidently it was then demonstrated from the schoolmaster's or professor's chair that the various "arms of precision," then in their infancy, would render battles so overwhelmingly destructive that it would be too absurd to engage in them; or that, if the nations were not sufficiently intelligent to perceive this sanguinary absurdity, they would quickly be made to learn the lesson from sheer lack of what Napoleon called *chair d' cannon*—from the impossibility of raising armies sufficiently numerous to withstand or survive such wholesale slaughter.

It was a pretty idea, opening on the whole a highly gratifying prospect. Make war sufficiently destructive, and you will destroy war itself! It had all the neatness, and apparently the conclusiveness, of an axiom in geometry. And so, while the *profanum vulgus* congratulated themselves upon the augmented fighting power of our soldiery and defensive armaments, the Illuminati rejoiced to see the very passion for war giving birth to a wholly new state of affairs which would abolish war throughout the civilized world. They did not adequately remember what a combative animal Man is, or how mankind have continued to fight at least as much as ever, despite the displacement of the feeble

bow and arrows by gunpowder and artillery.

Nevertheless this happy idea would not have proved so far wrong had the world remained in other respects as it was—namely, *inter alia*, with only such standing armies as kings and princes could command from semi-somnolent but poor and reluctant peoples. But in this matter, as in so many others, the world with the fashion thereof has changed greatly. It is doubtful whether war was ever merely "the game of kings," except in the sense that kings were then the sole representatives and guardians of national rights and interests, among peoples who knew little or nothing of what was happening outside their own villages, and to whom geography, even of the most neighboring countries, was as unknown as that of the moon at the present day. But it is the special boast of this nineteenth century that nations have become their own governors; while it is a fact of history that, with increasing knowledge of geography and politics, the nations now show quite as belligerent a spirit, as keen a sense of affront, and as resolute an ambition to promote and defend their country's interests. And thus, when the war-spirit arises, the belligerent armies are no longer limited in number by the privy purse or narrow revenue of a king of a hundred years ago; but nations themselves take up arms; while the marvellous growth of Wealth during the last fifty years, more than suffices to equip and put in motion military forces tenfold as numerous and formidable as was possible of yore. Thus, while progress in science and growth of wealth render the enginery of war appallingly destructive, one result of political progress has been to supply both the "sineas of war" and "food for gunpowder" in almost unlimited quantity—fleets mailed in iron, and armies sufficiently numerous to wield, at times, a thousand pieces of artillery, and to survive even the carnage of a Sedan!

Good reader, pray reflect upon the various circumstances briefly summarized in the preceding paragraphs. They are familiar to you in our own country. Indeed the drilling and marching, and grand military gatherings and reviews

even of our civic soldiery, as they go on among us, would make any returned spirit of father or grandfather believe that a more than Napoleonic war was raging over Europe, while some new Grand Army was again encamped on the heights of Boulogne, waiting for a favorable moment to cross over into Kent. It is a curious circumstance that the most-forgotten or least-remembered great incidents in our famous heart-stirring history are the successful invasions and occasional actual conquests of our Island from the adjoining continent. Often and by many different powers and races have our Isles been so visited in warlike guise. Julius Cæsar, whose headquarters—or "military base," to use the scientific phrase—were far away in Italy, beyond Alps and Apennines, with rivers and sea between, in sheer spirit of adventure seeking our fog-shrouded coast, "came, and saw, and conquered," leaving "the Britains" for four centuries thereafter an infertile province of Imperial Rome. Next came German and Norseman; Hengist with his Saxon followers of the White Horse; Kanute with his Danes, and other Scandinavian Vikings in their dragon-prowed war-galleys, flying the Raven flag. Then came William with his Normans; and, noteworthy fact, hardly had the Conqueror crowned himself in Westminister Abbey, than he established the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, fortifying these now humble seaports, and endowing them with special privileges in return for their guardianship of our Channel coast, the Norman sagaciously closing against others the door by which he himself had entered! Then, in milder fashion, followed the baffled landings of French kings, as in the feeble reign of King John, when the French monarch miscarried sadly in the Fen country, and (according to an answer given to a Civil Service Examiner in English history) "lost all his clothes at the Wash." By-and-by came the half-welcomed invasion of Lancastrian Richmond—and again, of William of Orange; and again, the brilliant and all but successful adventure of "Prince Charlie" of the Royal Stuart line. We prefer to think of the wreck of the Invincible Armada from Spain; of the failure of James the Second in Ireland,

as also of the French Revolutionary expedition in the same disaffected part of the kingdom a century later; and finally, of our defiance of Napoleon's Grand Army encamped on the heights of Boulogne—so grandly baffled by the genius of Nelson, who died in the hour of victory which completed the success of his career, by leaving not a single hostile navy—nay, not a European navy of any kind, to contest with England the empire of the seas, or even to molest our mercantile argosies as they traversed far and wide the oceans of the world. Yet only last century, during our regretted contest with our American colonies, did not the allied fleets of the Continent for a while hold the mastery; while Paul Jones in privateering fashion harried our coasts; as at another and earlier time the victorious Dutch Admiral sailed up the Thames and created a panic in the English metropolis?

Ours has been a splendid history; and despite our modern excellency in textile industry, and such like needful arts of peace, nothing shines forth so strikingly in our whole history as that more-than-Roman fighting power of our people, as remarkable in onset as in defence—a personal quality, beyond, yet including, the belligerent skill which belongs to military drill and discipline, and which was displayed afresh, but as yesterday, at Tel-el-Kebir. Justly we are proud of our history; justly, too, we can find in it no small assurance of abiding security for our coasts and homes "so long as England to herself proves true." Yet the very fact that this old confidence, a superb *insouciance*, has become shaken in men's minds, is one more and not the least significant sign of the changing times. How different is the national sentiment on such matters now from what it was just thirty years ago! *Then* there was no Militia, no Volunteers, and our military and naval establishments were pitifully small and neglected. "I tell you," said the Duke of Wellington in the spring of 1852, "for the last ten years you have not had more men in your armies than are sufficient to relieve your sentries in the different parts of the world." And when Lord Hardinge became head of the War Department in that same year, he found only forty guns in the United

Kingdom capable of service, "most of which," he added, "would have gone to pieces the first time they got into a clay-field!" Our navy was in a similar state of neglect. Indeed, at that time, Lord John Russell (in accordance with Sydney Smith's saying) might even with impunity have displayed his overweening self-confidence by "taking command of the Channel fleet," seeing there was so little of it, or, as we should think now, none at all! Yet our people were content; they were conscious of no danger, nor even of liability to it. Nay, more; peace-fanatics like Cobden furiously railed against Wellington for exhorting the nation to measures of self-defence. It was indeed a sign of the times when a man like Cobden could insult the victor of Waterloo by an accusation of timidity, deriding the Iron Duke for weak nerves and mental imbecility, and yet rely for countenance in these insulting slanders upon a considerable portion of the public! Through the clever importunity of his widow, Cobden's bust has got a place in the purleus of the House of Commons; but (not to speak of his low-bred insults) what does the country think of the question between him and Wellington *now?* Wellington and Cobden! Truly it was a peculiar time when the names of such two men could be bracketed together in approximate equality, not to say with the "Manchester manufacturer" in a self-assumed superiority!

In this matter, at least—as indeed in many others—the good sense, sound judgment, and clear military perception of Wellington have been amply vindicated. The exhortation which he then so earnestly addressed to his fellow-countrymen was all the more needed, inasmuch as the whole current of public feeling then ran in the opposite direction. The middle point of the century witnessed a singular development of hope and of self-satisfaction. The Continental troubles were over; the gold-discoveries were the talk of the day, and seemed to betoken an epoch of commercial and general prosperity, the reverse of what had so grievously prevailed for a generation before. The Great Exhibition was partly the outcome of this state of things, and remarkably intensified it. It was the "Palace of Peace"

—the "Palace of All Nations"—a "World's Fair," where all peoples and races came together in peaceful and prosperity-making rivalry. In the cosmopolitan philanthropy which then inspired all breasts, even the impudent Chinaman who made himself conspicuous on the occasion, as a high Mandarin, was received without questioning as a welcomed representative of the hitherto self-secluded Celestial Empire. War was to be a thing of the past; and instead of the conflicts of monarchies and the fiery collision of armies, there was to be a brotherhood of nations, and the only rivalry a series of Great Exhibitions all over the civilized world. Under such a sunshine of general happiness and hope, no wonder that even Cobdenism and the Manchester School obtained a brief heyday of exotic existence; or that Parliament and Ministries sought to show their enlightenment, and prove themselves "abreast of the times," by seeing how little could be spent upon our military and naval armaments. "National defences!" the words were never heard; or, when earnestly uttered by the "Old Duke," they remained without an echo! And yet, within little more than a year, the legions of the Czar crossed the Pruth, and the Long Peace—the peace of Waterloo—was broken and ended by the salvoes of the Russian artillery on the Danube.

It is needless to recall and recount the events, alike various and memorable, which speedily justified the wise warnings of Wellington, that trusty old warrior who had led our troops to victory after victory in the Great Napoleon's wars (which will ever hold in our annals a place parallel to the Carthaginian wars in the history of Rome), and who "passed to his rest" just as a new epoch of belligerence was opening upon Europe. The Crimean war—after a brief interval, filled painfully for this country by wars with Persia and China, and mutinies in India—was followed by the Italian war, secretly concerted between Cavour and Napoleon III. against Austria at Plombières; then the Danish war, in which Prussia and Austria played the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb against little Denmark; then the Prusso-Austrian war, deliberately forced

on by the former Power ; then the Franco-German war, likewise a coolly premeditated affair on one side ; then another Russo-Turkish war, similarly forced upon the weaker Power, by which the Czar carried a step further the traditional ambition of his dynasty and people. All this within twenty years ! All, too, of set purpose ! No wonder, then, that the current of human ideas has been reversed, and that the prime consideration of every nation is now of self-defence—measures of self-preservation. Thirty years ago was a brief and delusive heyday when "public opinion" and "moral force" were hopefully exalted and extolled as the predominant power of the future ! Alas ! what have we seen in the interval, and what do we see now, but the "old, old story" that has been in course ever since the birth of man (ay, and throughout all creation so far as human observation extends), that "Might makes Right," that moral force is mighty only in so far as it is transmutable at a push into bayonets and cannon ; and that it is upon "big battalions" and ironclad ships that the fortunes and independence of States and nations still mainly depend.

Nor are the signs of trouble all external, or confined to the attack of State upon State, and of race upon race. Most pitiful of all, is not Civilization itself upon its trial ? The fabric of Society which, under the guidance of Christianity, Europe has been slowly building up since our continent emerged from the Dark Ages—even it—our boast and highest achievement—is not exempt from the coming perils. The very social organization of which we are justly proud, where in we boast that individual and political freedom has reached a perfection hitherto unknown in the world, strong as it now stands, or seems to stand, is there not visibly a day of trial approaching even for it ? It is, or may be, the highest form of the social union yet attained ; but is it to stand, and progress steadily with successive generations in unbroken course to a higher level ? Even those who hope, as we do, that such may be its destiny, may yet have forebodings of a dire temporary breaking down, under a dread gust or sudden triumph of that Evil by which so many a good and beautiful

thing has been swept away as by an unmerited fate, and which appears inseparably interwoven in the web of sublunary affairs. And though we recoil from the thought that our modern civilization may perish as utterly as that of Nineveh and Babylon, of the Pharaohs, and of mighty Rome herself ; still, he is an ignorant man who does not know that in the garden of the world there are no plants of perennial growth, and a blind one, if he does not mark how widely the red fires of destruction already smoulder under our household gods, threatening to burst forth and consume our social civilization, the stately fabric of European society. Are there no fears lest this grand outcome of the European Aryans may not totter and fall, as that of other races and ancient peoples has fallen ; or at least that, in giving birth to some new development, it may not be rolled up like a blazing scroll, and temporarily perish in the flames of Atheism and Materialism, with their natural progeny among the masses, Communism and Nihilism ? Nay, what is the latter of these shapes of evil but a belief that there is no hope for mankind unless the entire Past be destroyed along with the Present, and that the whole beliefs, sentiments, and ideas with which, in their past career, the human race have become imbued, must give place to a *tabula rasa* for the New Science which knows neither God nor a Future Life. Take away these noble and elevating beliefs, and how will it fare with the civilization which those beliefs have inspired, and of which they are the stablest pillars ? No system of government and society has ever yet stood without God and a future life ; or if there be one (as is almost true), it has been slowly shaped to that complexion through long generations of (what may be styled) agnostic yet reverential Deism : a civilization, too, which certainly is not an outcome of Aryanism, whether pagan or Christian.

How direly may the operation of such "dissolving forces" of society, whether interweaved with or consequent upon it, complicate the course or aggravate the disasters of any new great war in Europe ! We must reserve for the wider space of another article an exposition as to the forces, interests, and op-

portunities in the European world which seem to be tending toward a severe international conflict, a climax to the gradual drifting away from the long peace enjoyed by our fathers, and from the European Settlement which followed the victory of Waterloo ; a painful preliminary, also, to the New Settlement which eventually will give repose to our continent, which for nigh two thousand years has been the heart of the world's civilization, and also, alas ! the chief fountain of its wars. By conquest and by settlement, the European peoples have spread far and wide over the earth ; and this extra-European rivalry is now more than ever swelling the causes of strife in our own continent, while opening new means for, and adding fresh attractions to, the mastery of power.

Here we may stop. The omens of trouble to which we have called attention are serious enough in themselves, without the help of fancy or superstition. Yet—strange though it may be to think of—there are masses of mankind to whom considerations like those here passed in review are of little weight, yet who readily jump to the same conclusion from signs in the sky and omens which they find in the great cycles of Time, or again, like the late Dr. Cumming and others, in the interpretation of prophetic and apocalyptic lore. The comet recently in our skies, whose apprehended collision with the great solar orb inspired grave misgivings as to the fate of our planet even in the mind of Science, together with the approaching close of the second thousand years after Christ—actually beget forebodings of coming troubles among a hundred or thousand times larger portion of mankind than that which ponders, or even reads, the news and politics of the day !

In truth, even what we call "civilized mankind" is a highly composite material. The original ideas and mental habits of human nature are singularly permanent in the face of training and education. The stream of civilization flows not in a straight and uniform course, like the water which we enclose in pipes and conduits, but rather like a native river with its streams and pools, where on the surface progress is swift and steady, but where in the depths the

water hardly moves, and the logs and clods brought so far by the river settle down and may remain for years. So is it with the march of civilization ; which may be likened to a railway upon which the first, second, and third class carriages travel at different speeds, so that the Firsts may be at Berwick or Edinburgh, while the Thirds are hardly beyond the purlieus of King's Cross or St. Pancras. Much—far too much—of Man the Barbarian is to be found in the masses of all civilized society ; and when so matter-of-fact a scientist as the late and too-soon-lost Professor Jevons attributed a relationship between our commercial crises (with the speculative mania which accompanies them) and the changing condition of the sun, we need not wonder that there are large masses of mankind—ay, by far the majority of the *genus homo*—who find in the skies and in the grand cycles of Time, omens and portents which they vastly prefer to deductions (which they cannot make) from the current course of affairs in the world around them. Yet, noteworthy it is, that the approaching date of some momentous change in the condition of mankind, which now stirs with the expectation the vast Mohammedan world should also be similarly regarded by some classes in both the Jewish and Christian worlds.\*

Very different, and of much humbler pretension, are the signs of trouble of which we here write—hard and disagreeable facts pertaining to our own terrestrial world—signs and circumstances which actually envelop daily life, alike in our own and Continental countries. Europe a series of camps—nations in

\* Hardly had we written these lines than we read the following confirmative statement by our accomplished astronomer and man of science, Mr. R. Proctor, who, in an essay on "Pyramid Prophecies," states that in the course of his many journeys, both in the Old World and the New, and both in the northern and southern hemisphere, "I have come to the conclusion that certainly *one half* of the *educated classes*, and 99-rooths, if not *all* of the *uneducated classes*, still believe in (omens and prophecies) what modern science has utterly rejected."

He adds: "According to Pyramid prophets, the year 1832 is the one on which some great change, closing the Christian era (as such), is either to be brought about, or is to begin."—*Contemporary Review*.

the panoply, or at least in the undress of war—and military training the sole universal national education. And all this not as a dead and dying legacy from past times ; not an antiquated usage maintained in merely feeble show out of deference to old habits ; but a thing of to-day—and a complete change from what was thirty years ago. The vastness of the change, indeed, is not the least striking and significant feature of the present régime of militaryism. Is it possible to conceive a greater contrast than that between the Europe of 1851 and of 1882, or between the England of Cobdenism and that of the Volunteers ? Again we ask, What does it all mean ? Viewed in the most practical of fashions,

what does it imply and forebode ? An English philosopher has suggested, as a possibility, that a whole nation may become insane at times, even as individuals do. And there is not a little in history which supports such a conjecture. Yet hardly a whole continent, or even, as it now appears, a still larger mass of the varied population of the globe ! But even assuming a well-nigh universal insanity among the human race, as the explanation of the present startling phenomena, at least be it remembered that it is an insanity of war ; and one which is only too likely to lead to, and end in, a stern, and surely an appalling reality.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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#### RUSSIAN PRISONS.

BY PRINCE KRAPOTKINE.

IT is pretty generally recognized in Europe, that altogether our penal institutions are very far from being what they ought to be, and no better indeed than so many contradictions in action of the modern theory of the treatment of criminals. The principle of the *lex talionis*—of the right of the community to avenge itself on the criminal—is no longer admissible. We have come to an understanding that society at large is responsible for the vices that grow in it, even as it has its share in the glory of its heroes ; and we generally admit, at least in theory, that when we deprive a criminal of his liberty, it is to purify and improve him. But we know how hideously at variance with the ideal the reality is. The murderer is simply handed over to the hangman ; and the man who is shut up in a prison is so far from being bettered by the change, that he comes out more resolutely the foe of society than he was when he went in. Subjection, on disgraceful terms, to a humiliating work gives him an antipathy to all kinds of labor. After suffering every sort of humiliation at the instance of those whose lives are lived in immunity from the peculiar conditions which bring man to crime—or to such sorts of it as are punishable by the operations of the law—he learns to hate

the section of society to which his humiliation belongs, and proves his hatred by new offences against it. And if the penal institutions of Western Europe have failed thus completely to realize the ambition on which they justify their existence, what shall we say of the penal institutions of Russia ? The incredible duration of preliminary detention ; the horrible circumstances of prison life ; the congregation of hundreds of prisoners into dirty and small chambers ; the flagrant immorality of a corps of jailers who are practically omnipotent, whose whole function is to terrorize and oppress, and who rob their charges of the few coppers doled out to them by the State ; the want of labor and the total absence of all that contributes to the moral welfare of man ; the cynical contempt of human dignity, and the physical degradation of prisoners—these are the elements of prison life in Russia. Not that the principles of Russian penal institutions were worse than those applied to the same institutions in Western Europe. I am rather inclined to hold the contrary. Surely, it is less degrading for the convict to be employed in useful work in Siberia, than to spend his life in picking oakum, or in climbing the steps of a wheel ; and—to compare two evils—it is more humane to

employ the assassin as a laborer in a gold mine and, after a few years, make a free settler of him, than peaceably to turn him over to a hangman. In Russia, however, principles are always ruined in application. And if we consider the Russian prisons and penal settlements, not as they ought to be according to the law, but as they are in reality, we can do no less than recognize, with all the best Russian explorers of our prisons, that they are an outrage on humanity.

In England and in the United States several attempts have recently been made to represent the Russian prisons under the most smiling aspect. The best known of them are those made by the Reverend Mr. Lansdell in England, and by Mr. Kennan in the United States. Mr. Kennan came to the conclusion that his sojourn as an officer of the Overland Telegraph Company on the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk—a few thousand miles, more or less, from the penal quarters of Siberia—entitles him to speak authoritatively about Siberian prisons and prisoners. Is it surprising that his experience should be flatly contradicted by those Russians who have seriously studied the life of prisoners in Siberia? Of Mr. Lansdell there is something more to say. He has seen Siberian jails. Outstripping the post in his career, he has crossed a country which has no railways, at a speed of 6300 miles in 75 days; and in the space of fourteen hours, indeed, he breakfasted, ed, he dined, he travelled over 40 miles, and he visited the three chief jails of Siberia—at Tobolsk, at Alexandrovskiy Zavod, and at Kara. Amply furnished with official recommendations, he saw, during this short time, as much as the officials chose to show; and for a country like Siberia that is surely a great deal. Had he anything of the critical faculty which is the first virtue of a traveller, it would have enabled him to appreciate the relative value of the information he obtained in the course of his official scamper through the Siberian prisons; and his book—especially if he had taken note of existing Russian literature on the subject—might have been a useful one. Unhappily, he neither saw nor read, and his book—in so far, at least, as it is con-

cerned with jails and convicts—can only convey false ideas. This being the case, I think the present paper may prove of interest. Such information as it contains is, at least, authentic, inasmuch as it is derived, not only from books, but from the personal experience of prison life of myself and certain of my friends.

One of the greatest results of the Liberal movement of 1857—1862 was the judicial reform. The old law-courts, in which the procedure was all in writing, were done away with, and trial by jury, which had disappeared under the despotism of the Czars of Moscow, was reintroduced. The new law of judicial procedure, promulgated in 1864, was considered as decidedly the most liberal and humane in Europe. About the same time punishment by the *knot* and the branding-iron was abolished. It was high time. Public opinion was revolted by the existence of these shameful implements, and it was so powerful at that time that governors of provinces refused to confirm the sentences that enjoined their use; others—as I have known in Siberia—would give the executioner to understand that, unless he merely played at doing his abominable office (a well-known and highly profitable art), “his own skin should be torn to pieces.” But, like all other reforms of the last reign, the benefits of the new judicial reform were paralyzed by subsequent modifications. The reform was not made universal, and in thirty-nine provinces out of seventy-two, the old courts are still maintained. They are in operation over the whole of Siberia, for instance; and each of them is a perfect sink of corruption. Again, the old penal code, with a scale of punishments in flagrant disagreement with the present state of our prisons, was maintained; while subsequent regulations have completely altered the sense of the Judiciary Law of 1864. I shall only set down what is continually repeated in the Russian press, if I write that the examining magistrates (*juges d'instruction*) have never enjoyed the independence bestowed on them by the new law; that the judges have been made more and more dependent upon the Minister of Justice, whose nominees they are, and who has the right of transferring them

from one province to another ; that the institution of sworn advocates, uncontrolled by criticism, has degenerated absolutely ; and that the peasant whose case is not likely to become a *cause célèbre* does not receive the benefit of counsel, and is completely in the hands of a creature like the procureur-impérial in Zola's novel. Independent jurors are, of course, impossible in a country where the peasant-juror knows that he may be beaten by anything in uniform at the very doors of the court. As for the verdicts of the juries, they are in poor repute indeed ; they are not respected at all if they are in contradiction with the judgment of the governor of the province, and the acquitted may be seized as they leave the dock and imprisoned anew on the simple order of the Administrative. Such, for instance, was the case of the peasant Burounoff. He came to St. Petersburg on behalf of his fellow-villagers to bring a complaint to the Czar against the authorities, and he was tried as a "rebel." He was acquitted by the court ; but he was arrested on the very flight of steps outside, and sent in exile to the peninsula of Kola. Such, too, were the cases of Vera Zassoulitch, of the *raskolnik* (non-conformist) Tetenoff, and many more. The Third Section and the governors of provinces look on the new courts as mere nuisances, and act accordingly. Finally, a great many cases are disposed of by the Executive à *huis clos*—away from judges and juries alike. The preliminary inquiry in all cases in which a "political meaning" is discovered is simply made by gendarmerie officers, sometimes in the presence of a procureur, who accompanies them in their raids—an official in civil dress attached to the corps of gendarmerie, who is a black sheep to his fellows, and whose function is to assist, or appear to assist, at the examination of those arrested by the Third Section. Sentence and punishment (which may be exile for life within the Arctic circle in Siberia) are the wish of the Third Section, or of the Executive. In this category are included, not only the cases of political offenders belonging to secret societies, but also those of religious dissenters ; almost all cases of disobedience to authority, both individual and collective ; the strikes ;

the "offences against His Majesty the Emperor"—under which 2500 people were recently arrested in the course of six months ; in short, all those cases which might compromise the authorities, or tend—to use the official language—"to the production of excitement in the public mind." As to political trials, only the early societies were tried under the law of 1864. Afterward, the government having perceived that the judges are rather well disposed than otherwise toward political offenders, they were tried before packed courts ; that is, by judges nominated especially for the purpose. To this rule the case of Vera Zassoulitch was a memorable exception. She was tried by a jury, and acquitted. But—to quote Professor Gradowsky's words in a journal suppressed since—"It is an open secret in St. Petersburg that the case would never have been brought before a jury but for certain "quarrels" between the Prefect of Police on the one side, and the Third Section and the Ministers of Justice and the Interior on the other—but for certain of those *jalousetés de métier*, without which, in our disordered state of existence, it would often be impossible for us to so much as breathe."

It need hardly be noted that true reports of political trials in the press were never permitted. Formerly the journals were bound to reproduce the "crooked" report published by the *Official Messenger* ; but now the Government has perceived that even such reports produce a profound impression on the public mind, which is always favorable to the accused ; and now its work is done in complete darkness. By the law of September 1881 the governor-general and the governors of provinces are enabled to request "that all those cases be heard *in camera* which might produce a disturbance of minds (*sic*) or disturb the public peace." For preventing the divulgence of the speeches of the accused, or of such facts as might compromise the Government, nobody is admitted to the court, not even members of the ministry of Justice—"only the wife or the husband of the accused (always in custody also), or the father, mother, or one of the children ; but no more than one relative for each person accused." At the last trial of Terror-

ists, when ten people were condemned to death, the mother of Sukhanoff was the one person who enjoyed this privilege. Many cases are despatched in such a way that nobody knows when the trials take place. Thus, for instance, we remained in ignorance of the fate of an officer of the army, son of the governor of the jail of the St. Petersburg fortress, who had been condemned to hard labor for connection with revolutionists, until we learned it incidentally from an act of accusation read at a trial a long while posterior to his own. The public learns from the *Official Messenger* that the Czar has commuted to hard labor for life a sentence of death pronounced on revolutionists; but nothing transpires either of the trial, or of the crimes imputed to the condemned. Nay, even the last consolation of those condemned to death, the consolation of dying publicly, was taken away. Hanging will now be done secretly within the walls of the fortress, in the presence of none from the world without. The reason is, that when Ryssakoff was brought out to the gallows he showed the crowd his mutilated hands, and shouted, louder than the drums, that he had been tortured after trial. His words were heard by a group of "Liberals," who, repudiating any sympathy with the Terrorists, yet held it their duty to publish the facts of the case in a clandestine proclamation, and to call attention to this flagrant offence against the laws of humanity. Now nothing will be known of what happens in the casemates of the fortress of Paul and Peter after the trial and before the execution. At least, the Government think so, after having sent to hard labor the son of a jailer and a dozen soldiers accused of letter-carrying between prisoners and their friends in the town. But we know—and I have not the slightest hesitation in asserting the fact—that at least two revolutionists, Adrian Mikhailoff and Ryssakoff, were submitted to torture by electricity.

In 1861, our governors of provinces were ordered to institute a general inquiry into the state of the prisons. The Government—that of the early years of Alexander II.—was Liberal at that time, and on the whole the inquiry was fairly made. Its results determined

what was generally known: namely, that the prisons in Russia and Siberia were in the worst state imaginable. The number of prisoners in each was commonly twice and thrice in excess of the maximum allowed by law. The buildings were so old and dilapidated, and in such a shocking state of filth, as to be for the most part not only uninhabitable, but beyond the scope of any theory of reform that stopped short of reconstruction.

Within affairs were even worse than without. The system was found corrupt to the core, and the officials were even yet more in need of improvement than the jails. In the Transbaikal province, where, at that time, almost all hard-labor convicts were kept, the committee of inquiry reported (I was secretary to it, and intrusted with the drawing up of its report) that the prison buildings were mostly in ruins, and that the whole of the penal system had followed suit. Throughout the Empire it was recognized that theory and practice stood equally in need of light and air; that everything must be changed, alike in matter and in spirit; and that we must not only rebuild our prisons, but completely reform our prison system, and reconstitute the prison staff from the first man to the last. The Government, however, elected to do nothing. It built a few new prisons which proved insufficient to accommodate the new prisoners (the population having since increased by more than 10,000,000); convicts were farmed out to proprietors of private gold mines; a new penal colony was settled on Saghalien, to colonize an island where nobody was willing to settle freely; and that was all. The old order remained unchanged, the old mischief unrepaired. Year after year the prisons fall further into decay, and year after year the prison staff grows more dishonest and more shameless. Year after year the Ministry of Justice applies for money to spend in repairs, and year after year the Government is content to put it off with the half, or less than the half, of what it asks; and when—as in 1879 to 1881—it calls for over three million roubles, can spare it no more than a paltry twelve hundred thousand. The consequence is that the jails are becoming perma-

nent centres of infection, and that, according to the report of a recent committee, at least two thirds of them are urgently in need of being rebuilt from top to bottom. Rightly to accommodate her prisoners, Russia would have to build half as many prisons again as she has. Indeed, in 1879, there were 70,488 cases for trial, and the aggregate maximum capacity of the Russian prisons is only for 54,253 souls. In single jails, built for the detention of 200 to 250 persons, the number of prisoners is commonly 700 and 800 at a time. In the prisons on the route to Siberia, when convict parties are stopped by floods, the over-crowding is still more monstrous.\*

The great majority of our prisoners (about 100,000) are persons awaiting trial. They may be recognized for innocent; and in Russia, where arrests are made in the most haphazard way,

\* The Russian prison system is thus constituted: first of all, we have 624 prisons or lock-ups, for cases awaiting trial, for a maximum of 54,253 inmates, together with four houses of detention for 7134 inmates. The political prisoners at the Third Section and in the fortresses are not included in this category. Of convicts depots—for prisoners waiting transfer to their final stations—there are 10, with accommodation for 7150; with two for political convicts (at Mtsensk and Vyshnaiy-Volochok), with accommodation for 140. Then come the *arrestantskiya roty*, or "convict companies," which are military organizations for the performance of compulsory labor, and which are worse than the hard-labor prisons in Siberia, though they are nominally a lighter punishment. Of these there are 33, with accommodation for 7136 (9609 in 1879). In this category must be included also the 13 "houses of correction": two large ones with accommodation for 1120 (962 in 1879), and 11 smaller ones for 435. The hard-labor cases are provided for in 13 "central prisons." Of these, there are seven in Russia, with accommodation for 2745; three in Western Siberia, with accommodation for 1150; two in Eastern Siberia, with accommodation for 1650; and one on Saghaliem Island, with accommodation for 600 (1103 in 1879). Other hard-labor convicts—10,424 in number—are distributed among the government mines, gold-washings, and factories in Siberia; namely, at the Kara gold-washings, where there are 2000; at the Troitsk, Ust-kut, and Irkutsk salt works, at the Nikolayevsk and Petrovsk iron-works, and at a prison at the former silver-works of Akatui. Finally, hard-labor convicts are farmed out to private owners of gold-washings in Siberia. The severity of the punishment can thus be varied *ad infinitum*, according to the wish of the authorities and to that degree of revenge which is deemed appropriate.

three times out of ten their innocence is patent to everybody. We learn, in fact, from the annual report of the Ministry of Justice for 1876, that of 99,964 arrests made during that year, only 37,159—that is, 37 per cent—could be brought before a court, and that among these were 12,612 acquittals. More than 75,000 persons were thus subjected to arrest and imprisonment without having any serious charge against them; and of the 25,000 or so who were convicted and converted into "criminals," a very large proportion (about 15 per cent) are men and women who have not complied with passport regulations, or with some other vexatory measure of our Administration. It must be noted that all these prisoners, three quarters of whom are recognized innocent, spend months, and very often years, in the provincial lock-ups, those famous *ostrogs* which the traveller sees at the entrance of every Russian town. They lie there idle and hopeless, at the mercy of a set of omnipotent jailers, packed like herrings in a cask, in rooms of inconceivable foulness, in an atmosphere that sickens, even to insensibility, any one entering directly from the open air, and which is charged with the emanations of the horrible *parasha*—a basket kept in the room to serve the necessities of a hundred human beings.

In this connection I cannot do better than quote a few passages from the prison experiences of my friend Madame C., *née* Koutouzoff, who has committed them to paper and inserted in a Russian review, the *Obscheye Dyelo*, published at Geneva. She was found guilty of opening a school for peasants' children, independently of the Ministry of Public Instruction. As her crime was not penal, and as, moreover, she was married to a foreigner, General Gourko merely ordered her to be sent over the frontier. This is how she describes her journey from St. Petersburg to Prussia. I shall print extracts from her narrative without comment, merely premising that its accuracy, even to the minutest details, is absolutely unimpeachable:

I was sent to Vilno with fifty prisoners—men and women. From the railway station we were taken to the town prison and kept there for two hours, late at night, in an open yard, under a drenching rain. At last we were pushed

into a dark corridor and counted. Two soldiers laid hold on me and insulted me shamefully. I was not the only one thus outraged, for in the darkness I heard the cries of many desperate women besides. After many oaths and much foul language, the fire was lighted, and I found myself in a spacious room in which it was impossible to take a step in any direction without treading on the women who were sleeping on the floor. Two women who occupied a bed took pity on me, and invited me to share it with them. . . . When I awoke next morning, I was still suffering from the scenes of yesterday ; but the female prisoners—assassins and thieves—were so kind to me that by-and-by I grew calm. Next night we were "turned out" from the prison and paraded in the yard for the start, under a heavy rain. I do not know how I happened to escape the fists of the jailers, as the prisoners did not understand the evolutions and performed them under a storm of blows and curses ; those who protested—saying that they ought not to be beaten—were put in irons and sent to the train, in the teeth of the law which says that in the cellular wagons no prisoner shall be chained.

Arrived at Kovno, we spent the whole day in going from one police station to another. In the evening we were taken to the prison for women, where the lady-superintendent was railing against the head jailer and swearing that she would give him bloody teeth. The prisoners told me that she often kept her promises of this sort. . . . Here I spent a week among murderesses, thieves, and women arrested by mistake. Misfortune unites the unfortunate, and everybody tried to make life more tolerable for the rest ; all were very kind to me and did their best to console me. On the previous day I had eaten nothing, for the day the prisoners are brought to the prison they receive no food ; so I fainted from hunger, and the prisoners gave me of their bread and were as kind as they could be ; the female inspector, however, was on duty ; she was shouting out such shameless oaths as few drunken men would use. . . . After a week's stay in Kovno, I was sent on foot to the next town. After three days' march we came to Mariampol ; my feet were wounded, and my stockings full of blood. The soldiers advised me to ask for a car, but I preferred physical suffering to the continuous cursing and foul language of the chiefs. All the same, they took me before their commander, and he remarked that I had walked three days and so could walk a fourth. We came next day to Wolkowysk, from whence we were to be sent on to Prussia. I and five others were put provisionally in the depot. The women's department was in ruins, so we were taken to the men's. . . . I did not know what to do, as there was no place to sit down, except on the dreadfully filthy floor ; there was even no straw, and the stench on the floor set me vomiting instantly. . . . The water-closet was a large pond ; it had to be crossed on a broken ladder which gave way under one of us and plunged him in the filth below. I could now understand the smell ; the pond goes under the building, the floor of which is impregnated with sewage.

Here I spent two days and two nights, passing the whole time at the window. . . . In the night the doors were opened, and, with dreadful cries, drunken prostitutes were thrown into our room. They also brought us a maniac ; he was quite naked. The miserable prisoners were happy on such occurrences ; they tormented the maniac and reduced him to despair, until at last he fell on the floor in a fit and lay there foaming at the mouth. On the third day, a soldier of the depot, a Jew, took me into his room a tiny cell, where I stayed with his wife. . . . The prisoners told me that many of them were detained "by mistake" for seven and eight months awaiting their papers before being sent across the frontier. It is easy to imagine their condition after a seven months' stay in this sewer without a change of linen. They advised me to give the jailer money, as he would then send me on to Prussia immediately. But I had been six weeks on the way already, and my letters had not reached my people. . . . At last, the soldier allowed me to go to the post-office with his wife, and I sent a registered letter to St Petersburg. [Madame C— has influential kinsfolk in the capital, and in a few days the governor-general telegraphed for her to be sent on instantly to Prussia.] My papers (she says) were discovered immediately, and I was sent to Eydtkunen and set at liberty.

It must be owned that the picture is horrible. But it is not a whit overcharged. To such of us Russians as have had to do with prisoners, every word rings true and every scene looks normal. Oaths, filth, brutality, bribery, blows, hunger—these are the essentials of every *ostrog* and of every depot from Kovno to Kamchatka, and from Archangel to Erzerum. Did my space permit, I might prove it with a hundred stories more.

Such are the prisons of Western Russia. They are no better in the East and in the South. A person who was confined at Perm (it is a pity that Mr. Lansdell, when arrested in August last under suspicion of Nihilism, in the neighborhood of Perm, did not make acquaintance with this prison !) wrote to the *Porodok* : "The jailer is one Gavriloff ; . . . beating 'in the jaws' (*v mordu*), flogging, confinement in frozen black-holes, and starvation—such are the characteristics of the jail. . . . For every complaint the prisoners are sent 'to the bath' (that is, are flogged), or have a taste of the black-hole. . . . The mortality is dreadful." At Vladimir, there were so many attempts at escape that it was made the subject of a special inquiry. "The prisoners de-

clared that on the allowance they received it was utterly impossible to keep body and soul together. Many complaints were addressed to headquarters, but they all remained unanswered. At last the prisoners complained to the Moscow Superior Court; but the jailer got to hear of the matter, instituted a search, and took possession of the document." It is easy to imagine that the mortality must be immense in such prisons; but, surely, the reality supersedes all that might be imagined. Thus, the priest of the Kharkoff prison said in 1878 from the pulpit, and the *Eparchial Gazette* of 1869 reproduced the fact, that in the course of four months, of the 500 inmates of the prison two hundred died from scurvy. No Arctic expedition, recent or remote, was so mortal as the detention in a Russian prison. At Kief, the jail was a sink of typhus fever. In one month the deaths were counted by hundreds, and fresh batches were brought in to fill the room of those removed by death. This was in all the newspapers. Only a year afterward (June 12th, 1882) a circular from the Chief Board of Prisons explained the epidemics as follows: "1. The prison was dreadfully overcrowded, although it was very easy to transfer many of the prisoners to other prisons. 2. The rooms were very damp; the walls were covered with mildew, and the floor was rotten in many places; 3. The cesspools were in such a state that the ground about them was impregnated with sewage;" and so on, and so on. The Board added that owing to the same foulness other prisons were also exposed to experience the same epidemics.

The chief prison in St. Petersburg, the so-called "Litovskiy Zamok," is cleaner; but this old-fashioned, damp, and dark building should simply be leveled to the ground. The common prisoners have a certain amount of work to do. But the political ones are kept in their cells in absolute idleness; and some friends of mine—the heroes of the trial of 193 who had two years and more of this prison—describe it as one of the worst they know. The cells are very small, very dark, and very damp; and the jailer Makaroff was a wild beast pure and simple. The consequences of

solitary confinement in this prison I have described in a former paper. It is worthy of notice that the common allowance for food is seven kopeks per day, and ten kopeks for prisoners of privileged class, the price of black rye bread being three and four kopeks a pound.

But the pride of our authorities—the show-place for the foreign visitors—is the new "House of Detention" at St. Petersburg. It is a "model prison"—the only one of its kind in Russia—built on the plan of the Belgian jails. I know it from personal experience, as I was detained there for three months, before my transfer to the lock-up at the Military Hospital. It is the only clean jail for common prisoners in Russia. Clean it certainly is. The scrubbing-brush is never idle there, and the activity of broom and pail is almost demoniac. It is an exhibition, and the prisoners have to keep it shining. All morning long do they sweep, and scrub, and polish the asphaltic floor; and dearly have they to pay for its brightness. The atmosphere is charged with asphaltic particles (I made a paper-shade for my gas, and in a few hours I could draw patterns with my finger in the dust with which it was coated); and this you have to breathe. The three upper stories receive all the exhalations of the floors below, and the ventilation is so bad that in the evenings, when all doors are shut, the place is literally suffocating. Two or three special committees were appointed one after the other to find out the means of improving the ventilation; and the last one, under the presidency of M. Groth, Secretary of State, reported in June last that to be made habitable, the whole building (which has cost twice as much as similar prisons in Belgium and Germany) must be completely rebuilt, as no repairs, however thorough, could make the ventilation tolerable. The cells are ten feet long and seven feet wide; and at one time the prison rules obliged us to keep open the traps in our doors to the end that we might not be asphyxiated where we sat. Afterward the rule was cancelled, and the traps were shut, and we were compelled to face as best we could the effects of a temperature that was sometimes stiflingly hot and sometimes

freezing. But for the greater activity and life of the place, I should have regretted, all dark and dripping as it was, my casemate in the fortress of Peter and Paul—a true grave where the prisoner for two, three, five, ten years hears no human voice and sees no human being, excepting two or three jailers, deaf and mute when addressed by the prisoners. I shall never forget the children I met one day in the corridor of the House of Detention. They also, like us, were awaiting trial months and years along. Their grayish-yellow emaciated faces, their frightened and bewildered looks, were worth whole volumes of essays and reports "on the benefits of cellular confinement in a model prison." As for the administration of the House of Detention, sufficient to say that even the Russian papers talked openly of the way in which the prisoners' allowances were sequestered; so that last year, a committee of inquiry was appointed, when it was found that the facts were even darker than had been reported. But all this is a trifle, indeed, in comparison with the treatment of prisoners. Here it was that General Treppoff ordered Bogoluboff to be flogged, had the prisoners who protested in their cells knocked down and beaten, and afterward confined several of them—for five days—in cells by the washing-rooms, among excrements, and in a temperature of forty-five degrees. In the face of these facts, what a pitiful irony is in the words of Mr. Lansdell's admiring remark: "Those who wish to know what Russia can do, ought to visit this House of Detention!"

The great variety of punishments inflicted under our penal code may be divided broadly into four categories. The first is that of hard labor, with the loss of all civil rights. The convict's property passes to his heirs; he is dead in law, and his wife can marry another; he may be flogged with rods, or with the *platé* (cat o' nine-tails) *ad libitum* by each drunken jailer. After having been kept to hard labor in the Siberian mines, or factories, he is settled for life somewhere in the country. The second category is that of compulsory colonization, accompanied by a complete or partial loss of civil rights, and is equivalent to Siberia for life. Under the third cate-

gory are dealt with all convicts condemned to compulsory labor in the *arrestantskiya roty*, without loss of civil rights. The fourth—omitting much of less importance—is of banishment to Siberia, without trial, and by order of the Executive, for an undetermined period; that is, mostly for life.

The subject of Siberian exile is so vast and tragical in itself, and has given rise to such an amount of error and misrepresentation, that it would be idle to approach it in this place. On a future occasion I hope to discuss it at length. In the present paper, however, I shall confine myself to an account of such convicts as are detained in Russia itself, in the so-called Provisory Central Prisons.

These are but recently introduced. Formerly, the hard labor convicts were sent straight off to Siberia: to the mines belonging "to the Cabinet of the Emperor"—that are, in other words, the private property of the Crown. Some of these, however, got worked out; others were found (or represented) so unremunerative in the hands of the Crown administration that they were sold to private persons who made fortunes with them; and Russia in Europe was compelled to take charge of her hard labor cases herself. A few central prisons were therefore built in Russia, where convicts are kept for a time (one third to one fourth of their sentence) before being sent to Siberia or Saghalien. Society at large is of course inclined to regard hard labor convicts as the worst of criminals. But in Russia this is very far from being the case. Murder, robbery, burglary, forgery, will all bring a man to hard labor; but so, too, with an attempt at suicide; so with "sacrilege and blasphemy," which usually means no more than dissent; so with "rebellion"—or rather what is called rebellion in Russia—which is mostly no more than common disobedience to authorities; so with any and every sort of political offence; and so with "vagrancy," that mostly means escape from Siberia. Among the murderers, too, you will find not only the professional shedder of blood—a very rare type with us—but men who have taken life under such circumstances as, before a jury, or in the hands of a

honest advocate, would have ensured their acquittal. In any case, only 30 per cent or so of the 2000 to 2500 men and women yearly sent down to hard labor are condemned as assassins. The rest—in nearly equal proportions—are either "vagrants" or men and women charged with one of the minor offences recapitulated above.

The Central Prisons were instituted with the idea of inflicting a punishment of the severest type. The idea was—there can, I am afraid, be no doubt about it—that you could not take too little trouble with convicts, nor get rid of them too soon. To this end these prisons were provided with such jailers and keepers—mostly military officers—as were renowned for cruelty with men; and these ruffians were gifted with full power over their charges and with full liberty of action, and had orders to be as harsh as possible. The end to which they were appointed has been magnificently attained ; the Central Prisons are so many practical hells ; the horrors of hard labor in Siberia have faded before them, and all those who have the experience of them are unanimous in declaring that the day a prisoner starts for Siberia is the happiest of his life.

Exploring these prisons as a "distinguished visitor," you will, if you are in search of emotions, be egregiously disappointed. You will see no more than a dirty building, crammed with idle inmates lounging and sprawling on the sloping, inclined platforms which run round the walls, and are covered with nothing but a sheet of filth. You may be permitted to visit a number of cells for "secret" or political cases ; and if you question the inmates, you will certainly be told by them that they are "quite satisfied with everything." To know the reality one must one's self have been a prisoner. Records of actual experience are few ; but they exist, and to one of the most striking I propose to refer. It was written by an officer who was condemned to hard labor for an assault committed in a moment of excitement, and who was pardoned by the Czar after a few years' detention. His story was published in a Conservative review (the *Russkaya Ryech*, for January, 1882) at a time, under Loris-Melikoff's administration, when there was much talk of

prison reform and some liberty in the press ; and there was not a journal that did not recognize the unimpeachable veracity of this tale. The experience of our friends wholly confirms it.

There is nothing uncommon in the account of the material circumstances of life in this Central Prison. They are in some sort invariable all over Russia. If we know that the jail was built for 250 inmates, and actually contained 400, we do not need to inquire more about sanitary conditions. In like manner, the food was neither better nor worse than elsewhere. Seven kopeks (1½d.) a day is a very poor allowance per prisoner, and the jailer and economie being family men, of course they save as much as they can. A quarter of a pound of black rye bread for breakfast ; a soup made of bull's heart and liver or of seven pounds of meat, twenty pounds of waste oats, twenty pounds of sour cabbage, and plenty of water—many Russian prisoners would consider it as an enviable food. The moral conditions of life are not so satisfying. All day long there is nothing to do—for weeks, and months, and years on end. There are workshops, it is true ; but to these only skilled craftsmen (whose achievement is the prison-keeper's prerequisite) are admitted. For the others there is neither work, nor hope of work, unless it is in stormy weather, when the governor may set one half of them to shovel the snow into heaps, and the other half to shovel it flat again. The blank monotony of their lives is only varied by chastisement. In the particular prison of which I am writing, the punishments were varied and ingenious. For smoking, and minor offences of that sort, a prisoner could get a two hours' kneeling on the bare flags, in a spot—the thoroughfare of icy winter winds—selected diligently *ad hoc*. The next punishment for the same minor offences was the black-holes—the warm one, and the cold one, underground, with a temperature at freezing point. In both, prisoners slept on the stones, and the term of durance depended on the will of the governor.

"Several of us," says our author, "were kept there for a fortnight ; after which they were literally *dragged out* into daylight and then dismissed to the

land where pain and suffering are not." Is it any wonder that during the four years over which the writer's experience extends, the average mortality in the prison should have been 30 per cent per annum? "It must not be thought," the writer goes on to say, "that those on whom penalties of this sort were inflicted were hardened desperadoes; we incurred them if we saved a morsel of bread from dinner for the supper, or if a match was found on a prisoner."

The "desperadoes" were treated after another fashion. One, for instance, was kept for nine months in solitary confinement in a dark cell—originally intended for cases of ophthalmia—and came out all but blind and mad. There is worse behind.

In the evening (he continues) the governor went his rounds and usually began his favorite occupation—flogging. A very narrow bench was brought out, and soon the place resounded with shrieks, while the governor, smoking a cigar, looked on and counted the lashes. The birch-rods were of exceptional size, and when not in use were kept immersed in water to make them more pliant. After the tenth lash the shrieking ceased, and nothing was heard but groans. Flogging was usually applied in batches, to five, ten men, or more, and when the execution was over, a great pool of blood would remain to mark the spot. Our neighbors without the walls used at these times to pass to the other side of the street, signing themselves in horror and dread. After every such scene we had two or three days of comparative peace; for the flogging had a soothing influence on the governor's nerves. He soon, however, became himself again. When he was very drunk, and his left mustache was dropping and limp, or when he went out shooting and came home with an empty bag, we knew that that same evening the rods would be set at work.

After this it is unnecessary to speak about many other revolting details of life in the same prison. But there is a touch that foreign visitors would do well to lay to heart.

On one occasion (the writer says) we were visited by an inspector of prisons. After casting a look down the scuttle, he asked us if our food was good? or was there anything of which we could complain? Not only did the inmates declare that they were completely satisfied, they even enumerated articles of diet which we had never so much as smelt. . . This sort of thing (he adds) is only natural. If complaints were made, the inspector would lecture the governor a little and go away; while the prisoners who made them would remain behind and be paid for their temerity with the rod or the black-hole.

The prison in question is close by St. Petersburg. What more remote provincial prisons are like, my readers may imagine. I have mentioned above those of Perm and Kharkoff; and, according to the *Golos*, the Central Prison at Simbirsk is a centre of peculation and thievery. Friends of mine report the same of the second Central Prison of the government of Kharkoff, where political convicts are detained. These latter are far worse off than their companions, the criminals. They are kept for three to five years in solitary confinement and in irons, in dark, damp cells that measure only ten feet by six, absolutely isolated from any intercourse with human beings. Knowing by two years and a half of personal experience what solitary confinement is, I do not hesitate to say that, as practised in Russia, it is one of the cruellest tortures man can suffer. The prisoner's health, however robust, is irreparably ruined. Military science teaches that in a beleaguered garrison which has been for several months on short rations, the mortality increases beyond any measure. This is still more true of men in solitary confinement. The want of fresh air, the lack of exercise for body and mind, the habit of silence, the absence of those thousand and one impressions which, when at liberty, we daily and hourly receive, the fact that we are open to no impressions that are not imaginative—all these combine to make solitary confinement a sure and cruel form of murder. If conversation with neighbor prisoners (by means of light knocks on the wall) is possible, it is a relief, the immensity of which can be duly appreciated only by one who was reduced for one or two years to absolute separation from all humanity. But it is also a new source of sufferings, as very often your own moral sufferings are increased by those you experience from witnessing day by day the growing madness of your neighbor, when you perceive in each of his messages the dreadful images that beset and overrun his tormented brain. That is the kind of confinement to which political prisoners are submitted when awaiting trial for three or four years. But it is still worse after the condemnation when they are brought to the Kharkoff Central Prison. Not only

the cells are darker and damper than elsewhere, and the food is worse than common (the allowance being five farthings a day); but, in addition, the prisoners are carefully maintained in absolute idleness. No books are allowed, and, of course no writing materials, and no implements for manual labor. No means of easing the tortured mind, nor anything on which to concentrate the morbid activity of the brain; and, in proportion as the body droops and sickens, the spirit becomes wilder and more desperate. Physical suffering is seldom or never insupportable; the annals of war, of martyrdom, of sickness, abound in instances in proof. But moral torment—after years of infliction—is utterly intolerable. This our friends have found to their cost. Shut up in the fortresses and houses of detention first of all, and afterward in the Central Prisons, they go rapidly to decay, and either go calmly to the grave, or become lunatics. They do not go mad as, after being outraged by gendarmes, Miss M., the promising young painter, went mad. She was bereft of reason instantly; her madness was simultaneous with her shame. Upon them insanity steals gradually and slowly; the mind rots in the body "from hour to hour."

In July, 1878 the life of the prisoners at the Kharkoff prison had become so insupportable, that six of them resolved to starve themselves to death. For a whole week they refused to eat; and when the governor-general ordered them to be fed by injection, such scenes ensued as obliged the prison authorities to abandon the idea. To seduce them back to life, officialism made them certain promises; as, for instance, to allow them walking exercise, and to take the sick out of irons. None of these promises were kept; and for five long years the survivors were left to the mercy of such a jailor as I have described. A few months ago a first party of our friends detained in Central Prisons were sent to the Kara mines (to make a total of 154 political prisoners, men and women, at these mines); they knew very well the fate that was reserved to them in Siberia, and still the day they left this hell was considered by all them as a happy day of deliverance. After the Central

Prison, hard labor in Siberia looks as a paradise.

It may seem that the harshness of solitary confinement in such conditions cannot be surpassed. But there is a harder fate in store for political prisoners in Russia. After the "Trial of the Sixteen" (November, 1880), Europe learned with satisfaction that out of five condemned to death, three had had their sentences commuted by the Czar. We now know what commutation means. Instead of being sent to Siberia, or to a Central Prison, according to law, they were immured in the fortress of Peter and Paul at St Petersburg, in cells contrived in what has been the ravelin.\* These are so dark that candles are burnt in them for twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. The walls are literally dripping with damp, and "there are pools of water on the floor." "Not only books are disallowed, but everything that might help to occupy the attention. Zoubkovsky made geometrical figures with his bread, to practice geometry; they were immediately taken away, the jailer saying that hard-labor convicts were not permitted to amuse themselves." To render solitary confinement still more insupportable, a gendarme and a soldier are stationed within the cells. The gendarme is continually on the watch, and if the prisoner looks at anything or at any point, he goes to see what has attracted his attention. The horrors of solitary confinement are thus aggravated tenfold. The quietest prisoner soon begins to hate the spies set over him, and is moved to frenzy by the mere fact of their presence. It is superfluous to add that the slightest disobedience is punished by blows and black-holes. All who were subjected to this *régime* fell ill in no time. After less than one year of it, Shiryaev had taken consumption; Okladsky—a robust and vigorous working man, whose remarkable speech to the court was reproduced by the London papers—had gone mad; Tikhonoff, a strong man likewise, was down with scurvy, and could not sit up in his bed. By a mere "commutation of sentence"

\* The authentic record of their imprisonment was published in the last number of the *Will of the People*, and reproduced in the publication *Na Rodinye* ("At Home").

the three were brought to death's door in a single year. Of the other five condemned to hard labor, and immured in the same fortress, two—Martynovsky and Tsukermann—went mad, and in that state were constantly black-holed, so that Martynovsky at last attempted suicide.

I cannot enter here into more details and give more facts to illustrate the fate of political and common law convicts in Russia. The foregoing give, however, some idea of it. The whole is summed up in a sentence of that record of prison life on which I have already drawn so largely and to such terrible purpose.

In conclusion (writes the author) I must add that the prison now rejoices in another governor. The old one quarrelled with the treasurer on the subject of peculation from the prisoners' allowance, and in the end they were both dismissed. The new governor is not such a *russian* as his predecessor; I understand, however, that with him the prisoners are starving far more than formerly, and that he is in the habit of giving his fists full play on the countenances of his charges.

This remark sums up the whole "Reform of Prisons" in Russia. One tyrant may be dismissed, but he will be succeeded by some one as bad, or even worse, than himself. It is not by changing a few men, but only by changing completely from top to bottom the whole system, that any amelioration can be made; and such is also the conclusion of a special committee recently appointed by the Government. But it would be mere self-delusion to conceive improvement possible under such a *régime* as we now enjoy. At least half a dozen commissions have already gone forth to inquire, and all have come to the conclusion that unless the Government is prepared to meet extraordinary expenses, our prisons must remain what they are. But honest and capable men are far more needed than money, and these the present Government cannot and will not discover. They exist in Russia, and they exist in great numbers; but their services are not required. Mr. Lansdell knew one, and has described him—Colonel Kononovitch, chief of the penal settlement at Kara. He has told us how, without any expense to the Crown, M. Kononovitch had repaired the weatherworn, rot-

ten buildings, and had made them more or less habitable; and how, with the microscopic means at his disposal, he contrived to improve the food; and all he has told is true. But M. Lansdell's praise, together with like praise contained in a letter intercepted on its way from Siberia, were sufficient reasons for rendering M. Kononovitch suspicious to our Government. He immediately was dismissed, and his successor received the order to reintroduce the iron rule of years past. The political convicts, who enjoyed a relative liberty after the legal term of imprisonment had expired, are in irons once more; not all, however, as two have preferred to commit suicide; and once more affairs are ordered as the Government desires to see them. Another gentleman, of whom Mr. Lansdell speaks, and justly, in high terms—General Pedashenko—has been dismissed too, for refusing to confirm a sentence of death which had been passed by a military tribunal on the convict Schedrin, found guilty of striking an officer for insulting two ladies, his fellow sufferers, Bogomolets and Kovalsky.

It is everywhere the same. To devote one's self to any educational work, or to the convict population, is inevitably to incur dismissal and disgrace. Near St. Petersburg we have a reformatory—a penal settlement for children and growing lads. To the cause of these poor creatures a gentleman named Herd—grandson of the famous Scotchman employed by Alexander I. in the reform of our prisons—had devoted himself body and soul. He had an abundance of energy and charm; his whole heart was in the work; he might have rivalled Pestalozzi. Under his ennobling influence boy-thieves and ruffians, penetrated with all the vices of the streets and the lock-ups, learned to be men in the best sense of the word. To send a boy away from the common labor grounds or from the classes was the greatest punishment admitted in this penal colony, which soon became a real model colony. But men like Herd are not the men our Government is in need of. He was dismissed his place, and the institution he ruled so wisely has become a genuine Russian prison, complete to the rod and the black-hole.

These examples are typical both of what we have to suffer and of what we have to expect. It is a fancy to imagine that anything could be reformed in our prisons. Our prisons are the reflection of the whole of our life under the present régime; and they will remain what they are now until the whole of our

system of government and the whole of our life have undergone a thorough change. Then, but only then, "Russia may show what it can realize;" but this, with regard to crime, would be—I hope—quite different from what is now understood under the name of "a good prison."—*The Nineteenth Century*.

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### A GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "*MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL*."

LOVE, will you let me in ?  
I am knocking at the door.  
Love, can I shelter win  
Close beside you, as of yore ?  
Of my grave I am aweary,  
Narrow, narrow, dark and dreary ;  
Wildly from its clasp I flew,  
Love, just to look at you.

I am so white and chill :  
Love, will you shrink away ?  
If you will not kiss me still  
Do not let me in, I pray.  
I have cross'd the mighty river :  
Will you fear me ? Do you shiver ?  
If your arms refuse to woo,  
Death is more kind than you.

Love, If *you* were a ghost  
And *I* were alive and warm—  
Ah, perhaps—I will not boast—  
I might shudder at your form ;  
I might flee before the presence  
Of an unembodied essence.  
Hush ! hush ! it is not true,  
Love, I should know 'twas *you*!

*Longman's Magazine.*

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### OTTOMAN POETRY.\*

BY STANLEY LANE POOLE.

\* It is difficult to explain the fact that

\* Ottoman Poems, translated into English verse in the original forms, with Introduction, Biographical Notices and Notes. By E. J. W. Gibb, M.R.A.S. (Trübner. 1882.)

*Geschichte der osmanischen Dichtkunst.* Von J. von Hammer-Purgstall. (4 vols. 1836.)

On the History, System, and Varieties, of Turkish Poetry. By J. W. Redhouse. (Trübner. 1879.)

after five centuries of close neighborhood to the Ottoman Turks we know almost nothing of their literature. The ordinary reader's acquaintance with Arabic and Persian poetry and history may be small enough, but at least the means of his instruction are at hand ; the chief classics in these languages have long been translated into English, French, or

German, and often into all three, and it is our own fault if we will not read them. Yet the connection between England and Persia has been comparatively insignificant, and until the conquest of India we had more to do with Turkish than with Arabic speaking races. All our relations, friendly and unfriendly, with Turkey have apparently encouraged us no whit in investigating the thoughts and songs of the Ottoman people. Our first secretaries or ambassadors at Constantinople write amusing books on the life of the capital, or rather the little of it they are allowed to see ; everybody who goes to Turkey can at least point to a magazine article to show that he has not neglected this interesting or unspeakable nation, accordingly as he views it ; but no one seems to trouble himself about seeing what the Turks have written of themselves. This is not because they have not written anything, for Turkish literature is of enormous extent. Von Hammer published extracts from over two thousand poets ; and the prose works on every department of science and in every branch of knowledge are like the stars in the sky for multitude. Whether this vast literature is good or bad we have not to decide at present ; to attempt to do so would be perhaps to beg the question we put to Orientalists as well as mere residents in Turkey, why they have not studied it ? Familiarity certainly cannot breed contempt in this instance, where familiarity is the very thing wanting. Whatever the reason may be, the fact remains undisputed, that there is hardly one famous Turkish classic to be found in an English translation, and very few Turkish books of any kind, if we except two or three volumes among the unwieldy and somewhat abortive publications of the well-meaning Oriental Translation Fund. The only scholar who seriously devoted himself to the study of Turkish history and literature was the German, Baron von Hammer, whose voluminous works are the foundation of almost all we know about the past of Turkey, and to whom Sir Edward Creasy was indebted for the materials of the useful work which generally serves as the sole representative of Ottoman knowledge in our libraries. Von Hammer, however, was sadly to seek in

the critical faculty, and he was more German than the Germans in his method and mass—in the excess of the latter at the expense of the former. His works are monumental in every sense, and consequently unsuited to general use. Every one who is obliged to work at any Turkish subject must borrow from him ; but no one will willingly take up his many volumes for the recreation of an idle hour. Von Hammer needed an interpreter, and he has found one for history in Sir E. Creasy, and now we believe for poetry in Mr. E. J. W. Gibb. The veteran translator to the Foreign Office is undoubtedly the scholar who could most completely introduce the literature of Turkey to English readers, but Mr. Redhouse has always had his hands too full of purely scholarly work to be able to devote himself to the task of popularizing those classics which his dictionary enables others to translate. His essay on Turkish poetry was, however, a new light to many students, and it is by his example and promptings that Mr. Gibb has been led to do the work which Mr. Redhouse is obliged to put aside.

Mr. Gibb's volume of translations of "Ottoman Poems" is the first important contribution to our knowledge of Turkish Belles-Lettres. We have seen here and there an isolated poem done into English, but there has hitherto been no systematic and comprehensive collection such as this, where we find pieces by sixty-five poets arranged in chronological order, from 'Ashik Pasha in 1332, at the very beginning of the Ottoman power, to contemporary writers. So wide and representative an anthology is too valuable a gift to be subjected to a fastidious criticism. Here we may wish for a little more, and there for a little less ; but the chief sentiment of all who read this charmingly printed and edited volume—with its interesting if somewhat pugnacious introduction, its essays on Turkish poetic literature and meters, and its biographical and explanatory notes—must be gratitude to the pioneer. Mr. Gibb is the first to bring Ottoman poetry within that comfortable reach which the English reader demands. Others may use his work and improve upon it, but meanwhile he is the first exponent of Ottoman poetry to

a faithless generation who know not Turkish.

Whether he has chosen quite the best manner of presenting a new poetry to an indifferent public is another question. He has followed the example of Mr. C. J. Lyall in retaining the metre of the original. In the case of ancient Arabic poetry the experiment was pre-eminently successful ; and it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Lyall's triumphant example should inspire others to follow in his steps. But in the pre-islamic poetry there was a certain rude desert flavor, which had to be retained at all hazards, and which Mr. Lyall was able to preserve in a marvellous degree by a skilful imitation of the original metres. Even here, however, the theory did not always work, and there are perhaps cases where a modern metre would have fitted the subject better. In Turkish poetry the peculiar national flavor (which was the chief incentive to the Arabic experiment) is practically wanting. Turkish poetry is not national. Its flavor is Persian, and is precisely similar to the general flavor of Mohammedan poetry, Arabic or Persian, under the influences of the petty courts which hastened the downfall of the Caliph's empire. There is nothing in the flavor particularly worth preserving ; the ideas, similes, and spirit could be reproduced apart from the original metre. Mr. Gibb, however, has thought it better to imitate the movement of the Turkish ; and it must be allowed that in so doing he has considerably increased the difficulties of his task, for the arrangement of rhymes in the Kasida and Gazel tries the resources of the English language to the utmost. We cannot say we think it was worth while to add to the troubles of translation, and infallibly introduce an element of uncouthness and strainedness, often approaching downright doggerel, merely for the sake of preserving the original metres. To our mind, a fairly close rendering into an appropriate modern and western measure would have been more pleasing and equally satisfactory. It is only fair, however, to add that no two scholars are agreed upon this moot point of translation, and that, having decided to retain the Turkish metres, Mr. Gibb has reproduced them with considerable skill.

The want of national flavor to which we have referred, the absence of anything characteristic and original, has undoubtedly had much to do with the mean reputation which Ottoman poetry has enjoyed in Europe. In poetry, as in everything else, the Turks are not an inventive people. Except in the art of war, they have originated nothing ; and the vast bulk of their literature is made up of translations and imitations. It is not for us in the present day to throw stones at them, when our modern versifiers are wasting their skill in copying the forms and style of mediæval French poetry, and our painters are trying to imitate the early art of Italy, as it was before the lines and proportions of the *bel corpo ignudo* were studied or understood. We live in an age of copyists, and it is not fair to blame the Turks for doing what we aim at ourselves. Nor does it follow that an imitated literature must necessarily be uninteresting. Terence is a copyist, but he is very good reading ; and the greater part of Latin poetry is mere imitation of the Greek, yet we are not disposed to put it on the shelf as unworthy of study and admiration. Still no one pretends that the Roman copy is equal to the Hellenic original ; and in the same way a certain element of inferiority must inevitably attach to the Turkish reproductions of Persian ideas and poetic forms.

Nothing, however, could be more natural than that the Ottoman writers should follow in the steps of the Persians. When the little Turkish clan under Ertugrul began to establish itself in the thirteenth century among the decaying remnants of the Seljukian kingdom of Anatolia, it found the whole country immersed in Persian ideas. The Seljuks had lived long in Persia, and were deeply imbued with the ways of thought which characterized the nation they had conquered ; and in their case, as before with the Arabs, the conquered had become the teachers of the conquerors. Johnausy and Nizāmī had already written their masterpieces before the name of Ottoman was heard, and at the time of their settlement in Asia Minor, Sa'dy and Jelal-ed-din Rumy were attracting the admiration of the eastern world. The latter was a resi-

dent at Iconium, the Seljukian capital, and his mystical verses, or *Mesnevis*, of which Mr. Redhouse has published a translation, impressed their character upon the whole literature of the new power then rising in Anatolia.

"A peculiarity of Persian and Ottoman poetry is, that it almost always possesses, beneath its literal meaning, a subtle esoteric spiritual signification. Many poems, of which the *Mesnevi* of Jelal-ed-din and the *Divan* of 'Ashik Pasha are examples, are confessedly religious, moral, or mystic works; but a much larger number are allegorical. To this latter class belong almost all the long romantic *Mesnevis* of the Persian and Ottoman poets; in the stories of the loves of Leyl and Mejinin, Yusuf and Zuleyka, Khusrev and Shirin, Selämän and Ebsäl, and a hundred of like kind, we can see pictured, if we look beneath the surface, the longing of the soul of man for God, or the yearning of the human heart after heavenly light and wisdom. There is not a character introduced into these romances but represents some passion, not an incident but has some spiritual meaning. In the history of Iskender (or Alexander) we watch the noble human soul in its struggles against the powers of this world, and, when aided by God and guided by the heavenly wisdom and religious teachers, its ultimate victory over every earthly passion, and its attainment of that point of divine serenity whence it can look calmly down on all sublunary things.

"Of a similar character are the odes called *Gazels*; these little poems, though outwardly mere voluptuous or Bacchanalian songs, are in reality the outpouring of hearts overwhelmed, or as they themselves express it, drunken with the love of God. He is that Fair One whom they so eagerly entreat to come to them, to throw off the veil that conceals his perfect beauty from the sight of their comprehension. Every word in these effusions has its spiritual or mystic signification, well known to the initiated; thus, the *mistress* is God; the *lover*, man; the *trusses*, the mystery of the Godhead, or its impenetrable attributes; the *waist*, that state when nought remains to veil the lover from the divine glories; the *ruby lip*, the unheard but understood word of God; the *embrace*, the discovery of the mysteries of the Godhead; *absence* or *separation* is the non-recognition of the unity of God; *union*, His unity or the seeing of Him face to face; *wine* means the divine love; the *cupseller*, the spiritual instructor, the giver of the goblet of celestial aspiration and love; the *libertine*, the saint who thinks no more of human conventionalities; the *tavern*, a place where one mortifies sensuality, and relinques his name and fame; the *sephyr*, the breathing of the spirit; the *taper*, the divine light kindling the torch, the heart of the *lover*, man. And so on, through every detail is the allegory maintained."—GIBB, xxvii.—xxix.

Not only has Persia imparted its mystic spirit to the Ottoman muse, but its very

history and mythology have been similarly borrowed. In Turkish poetry we read nothing of the old heroes of the clans before they left their homes by the Caspian, nothing of their ancient divinities and superstitions. The heroes of the Ottoman poet are Rustem and Jemshid, Key-Khusrev and Feridün, the familiar names of the Persian epic; the ideal lovers are not Turks, but Leyl and Mejinin, Khusrev and Shirin. And when tone and idea and *dramatis persona* are borrowed, it is not astonishing to find that the metres and forms of Turkish poetry are entirely Persian, or Arabic through a Persian medium. The immense majority of Turkish poems fall metrically into one of two great divisions. The first is the Arabian lyric, or *Kasida*, in which the second hemistichs of all the couplets (all Mohammedan poetry is constructed upon couplets) rhyme together throughout the piece, no matter how long it is; the usual Persian and Turkish variety of the *Kasida* is however very short, generally of a dozen or twenty lines, and is called a *Gazel*. The other division of Ottoman poetry is the *Mesnevî*, a Persian metre, in which the two hemistichs of each couplet rhyme together, without any reference to the rhymes of preceding or following couplets. The *Gazel* is used chiefly for love-poems, praise of wine, and "vignettes from nature"; it is the Sonnet of the East. The *Mesnevî* corresponds rather to the heroic couplets of Pope, and is used for long romances and epics, generally of a more or less mystical character, such as the *Iskender Nama*, *Yüsuf* and *Zuleyka*, *Selämän* and *Ebsäl* and the like. Mr. Gibb's volume abounds in *Gazels* of every variety; in no form of verse did the Ottoman poets delight so much, and (as with the sonnet) in none could the mere *technique* of versifying be better displayed. The following mystical *Gazel*,\* by Sultan Suleyman I. the Great (1566), will serve as an example. It has the peculiarity of a *redîf*, or the addition of identical words after the rhyme at the end of each second hemistich:

\* The metre is — — — | — — — |  
— — — | — — — | — — — |  
— — — | — — — | — — — |

1. He who poverty electeth, hall and *fame* desireth not ;  
Than the food of woe aught other bread to gain desireth not.
2. He who, kinglike, on the throne of blest contentment sits aloft,  
O'er the seven climes as Sultan high to reign desireth not.
3. He, who in his bosom strikes his nails, and opens the wound afresh,  
On the garden looks not, sight of rosy *lane* desireth not.
4. He who is of Love's true subjects bideth in the Fair One's ward,  
Wandering there distracted, mountain lone or *plain* desireth not.
5. O Muhibby, he who drinketh from the loved one's hand a glass,  
E'en from Khizr's hand life's water bright to drain desireth not. (35.)

The *Mesnevî*, being employed chiefly in long narrative poems, is not so easily represented in a volume of selections. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Gibb might have chosen more and better examples of this characteristic Persian form than he has included. The extracts from Sheykhî's Khusrev and Shirîn, and Fuzûlî's Leyly and Mejnûn are not interesting, though here and there a fine image presents itself. The following somewhat frivolous description of Greek women, written by Fâzil Bey at the end of the last century, must serve as a specimen of Mesnevî verse :

O thou, the bell upon the church of pain !  
O thou, the pride of all the messianic train !  
Source of being ! If a mistress thou shouldst seek  
Then, I pray thee, let thy loved one be a Greek.  
Unto her the fancies of the joyous bend,  
For there's leave to woo the Grecian girl, my friend !  
Caskets of coquetry are the Grecian maids,  
And their grace the rest of womankind degrades.  
What that slender waist, so delicate and slight !  
What those gentle words the sweet tongue doth indite !  
What those blandishments, that heart-attracting talk !  
What that elegance—that heart attracting walk !  
What that figure as a cypress tall and free—  
In the park of God's creation a young tree !  
What those attitudes, those motions wondrous fair !  
What that glance inebrate that showeth there !  
Given those disdainful airs to her alone,  
And her legacy that accent and that tone.  
All those letters on her sweet tongue's tip are rolled,  
And those words with many graces she'll unfold :  
Strung the regal pearls of her enchanting speech,  
Pounded seem they when her gentle mouth they reach ;

To her tongue if come a letter harsh to say,  
Then her sweet mouth causeth it to melt away. . . .  
Moving lithely, she from side to side will turn,  
That the hearts of all her lovers she may burn.  
That cap which on one side she gayly wears ;  
Those jaunty step ; those joyous heedless airs ;  
Those motions—they are just what me delight ;  
And her tripping on two toes, how fair a sight !  
'Twas as though with fire her pathway were laid,  
That would burn the feet of yonder moon-like maid :  
Thou wouldst deem her lovers' hearts upon her way,  
Burning with their love for her all scattered lay,  
etc. (142—4.)

We have seen that Turkish poetry was originally Persian and religious in character. Persian it remains to the present day, but its religious tone has considerably abated since the conquest of Constantinople. European influence, wider views, and increased luxury and civilization have had their share in this change ; but much is to be attributed to the influence of the Court itself. Ottoman poetry is essentially a court poetry, just as for that matter the pure Ottomans themselves are a court party rather than a nation. In no country has "royalty" taken so active a part in polite literature. The custom of writing verse indeed comes down from early Muslim times ; the caliphs were always fond of poetry, and many of them, notably the good Haroun Alrashid, could turn off a fair copy of verses. But with the Ottoman it was the rule. No less than fourteen sultans, to say nothing of princes of the blood, pashas, high admirals, and other dignitaries, appear as poets in Mr. Gibb's selections. We cannot affirm that their verse is good, for the specimen already given from Sultan Suleymân I. is above the average, and there is not a single poem by any Sultan in this volume that can strictly be called remarkable. Nevertheless they did write. Already in the beginning of the fifteenth century, Ahmad Da'y's "gay and flowing songs of love and wine found high favor at the joyous court which Prince Suleymân, son of Bayezid I., held at Adrianople, when the empire was for a time rent in pieces—the result of that terrible day when the Ottoman flag went down before Timur, on the plain of Angora." Murâd II. (Amurath), nephew of this Suleymân, and his son Mohammad II.,

conqueror of Constantinople, were both accounted "good poets;" but still higher stood the poetic fame of that unhappy Prince Jem, son of the conqueror, whose exile forms one of the most romantic episodes in Turkish history. Prince Jem's melancholy fate expresses itself in his verse :

Lo ! there the torrent, dashing against the rocks,  
doth wildly roll ;  
The whole wide realm of space and being  
ruth hath on my soul.  
Through bitterness of grief and woe the morn  
hath rent its robe ;  
See ! O in dawning's place, the sky weeps blood  
without control !  
Tears shedding o'er the mountain tops the  
clouds of heaven pass ;  
Hear ! deep the bursting thunder sobs and  
moans through stress of dole. (20.)

From Murād II. to Murād IV., twelve successive sultans whose reigns covered two centuries (1421-1623), all wrote poetry that has been preserved. And not only did the imperial sun thus deign to illuminate earthly paper, but his example infected the nobles of his court. We find the Grand Vizir Mahumūd Pasha, the conqueror of Negroponte, writing Gazels ; and Kemāl Pasha Zada reciting the history of Egypt to Selīm I. in choice Turkish verse, as they rode together to the conquest of that country. Sir Garnet Wolseley had no poet on his staff to beguile his voyage to Alexandria with an epic on the Wars of Thothmes or the Building of the Pyramids of Gizeh ; in Turkey they managed the commissariat better ! Officials of all ranks, capitán paschas and common janisaries ; mollahs and ladies—there are five poetesses in the collection—all devoted themselves assiduously to the manufacture of verse ; such was the power of an imperial example ! The greater poets of Turkey, however, are not high dignitaries or princes. Many of them are sons of mechanics, cutlers, sadlers, shoemakers ; others brought up to the law or medicine ; but few of any rank or wealth. Their numbers and their merits rise and fall as the tide of Turkish glory flows and ebbs. It is ever in a period of strong national feeling that the poetry of a people is called forth ; and it was in the golden prime of Sultan Suleyman, when the confines of the empire were at their broadest, when justice and order were supreme, when the name and fame of

the Ottoman Empire stood higher than ever before or since, that the opportunity of Turkish poetry arrived, and with it came the greatest masters of the art. To the age of Suleyman and his immediate predecessor belongs the galaxy of Ottoman song which is comprehended in the names of Mesihy, Fuzūly, Lāmi'y, Gazāly, Fazly, and Bāky. In fact all the best Turkish poetry belongs to this period, which may be roughly identified with the sixteenth century, and thus partly coincides with our Elizabethan era. We wish we could know something more of the lights of this noontide of poetry. The biographical notices are lamentably meagre, and the personality of most of the poets is vague and indistinct. The most we can know of them is through their verse, and that only makes us wish to learn more. We can, however, see that one of the most salient characteristics of the poets of this age was a close observation and unaffected love of nature. We can observe this also in Persian poetry, but hardly to the same extent. There is an unmistakable genuineness in this fragment of a description of Spring by Mesihy, a poet of Uskub († 1512) :

Up, from indolent sleep the eyes of the flowers  
to awake,  
Over their faces each dawn the cloudlets of  
springwater shake ;  
Denisons all of the mead now with new life are  
so filled,  
That, were its foot not secured, into dancing  
the cypress would break.  
Roses' fair cheeks to describe, all of their beauty  
to tell,  
Lines on the clear river's page raindrops and  
light ripples make :  
Silvery rings, thou wouldest say, they hung in  
the bright water's ear,  
When the fresh raindrops of spring fall on  
the stretch of the lake, etc. (27.)

And the same poet's *Murebba* (a series of strophes with a refrain) on the same theme is not less true or graceful :

Hark the Bulbul's lay so joyous : " Now have  
come the days of spring,"  
Merry shows and crowds on every mead they  
spread, a maze of spring,  
There the almond tree its silver blossom scatters,  
sprays of spring,  
Drink, be gay, for soon will vanish, biding not,  
the days of spring.  
Past the moments when with sickness were the  
ailing herbs opprest,  
When the garden's care, the rosebud, hid its  
sad head in its breast,

Come is now the time when hill and rock with tulips dense are drest :  
Drink, be gay, for soon will vanish, biding not, the days of spring, etc. (28.)

We may compare with these the following extract from Lāmi'y's († 1531) beautiful Ode on Autumn, where, however, the retaining of the original metre\* is a decided bar to the enjoyment of the verse :

O sad heart come, distraction's hour is now high ;  
The air's cool, 'midst the fields to sit the time nigh.  
The sun bath to the balance, Joseph-like passed,  
The year's Zuleyka hath her gold hoard wide cast.  
By winds bronzed, like the sun, the quince's face glows ;  
Its Pleiad's clusters hanging forth the vine shows.  
In saffron flowerets have the meads themselves dight ;  
The trees, all scorched, to gold have turned and shine bright.  
The gilded leaves in showers falling to earth gleam,  
With gold fish filled doth glisten brightly each stream.  
Amidst the yellow foliage perched the black crows,  
As tulip saffron-hued that spotted cup shows.  
A yellow-plumaged bird now every tree stands,  
Which shakes itself and feathers sheds on all hands.  
Each vine leaf paints its face, bride-like, with gold ink ;  
The brook doth silver anklets round the vine link.  
The plane-tree hath its hands with henna red-dyed,  
And stands there of the parterre's court the fair bride. (37—8.)

On the whole the Mesnevî form, of which the last is an example, appears better suited to the description of nature than the Gazel, such as this by the famous Bâky († 1600), which treats of the same subject :

Lo ! ne'er a trace or sign of springtide's beauty doth remain ;  
Fall'n amidst the garden lie the leaves, now all their glory vain.  
Bleak stand the orchard trees, all clad in tattered dervish rags,  
Dark autumn's blast hath torn away the hands from off the plane.  
From each hillside they come and cast their gold low at the feet  
Of garden trees, as hoped the streams from those some boon to gain.  
Stay not within the parterre, let it tremble with its shame ;

Bare every shrub, this day doth naught or leave or fruit retain.  
Bâky, within the garden lies full many a fallen leaf ;  
Low lying there, it seems they 'gainst the winds of fate complain. (87.)

The appreciation of nature shown in these and similar pieces is the best feature of Ottoman poetry, and it is the more remarkable because there is nothing in the Turkish character that would lead one to anticipate it. The love-poetry, on the other hand, which might have been expected to be at least genuine and passionate, is singularly disappointing. A great deal of this may be due to the frequent undercurrent of mysticism, whence it comes that it is often impossible to decide whether a sonnet is really intended for the mistress's eyebrow, or for the divine object of the soul's yearning. A confusion of purpose such as this must be infinitely trying, not only to the mistress, but to the art of poetry itself ; and the result is an artificiality and want of impromptu which strikes coldly upon the imagination. The following is a fair specimen of Fuzûlî's love-songs :

Attar within vase of crystal, such thy fair form silkgowned,  
And thy breast is gleaming water, where the bubbles clear abound ;  
Thou so bright none who may gaze upon thee on the earth is found ;  
Bold wert thou to cast the veil off, standing forth with garland crowned :  
Not a doubt but woe and ruin all the wide world must confound !

Lures the heart thy gilded palace, points it to thy lips the way ;  
Eagerly the ear doth listen for the words thy rubies say ;  
Near thy hair the comb remaineth, I despairing far away ;  
Bites the comb, each curling ringlet, when it through thy locks doth stray ;  
Jealous at the sight, my heart's thread agonized goes curling round, etc. (60.)

There are some excellent " conceits " in this ; but it has not the true ring, and the following gazel (with a *redif*) of Bâky, the greatest of Ottoman poets, is even more forced and artificial :  
Tulip-cheeked ones over rosy field and plain stray all around,  
Mead and garden cross they, looking wistful each way, all around,  
These the lovers true of radiant faces, ay, but who the fair ?  
Lissom cypress, thou it is whom eager seek they all around :

\* It is scanned alike in both hemistichs :  
— — | — — | — — |.

Band on band, Woe's legions camped before  
the City of the Heart,  
There together leagued sat Sorrow, Pain,  
Strife, Dismay, all around.  
From my weeping flows the river of my tears  
on every side,  
Like an ocean 'tis again a sea that casts spray  
all around ;  
For through all the seven climates have the  
words of Bityk gone,  
This resolute verse recited shall be alway, all  
around. (88.)

The decline of Turkish poetry, which succeeded the splendor of Suleyman's epoch, seems to have produced a warmer feeling, as these lines of Atay (1635) witness :

Ah ! that once again my heart with blood is  
filled like beaker high ;  
At the feast of parting from my love I fell, and  
prostrate lie.  
O'er this wildred heart the gleam of frenzy  
conquering doth fly ;  
In the valley of distraction ne'er a guide can I  
descry.  
Heedless mistress ! loveless fortune ! ever-  
shifting, restless sky !  
Sorrows many ! friends not any ! strong-star-  
red foeman ! feeble I !  
  
E'en a moment at the feast of woes from tears  
can I refrain ?  
How shall not the wine, my tears, down rolling  
all my vesture stain ?  
Can it be within one breath I should not like  
the reed complain ?  
Sad, confused, like end of banquet, why then  
should not I remain ?  
Heedless mistress ! loveless fortune ! ever-  
shifting, restless sky !  
Sorrows many ! friends not any ! strong-star-  
red foeman ! feeble I ! (100.)

The love of all these poems, however, seems to us a manufactured article, spun to order, rather than the outcome of a real emotion. It was, perhaps, the inevitable result of a court-patronized poetry that this should be so. The simple overwhelming passion of love does not flourish in palaces, as a rule, and least of all under the conditions of palace life at Stamboul. It is, therefore, scarcely surprising that there should be so little of the unselfish, chivalrous side of love in the verse of the court poets of Constantinople. Under the circumstances it could hardly be "tender and true." Yet it would be unfair to say that the genuine touch of love is always lacking, as these lines of Fazil (translated by Mr. Redhouse) on the death of a lady prove :

Ah ! thou'rt laid her low, yet flushed with life,  
cup-bearer of the sphere !  
Scarce the glass of joy was tasted when the  
bowl of fate brimmed o'er :  
Hold her, O thou Earth, full gently ; smile on  
her, O Trusted One !  
For a wide world's king this fair pearl as his  
heart's own darling wore. (219.)

The tender side of love comes out best in elegies such as this, and there are several in Mr. Gibb's volume which might be placed by its side. Perhaps the most plaintive and unaffected lament of this kind is the Farewell Ode written by 'Arif (1713), not on the death, but the absence of his friend :

O my joy, thou art gone, and my sad weeping  
heart hast borne indeed,  
And my breast by bitter parting's raging fire's  
all worn indeed ;  
Grief for thee in hundred pieces hath my raiment  
torn indeed ;  
Be thy escort on the journey tears I weep  
forlorn indeed.  
Thou art gone and longing for thee makes my  
heart to mourn indeed ;  
Without thee, banquets where friends meet  
—all I have forsaken indeed.

Wheresoe'er thy footsteps wander be the aid  
of God thy guide ;  
As the pilot to thy wishes be his grace, ay at  
thy side ;  
Shadow of thy crown of glory may the huma's  
wing provide,  
Ah ! may ever joyous, happy fortune on thy  
path abide !  
Thou art gone, and longing for thee makes  
my heart to mourn indeed ;  
Without thee, banquets where friends meet—  
all I have forsaken indeed.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Though I'm far now from the shadow of thy  
love, O cypress straight,  
Still my prayers I may offer for thy happiness  
of state.  
Think at times upon thy servant, 'Arif, sitting  
desolate ;  
Him from near thy skirt of kindness taken  
hath his darksome fate.  
Thou art gone, and longing for thee makes  
my heart to mourn indeed ;  
Without thee, banquets where friends meet  
—all I have forsaken indeed. (119-20.)

One of the curiosities of Ottoman poetry is a war-correspondence carried on in formal verse. Hâfir Pasha, the Grand Vizir of Murâd IV., having failed to recover Bagdad from the Persians, sent the following gazel-despatch to the Sultan, asking for reinforcements :

Round us foes throng, host to aid us here in  
sad plight is there none ?  
In the cause of God to combat, chief of tried  
might is there none ?

None who will checkmate the foe, castle to castle, face to face,  
In the battle who will Queen-like guide the brave Knight, is there none?  
'Midst a fearful whirlpool we are fallen helpless, send us aid;  
Us to rescue, a strong swimmer in our friends' sight, is there none?  
'Midst the fight to be our comrade, head to give or heads to take;  
On the field of earth a hero of renown bright is there none?  
Know we not wherefore in turning off our woes ye thus delay?  
Day of reckoning, ay and question of the poor's plight, is there none?  
With us midst the foeman's flaming streams of scorching fire to plunge  
Salamander with experience of Fate dight is there none?  
This our letter to the court of Sultan Murâd quick to bear  
Pigeon, rapid as the stormwind in its swift flight, is there none. (103.)

To which Sultan Murâd replied in a similar gazel, on the same rhyme, and retaining the metaphor from the chess-board; he censured the general for his assumed incapacity and venality:

To relieve Bahdad, O Hafiz, man of tried might is there none?  
Aid from us thou seekest then with thee host of fame bright is there none?  
"I'm the Queen the foe who'll checkmate," thus it was that thou didst say,  
Room for action now against him with the brave Knight is there none?  
Though we know thou hast no rival in vain-glorious empty boasts,  
Yet to take dread vengeance on thee, say a judge right is there none?  
Whilst thou layest claim to manhood, whence this cowardice of thine?  
Thou art frightened, yet beside thee fearing no fight is there none?  
Heedless of thy duty thou, the Râfîzis have ta'en Bahdad,  
Shall not God thy foe be, Day of Reckoning sure, right is there none?  
They have recked Abu-Hanifa's city through thy lack of care:  
O in thee of Islam's and the Prophet's, zeal light is there none?  
God, who favored us, whilst yet we knew not, with the Sultanate,  
Shall again accord Bahdad, decree of God's might, is there none?  
Thou hast brought on Islam's army direful ruin with thy bribes;  
Have we not heard how thou sayest: "Word of this foul blight is there none?"  
With the aid of God, fell vengeance on the enemy to take  
By me, skilled and aged Vizir, pious, zealdight, is there none?  
Now shall I appoint commander a Vizir of high emprise;  
Will not Khîzr and the Prophet aid him? guide right is there none?

It is that thou dost the whole world void and empty now conceive?  
Of the seven shines Murâd, king of high might, is there none?

In spite of this reproof, Murâd loved his vizir, who was indeed a brave and accomplished man, and ill-deserved the miserable fate which befell him. The disaffected spahis of Stamboul, in one of their revolts, demanded the head of Hâfiz. It was a question between the Vizir's head and the Sultan's throne. Murâd was determined to save his favorite; but the gallant Vizir knew the danger of the situation, and having performed the ablution of those about to die, came forth, and saying to the Sultan: "My Padishah, may a thousand slaves like Hâfiz die for thee," and repeating a prayer, walked out to be cut in pieces by the rioters. One is glad to think the Sultan took a sanguinary vengeance on the murderers.

There is very little war-poetry in the volume, although war was the one thing the Ottomans really understood. Sultan Mohammad II. indeed composed a somewhat goody gazel on his zeal for Allah and desire to crush the infidels, and Selim I., the next great warrior sultan, the annexer of Syria and Egypt, wrote the following ode to his own conquests:

From Istamböl's throne a mighty host to Irân guided I;  
Sunken deep in blood of shame I made the Golden Heads to lie.  
Glad the Slave, my resolution, lord of Egypt's realm became;  
Thus I raised my royal banner e'en as the Nine Heavens high.  
From the kingdom fair of Irâk to Hijâz then tidings sped,  
When I played the harp of Heavenly Aid at feast of victory.  
Through by sabre Transoxania (*sic*) drowned was in a sea of blood;  
Emptied I of kuhl of Isfahân the adversary's eye.  
Flowed adown a River Amu from each foe-man's every hair—  
Rolled the sweat of terror's fever—if I happed him to espy.  
Bishop-mated was the King of India by my Queenly troops,  
When I played the chess of empire on the board of sov'reignty.  
O Sellmy, in thy name was struck the coinage of the world,  
When in crucible of Love Divine, like gold, that melted I. (33.)

A somewhat effusive ode of triumph,

on the Capitan Pasha's victory over the French was composed by Wâsif ; but the only real war-song is the following vigorous piece, written by Raf'at Beg, in the present century :

Our hopes, our thoughts, are for the weal of  
our dear native land ;  
Our bodies form the rampart strong to guard  
our frontier strand :  
We're Ottomans—a gory shroud our robe of  
honor grand.  
“ God is most great ! ” we shout in rush  
and charge on field of fight :  
We're Ottomans ! our lives we give, our  
gain is glory bright.

The name of Ottoman with terror doth the  
hearer thrill ;  
The glories of our valiant fathers all the wide  
world fill ;  
Think not that nature changeth—nay this blood  
is yon blood still.  
“ God is most great ! ” we shout in rush  
and charge on field of fight :  
We're Ottomans ! our lives we give, our  
gain is glory bright.

Then let the cannon roar and shower its  
flames on every side !  
For these our brothers brave, let heaven ope  
its portals wide !  
What have we found on earth that one from  
death should flee or hide ?  
“ God is most great ! ” we shout in rush and  
charge on field of fight :  
We're Ottomans ! our lives we give ! our  
gain is glory bright. (157.)

This has something of the true ring in it—something of the clash of steel. It is just the lack of this, the want of warmth, and earnestness, and sincerity, that makes us close Mr. Gibb's beautiful volume with a sense of disappointment. After all, this Ottoman poetry which he has taken so much pains to introduce to English readers is a hollow, unreal thing. It is a court poetry, and bears the stamp of a court's limitations and conventionalities. It is not even an original court poetry, for, as Mr. Gibb admits, it is “ Persian in form, Persian in tone, and generally Persian in subject ; even the Arabian ray comes to it through a Persian medium.” And the poetry of which it is an imitation is itself mannered and artificial. Hence Ottoman poetry is doubly conventional ; the faults of the Persian are exaggerated, and no new or countervailing element is introduced. Graceful it is, like the Persian ; but it is the finicking elegance of a *minuet de la cour*, not the natural grace of a Highland lass's step.

Strength is the quality we miss in most Persian poetry, and the little that was masculine in it is finally eliminated in its cispontine *replica*. There's nothing robust about Ottoman poetry, nothing healthy or vigorous in its love or its patriotism. Everywhere we trace the effects of a luxurious, artificial life in a metropolis, where the natural growth of genius is cramped and pressed into the groove of convention, and poetic art is no longer a living inspiration, but a cast from a dead face.

This is Ottoman poetry ; but is it Turkish ? Can it in any adequate sense be regarded as the expression of the national feeling of the Turkish race ? Assuredly not. What we have been reading is the conventional poetry of the Turkish court and capital ; there must also be a poetry of the common folk and of the country.

No such popular poetry of the Turks is known in literature, but it certainly exists in the mouth of the people, whose delight in their ballads is hardly inferior to their enjoyment of the tales of the story-tellers or the performances of Karaguz. We remember reading a curious essay by Vámbéry in the Journal of the German Oriental Society, on a Turkoman poet whom the ingenious Hungarian professor had unearthed. Turkoman is very much the same thing as Turk, and this Machdumkuli spoke a language nearly related to the dialect of the Ottomans. He was one of those dervishes who exert so wonderful an influence among the wanderers of the Steppes ; and he belonged to the Göklen, a tribe famous for its poetic gifts. The dervish who added the eloquence of the bard to the sanctity of the ascetic, possessed a power irresistible among the Turkomans ; and when one of these saintly Troubadours approached an encampment, staff in hand, and two-stringed dutara hanging from his neck, he was sure of a welcome and an eager audience. As he sang, the folk would be more moved than by all the fervor of the Ulema, and his words and maxims would go down to posterity with an authority which rivalled that of the blessed Koran itself. Professor Vámbéry's hero, Machdumkuli, was a fine specimen of these dervish poets. His influence, though he has been dead a century, is still powerful for good among

his people, and his verses are treasured as sacred legacies. His poetry is above all things religious and patriotic. He was a thorough Turkoman, and his "divan" abounds in patriotic poems which possess that *verve* and *lilt* which we miss in Ottoman verse. Here is an example of a real Turkish ballad :

'Tis the troop of the Yomuts and Göklens a-move;  
None knows whence they come nor whither they rove;  
From lands far remote and broad pastures they tramp,  
No man knows their way nor the place where they camp.  
Let the "Raven" engage with the "Hawk" in bataille,  
And the rocks and hills shake at the clash of their mail;  
None knows how their feet cling to earth in the shocks,  
Nor which is the "Lion," the "Wolf," and the "Fox."  
There are three thousand heroes with lances to heel,  
Four thousand with muskets of glittering steel;  
When the Tekkés come rushing like hailstones a-down,  
None knows who's the nomad and who the dull clown.  
Like the rush of the storm-wind, they seize Isfahan,  
And hamlets whose number no cipher can span.  
Machdumkuli ! Lion Aly is there on the field !  
See how Omar and Othman their shining blades wield !  
The world is full-filled with the neighing of steeds :  
Is this earth, or but dust, lies on Khorassan meads ?

Machdumkuli is as mystical as any Ottoman, but his mysticism is not a conceit ; it comes naturally and spontaneously from his heart. And dervish as he was, the Turkoman poet could sing a love-song better than all the Sultans and Pashas we have been studying. Doubtless it is meant mystically, but this little piece has more of the man in it than all that the Muse of Stamboul has recited :

Two score journeys over the sea,  
If the darling would only beckon to me !  
Forty years would I carry my chain,  
Or wander for sixty, for one week's bliss—  
Life for a look were too easy a gain,

Would my dear one but turn me her beauty,  
I wiss.

And if I am worthy to see her, still  
Must the pain of our parting my heartstrings thrill ?

At the touch of hope all sorrow would flee,  
Would the door of her palace but open to me !\*

It is a popular poetry like this that we seek among the Turks. Will not Mr. Gibb, who has so ably introduced us to the court poetry of Brusa and Constantinople, turn his attention to the task of rescuing the ballads and songs of the Turkish people, wherever they may be found, from an oblivion which is more to be regretted than that ignorance of Ottoman poetry which he has so valiantly attacked ? We are glad to be instructed in the character of Ottoman verse, but we should be more glad to learn something of a national Turkish poetry. "Poetry is not confined to books," says Festus ; and we confess that Ottoman poetry is too booky, too much of a literary machine. What we seek is that spirit of the poet to which "all things were inspiration"—

Wood, wold, hill, field, sea, city, solitude,  
And crowds, and streets, and man where'er he was ;  
And the blue eye of God which is above us ;  
Brook-bounded pine spinnies where spirits flit ;  
And haunted pits the rustic hurries by,  
Where cold, wet ghosts sit ringing jingling bells ;  
Old orchards' leaf-roofed aisles, and red-checked load ;  
And the blood-colored tears which yew-trees weep  
O'er churchyard graves, like murderers remorseful.

The eastern poet may not see these very sights, but whatever he does see must enter into his poetry. This is just what does not come into Ottoman verse ; the court poet writes only of things he does not see—things of conventional poetic fiction. Let Mr. Gibb see if he can find some national poetry in the Turkish race.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

\* See "A Turkoman Poet," in the *Saturday Review*, Jan. 3d, 1880.

## ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE is dead. There is no need for me either to write his life or to criticise his writings. That has been done plentifully already by others. But, as it happened, it was my lot to see very nearly the last of him before the seizure which took him from us, I feel a kind of call to put on record a few remembrances of him during the present and last years. He was not an old friend of mine, though, but for the chances of an examination, he easily might have been. He was eight years older than I ; so it must have been about the year 1833 that he stood for a scholarship at Trinity. He was not elected, and Mr. Arthur Kensington, who was tutor in my earliest days, was. Mr. Kensington, if he be still alive, is lost to the world. But he was a fine scholar and a man whom everybody was fond of. Still I think we should have been well pleased to reckon either the creator of *Barchester* or the champion of Cicero among the scholars and fellows of Sir Thomas Pope.

This little fact in his early life was told me by Mr. Trollope last year. It was then that I made his personal acquaintance at Rome. I saw him there for the first time on March 29th, 1881. I had longed wished to see him. Some may remember that, about a dozen years before that time, I had a controversy with him on the question of the "Morality of Field Sports." Mr. Trollope answered an article of mine which appeared under that heading in the *Fortnightly Review*. I cannot say that Mr. Trollope's article at all converted me to an approval of his favorite amusement ; but it gave me the very best personal impression of at least one of its votaries. I need not say that before that I was familiar with a good many of Mr. Trollope's novels, especially the inimitable "Warden" and "Barchester Towers." Those tales always spoke specially home to one whose life has somewhat been cast a good deal among bishops, deans, and canons, though I must very positively add that it has never been my lot to come across

Mrs. Proudie in real life. But I never saw Mr. Trollope himself till that day at Rome. There I met him, and one who was by described the meeting—"They took to one another in a moment." I certainly took to Mr. Trollope, and I have every reason to think that Mr. Trollope took to me. He told me afterward that before that time he had hated me for two reasons. One was that in the controversy about field sports I had, with special reference to the last moments of the fox, asked the question which Cicero asks about the *venationes* of his time : "Qua potest homini polito esse delectatio ?" I was a little proud of this ground of hatred, as I took it for a sign that I might fairly cry "Habet." The other ground I thought was less reasonable. When one of the last meetings on South-Eastern affairs was held, as late as 1878, while I was away at Palermo, I was asked, as I could not be there, to write something, and what I wrote was read at the meeting. Mr. Trollope hated me because time was spent in reading my letter, which would have been better spent in hearing a living speech—perhaps from Mr. Trollope. I have no doubt that Mr. Trollope was quite right in so thinking ; but he should surely have hated those who asked me to write, not me who simply did what I was asked. But these, I fancy, were feelings of a past time. As I certainly never hated Mr. Trollope at any time, neither do I think that Mr. Trollope hated me after that pleasant March 29th.

Rome, Palermo, Ragusa, and Trieste, are all of them, in my experience, good places either for ferreting out old friends or for making new ones. Mr. Trollope is not the only one of a group whom I saw something of last year at Rome who is now lost to us. Another was Mr. Richard H. Dana, who was then busy in his studies of international law. A third was a less known man, but one who deserved to be better known, Mr. C. E. Giles, the architect. I well remember going round the walls of Rome with him and tracing out the extent of

the repairs of Belisarius. He was to have come again from Florence, and to have gone minutely into the whole thing. But it was ordered otherwise. With Mr. Trollope I did not go much about in Rome, but I went with him to the most fitting of all places to go with him, to the hill where once stood the white streets of Tusculum. On the whole, my head was most full of Octavius Mamilius and his of Marcus Tullius Cicero ; still we found much kindred matter to think of and talk of. We climbed the *arx* together, and from that Ebal we cursed a common enemy who shall be nameless. And may I tell both Mr. J. C. Morison and his critic in the *Spectator* that, on the slope of that *arx*, hard by the tomb of some prætor or dictator of old Tusculum, I repeated, and Mr. Trollope was well pleased to listen to, the soul-stirring lines which begin :

" Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,  
The dark-gray charger fled."

I have indeed lately found myself the subject of a very odd dispute, though certainly in the very best company, with Grote, Mommsen, and Ranke. I blush to reckon myself as one of such a quaternion ; but one disputant argues that it would have been a " degradation" to any of us four to have written Macaulay's " Lays," while another answers that it would have been no " degradation" to any of us to have done it, but that we none of us could have done it if we had tried. This last, I fear, is perfectly true of me, whatever it may be of Mommsen or Ranke ; but, however Mommsen or Ranke may feel, I at least should be well pleased if it were otherwise. Mr. Matthew Arnold calls Macaulay's Lays " pinchbeck." I suppose, because, like Homer, they can be understood, and do not need a Society to sit and explain them. I fancy that neither Mr. Morison nor Mr. Arnold can know the delight of going from Thirty-city to Thirty-city—I coin my formula after the pattern of " a Six-Preacher" at Canterbury—of tracking out

" Aricia, Cora, Norba,  
Velitrix, with the might  
Of Setia and of Tusculum."

with the living verse, the marvellously-chosen epithets, in one's minds and on

one's lips—of looking forth from the Alban Mount to the spot

" Where the witches' fortress  
O'erhangs the dark-blue see ;"  
of standing by

" The still glassy lake that sleeps  
Beneath Aricia's trees ;  
Those trees in whose dim shadow  
The ghastly priest doth reign,  
The priest that slew the slayer,  
And shall himself be slain."

It is something to have such lines ringing in one's ears, even in the attempt to ride from Cora to Norba on the back of an Old-Latin, or possibly a Volscian, ass. And certainly neither Mr. Trollope nor I felt any " degradation," nor did the word " pinchbeck" come into our heads, as from the *arx* of Tusculum we looked on one side to the field where once was Lake Regillus, and on the other to the " southern waters" over which " the sails of Carthage" brought the " purple vest" the " prince of the Latian name." As I said, my head ran most on Mamilius and Mr. Trollope's most on Cicero ; but Mr. Trollope was quite willing to hear me talk about Mamilius, and I was more than willing to hear Mr. Trollope talk about Cicero. That was a subject on which he talked well and wisely, both on that day and at other times.

A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* said the other day of Mr. Trollope, that " it was honorable to his taste for literature that he should have maintained through one of the busiest lives of our generation his taste for the classics ; but his books on Caesar and Cicero are worthless." Now when one hears about " the classics," one knows at once what the argument is worth. When a man opposes " the classics" to something of our own day, say to a " busy life," one knows at once that his " classics" are something apart from the run of real human affairs, scraps perhaps from Horace and Virgil, according to the old " scholar and gentleman" doctrine. Now Mr. Trollope's interest in Roman history was something much higher than this. He took it as something which was a part of the real course of human affairs. I must speak with diffidence as to details ; for, though I have talked a good deal with Mr. Trollope about such matters, I have not read his books on

Cæsar and Cicero. To confess the truth, I mean to read them, but I have not yet got to them ; if they had dealt with Gaius Licinius and Appius the Blind, I should doubtless have mastered them before now. But I can bear witness that two very eminent historical scholars, one English and one German, think quite differently of Mr. Trollope's Roman studies from the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. My English friend held that, notwithstanding some slips in minute scholarship—which might have been avoided if Mr. Trollope had been elected at Trinity—he had the root of the matter in him, that he thoroughly understood the real life of his period and his characters. My German friend—whose remarks I showed to Mr. Trollope to his extreme delight—took the exactly opposite line to the *Pall Mall* writer ; he held that it was just Mr. Trollope's own busy life which enabled him really to enter into the true life of Cicero and his contemporaries. This is indeed hitting the nail on the head ; it was because Mr. Trollope had seen a good deal of men and things in England and Ireland and other parts of the world that he was able to understand men and things at Rome also. I know not how it may sound either at Balliol or at Berlin ; but nothing is more certain than that Arnold and Grote, simply because they were active citizens of a free state, understood ten thousand things in Greek and Roman history which Mommsen and Curtius, with all their fresh lights in other ways, fail to understand. And, though I have not read Mr. Trollope's Roman books, I have talked enough with him on Roman matters to see that he had read not a little, and that he had made good use of his reading. I dare say he has made slips in detail, but he certainly understood the general state of the case. There was no fear of his thinking that, if a patrician noble married or was adopted into the house of a plebeian noble, he thereby went down into the gutter or mixed himself up with the "*canaille*." Mr. Trollope had written stories enough to know that, in England also, there is nothing miraculous in a duke marrying the daughter of a baronet or esquire, or in a baronet or esquire marrying the daughter of a duke. For Cicero Mr. Trollope had a genuine

enthusiasm ; one might have thought that his life had been given to Cicero and nothing else. It was a subject on which he would harangue, and harangue very well. It was the moral side of Cicero's character, or at any rate of Cicero's writings, that most struck him. Here, he said, was a Christian before Christianity. And certainly that man would be no bad practical Christian who should live according to Cicero's standard of moral duty. I once ventured to whisper, with less knowledge of the subject certainly than Mr. Trollope's, that there was something not quite pretty about the divorce of Terentia and the second marriage with Publilia. But Mr. Trollope did not forsake his friend at a pinch. Terentia had behaved badly about money-matters during her husband's banishment, and to divorce her was quite the right thing.

Mr. Trollope paid me a visit the week before his seizure. I was delighted to have him with me for many reasons, not the least because I wanted to put him on in the geography of Barset and Barchester. I used to chuckle over the names, thinking how lucky the novelist was who had made his shire and his city fit so neatly, as if there really had been *Barsætan*, as well as *Dorsætan* and *Sumorsætan*. (So Macaulay's "Bussex rhine"—which I strongly suspect is simply the rhine of Mr. Busick—always suggests an otherwise unrecorded tribe of Saxons, *Butseaxe* or Boet-Saxons, most fitting indwellers for that marshy land.) It was perhaps fitting that, in the short time that Mr. Trollope was with me, the only people we had a chance of introducing him to were two bishops, of different branches of the vineyard. In company with one of them, Bishop Clifford of Clifton, I took him over part of the range of hills between Wells and Wedmore, that he might look out on the land of Barset, if Barset it was to be. It is a land that Mr. Trollope knew well in his post-office days ; but he was well pleased to take a bird's-eye view of it again. He enjoyed our scenery ; but he did not enjoy either our mud or our stiles, and it was pleasant to see the way in which the Bishop, more active than I was, helped him over all difficulties. For then, and even at Rome, Mr. Trollope was clearly not in

his full strength, though there was no sign that serious sickness was at all near. This was on October 25th ; the next day he was shown Wells and Glastonbury in due order. He allowed Barset to be Somerset, though certainly Gathernum Castle has been brought to us from some other land. But he denied that Barchester was Wells. Barchester was Winchester, where he was at school, and the notion of Hiram's Hospital was taken from Saint Cross. But I argued with him that, if Barchester was not Wells, at any rate Wells, perhaps along with other places, had helped to supply ideas for Barchester. The constitution of the church of Barchester, not exactly like either an old or a new foundation, and where the precentor has the singular duty of chanting the litany, seemed to imply that ideas from more than one place were mixed together. The little church over the gate could not come from Wells ; but it might come from Canterbury as well as from Winchester, or even from Langport within the bounds of Barset. And was it not "*Barchester Towers*" ? and towers are a feature much more conspicuous at Wells than at Winchester. And if the general ideas of Hiram's Hospital came from Saint Cross, the particular notion of woolcombers must have come from Wells, where a foundation for woolcombers with a becoming inscription is still to be seen. But, no ; Barset was Somerset, but Barchester was Winchester, not Wells. He had not even taken any ideas from Wells ; he had never heard of the Wells woolcombers. Still I cleave to the belief that Mr. Trollope, when he went to and fro in Somerset on behalf of Her Majesty's Post-office, had picked up some local ideas, and had forgotten where he found them.

We had also talk about other matters, among them, as was not unnatural, about Lord Palmerston. On that subject I could see that Mr. Trollope's Liberalism, though very thorough, was more traditional and conventional than mine, and that we looked at things somewhat differently, if only because he was eight years older than I was. I could see that Mr. Trollope felt toward Lord Palmerston as a head of the Liberal party, while to me he was simply the long-abiding deceiver of the

Liberal party. Mr. Trollope, I could see, measured things by the remembrances of an older time than I did. Mr. Trollope had much to say about English interests in Syria, about getting the better of Louis Philippe, and such like, which he clearly knew more about than I did. Only I had a vision that, in this case—perhaps not in this case only—English interests meant, when there was only a choice between two despots, putting down the less bad despot to set up the worse. But he seemed a little amazed when I told him that to me Lord Palmerston was simply the consistent enemy of freedom abroad and of reform at home, the abettor of Bonaparte and the Turk, the man who never failed to find some struggling people to bully and some overbearing despot to cringe to. If I was a little dim about Louis Philippe, Mr. Trollope seemed a little dim about those Greek, Roman, and other South-Eastern questions, in which Mr. Gladstone already stood forth as the champion of good, while Lord Palmerston showed himself no less distinctly the champion of evil than Lord Beaconsfield did afterward. It was a curious discussion ; it was not so much that Mr. Trollope and I differed about any fact, or in our estimate of any fact, as that each looked at the question from a side which to the other seemed to have very little meaning.

Mr. Trollope left me on October 27th. On November 2d he dined at Mr. Macmillan's at Tooting, where I was staying. He talked as well and heartily as usual. We all knew, as I had known the week before, that he was not in strong health, and that he needed to take some care of himself. But there was nothing to put it into any one's head that the end was so near. The next day came his seizure, and from that day onward the newspapers told his tale.

I said that I would not criticise Mr. Trollope's writings. But I will mention one way only in which they have always struck me. I will not do Mr. Trollope such an ill turn as to compare him with George Eliot, the greatest, I suppose, of all writers of fiction till she took to theories and Jews. It was a wonderful feat to draw *Romola* ; it was a wonderful feat to draw *Mrs. Poyser* ; but for the same hand to draw *Romola* and *Mrs.*

Poys<sup>r</sup> was something more than wonderful ; if the fact were not certain, one would deem it impossible. Now assuredly Mr. Trollope could not have drawn Romola, and I do not think that he could have drawn Mrs. Poys<sup>r</sup>. Yet the characters of George Eliot and the characters of Mr. Trollope have something in common, something which stands in contrast with the characters, for instance, of Dickens. Those of the latter that I know, seem, to me at least, to be forced and unnatural caricatures ; if they belong at all to the genus Man, it can only be to the species Cockney. I never came across such people, and I do not wish to come across them. But George Eliot's characters are true to the universal nature of man. We know that her English characters are real ; we feel that her Florentine characters must be equally real. So, in a lower walk, it is with Mr. Trollope. If his characters have not the depth of George Eliot's, they have equal truth. We have seen people like a great many of them, and we feel that we easily might come across people like the others. Mr. Trollope had certainly gone far to write himself

out ; his later work is far from being so good as his earlier. But after all, his worst work is better than a great many people's best ; and, considering the way in which it was done, it is wonderful that it was done at all. I myself know what fixed hours of work are and their value ; but I could not undertake to write about William Rufus or Appius Claudius up to a certain moment on the clock, and to stop at that moment. I suppose it was from his habits of official business that Mr. Trollope learned to do it, and every man undoubtedly knows best how to do his own work. Still it is strange that works of imagination did not suffer by such a way of doing. That work is now over ; the intellectual wheel that has ground for us so much harmless pleasure has stopped. As Cato in his old age looked forward to seeing the fathers of Scipio and Lælius, so I trust it is not sinning against orthodox theology to hope that there may be some place in the economy of things where Tully may welcome the Anthony who has been his zealous champion.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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#### MONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS," "MRS. GEOFFREY," ETC.

To any one coming direct from all the luxury and beauty of the old Court above, naturally this little cottage room looks small and poverty-stricken, yet there is a pathetic tenderness about it, too, born of a woman's hand—a touch of gentle refinement that shows itself in the masses of old-world flowers, carelessly and artistically put together, that adorn the one table and the two brackets, filling all the tiny apartment with their subtle perfume.

The windows, opening to the ground, are thrown wide open. Outside, the garden lies panting in the sunshine. There is the sad lowing as of many cows in the far distance. All the land lies quivering in its heat. A faint useless little breeze comes lazily into the room, ruffling the ancient curtains that are drawn closely together in a vain effort to exclude the sun.

Poor Mr. Norwood, with a praiseworthy determination to seem quite the contrary, is looking the very picture of misery. He has been dragged from his sanctum and his beloved "Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs," to interview, or rather to be interviewed by, a fashionable young man fresh from town, who, though his nephew, is to him an utter stranger.

Conversation for the last five minutes has been growing more and more languid. Now it threatens to cease altogether. The host is at his wits' end, the fashionable young man is looking distinctly bored. It is therefore with a glance full of rapture, and a nobly suppressed sigh of extreme relief, that Mr. Norwood hears a step upon the gravel outside, that comes quickly nearer.

It is—it *must* be—Monica, to the rescue !

Now one of the windows is darkened : a figure stepping airily from the bright sunshine beyond to the room within, parts the curtains with both hands, and gazes inquiringly around.

As her glance falls upon the strange young man, it alters from expectation to extreme surprise—not confusion, or embarrassment of any kind, but simple, honest surprise, visitors at the cottage being few and far between, and as a rule exceedingly ill to look at.

The strange young man returns her gaze with generous interest, and a surprise that outdoes her own. For a full half minute she so stands with a curtain held back in either hand, and then she advances slowly.

She is dressed in a gown of Oxford shirting—very plain, very inexpensive. It has a little full baby body that somehow suits wonderfully the grave childish face above it with its frame of light brown hair so like the color of an unripe chestnut. Her eyes are blue as the heavens above her ; her mouth, a trifle large perhaps, but very serious, and very sweet. One cannot but believe laughter possible to her, one cannot also but believe she has found self-communion on many occasions a solace, and a solemn joy.

"Come here, Monica, and let me make you known to your cousin, George Norwood," says her father very proudly. The pride is all concentrated in his daughter. In his soul he deems a king would be honored by such an introduction.

At this, she comes closer, and places a small slim hand in her cousin's.

"I should have known, of course," she says, as though following out a certain train of thought. "I heard you had come to the Court."

"You must be good friends with him, Monica," says Mr. Norwood nervously. "He is your only cousin, you know—except Julia."

"Yes ;" she is smiling now—"we shall be friends of course!" Then more directly to the man who is still holding her hand, as though he has actually forgotten it is in his possession, "As my father likes you, it follows that I shall like you too."

"Ah!" says George Norwood, with an answering smile that renders his face

quite beautiful, "then I owe your father a debt of gratitude I shall not easily repay."

Mr. Norwood has been getting nearer and nearer to the door by fine degrees. Monica, without seeming to notice this, says gently :

"Go back to your books, papa. I will take care of—of—my cousin."

At this Mr. Norwood beats a thankful retreat, leaving the two young people alone.

"Why did you hesitate just now?" asks George suddenly. She has seated herself on a very ancient sofa, and is regarding him thoughtfully.

"When?"

"Over my name."

"Because I didn't quite know what to call you. Your being my cousin does not prevent your being a perfect stranger—and a stranger, I suppose, ought to be called Mr. Norwood."

"If you call me that, I shall be unhappy forever," says George Norwood. "Besides, you can't, you know, because I shall certainly never call *you* anything but Monica."

"Oh, at *that* rate!" says she, smiling again.

Presently as he stands upon the hearthrug, he lifts his eyes and fastens them upon a portrait that hangs above the chimneypiece.

"What a charming face!" he says. "What a complexion—and eyes!"

"Yes, it is lovely ! It is my grandmother. Don't you think the mouth and nose like papa's?"

"The very image!" says George Norwood. He doesn't think it a bit, but seeing she plainly expects him to say it, he does his duty like a man. "It is a perfect face ! But the eyes—they are your own surely."

"Are they ? Do you know I never look at that picture without feeling bitter!" She laughs as she says this in a way that precludes the idea that acrimony of any sort could belong to her.

"It was the only thing my grandfather left papa. He made a particular point of it in his will, that it should be given to him. When he had carefully cut him off to a shilling, he bestowed upon him an oil-painting, wasn't it munificent ? The eldest son's portion to be a mere portrait ! while the second and third

son's *children* should inherit *all!*" Then, as remembrance comes to her, she reddens and grows for the first time confused. "I beg your pardon," she says softly; "I had forgotten you were the child of the second son."

"Don't mind about that," says Norwood. "In my eyes too it was a most iniquitous will."

"Papa was very glad to get this portrait of his mother," says Monica hastily. "He adored her. She did all she knew to make grandfather destroy his first will, and leave everything, as was only right, to my father. She gained her point too, but when she died, he forgot his promise and everything, and betrayed the dead, as you can see." She makes a mournful gesture toward the room that so painfully betrays their poverty.

"My father as the second son was badly treated too," says Norwood, anxious, he hardly knows why, to create a feeling of sympathy between them.

"Not *so* badly. By leaving the property to you, and Julia the daughter of his third son, on condition you marry each other, he provided for both the children of the younger sons. For me he did nothing. He never forgave papa's marriage. You will marry Julia of course?"

She is regarding him seriously, and he laughs a little and colors beneath her gaze.

"I dare say," he says lightly. "It would seem a pity to throw away ten thousand a year; and if I refuse, she gets all, and I am in the cold. As I am heartwhole, I may as well think about it; that is, if she will have the goodness to accept me."

"She will," says Monica with a certain meaning in her tone. "If she refused she would be left penniless too, it would all go to you, and she is fond of—" she pauses. "I dare say you will get on very well together," she continues hastily. "And as you are heartwhole, as you say, it really cannot much matter."

"What can't matter?"

"Your marrying for money."

"And if I was *not* quite free—if my heart owned another tie—how then?" asks he, with an anxiety to know her opinion that astonishes even himself.

"Then it would be disgraceful of you, and contemptible," returns she seriously, but without haste. Perhaps she thinks she has spoken too severely, because presently she smiles up at him very softly and kindly. And then after a little bit, he says good-by to her, and goes out into the gleaming sunshine, and all the way up to the grand old Court (that may, or may not, be his as his will dictates), and carries into it, not the face of the cousin who reigns there, and whom it is expedient he should marry, but a soft vision glad with eyes that shine like sapphires, and sunburnt hair, and a smile grave and sweet and full of heavenly tenderness.

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It is a month later. Thirty days—as cruelly short, as days will ever be where happiness reigns supreme—have taken to themselves wings and flown away.

It is now high noon; already the day—begins to wane. The god of light grows weary; "Tired nature halts." The streamlets are running wearily, as though fatigued with the exertions of the day, now almost past.

"It is the earth's siesta—even the bee flags in his deep and dull monotony." All the morning George Norwood has toiled assiduously after his cousin at the Court; has followed from greenhouses to conservatories, from conservatories to orchards, the woman he has been taught he must marry, if he wishes to keep up his good fellowship with the world to which he has so long been known. Now, when evening is descending, he has escaped from his duty, and has flung himself with deepest, intensest relief at the feet of the woman he ought not to marry, with whom indeed marriage will mean social extinction.

He met her half an hour ago in this little shadowy valley, where the dying sunbeams are playing at hide and seek among the branches of the trees, and where a tiny rivulet is lisping, and stammering as it runs lazily over its pebbles.

Monica, having thrown aside her huge white hat is sitting on a little mound, with her back against a beech tree. She has taken her knees into her embrace, and just now is looking at her cousin from under heavily lashed lids, that seem barely able to support themselves,

so languorous is the hour, and so contented her spirit.

Her companion can scarcely be said to be looking as free from care as she is ; there is a slight suspicion of weariness in his eyes, his manner is somewhat tinged with a depression very foreign to it, which as a rule is of the débonnaire order.

" Anything the matter with you ?" asks Monica at last.

" Yes, any amount of things."

" Well—go on—say them all over—it will do you good," suggests she sympathetically.

" Not for worlds—at least, not for many reasons. It would bore you ; it wouldn't cure my case ; and besides," with a half laugh, " my worries are of the kind difficult to put into speech."

" That means they are nothing but fancies."

" Does it ?" Then leaning back and placing his hands behind his head, he turns his eyes slowly upon hers. " I wish I had never come down here," he says deliberately.

" What !" cries she, leaning toward him. " Has Julia proved unkind ? or is it kind— Won't she marry you ? Or will she ?"

" Nonsense !" said Mr. Norwood gruffly. " I wasn't thinking of Julia."

" No ? Then why are you sorry you came to the Court ?"

Norwood at this regards her fixedly.

" I wonder," he says, in a curious tone, " whether you really don't know, or whether you are an accomplished coquette !"

" Don't know what ?" asks Monica, opening her large earnest eyes to their fullest, and looking at him with such sweet and honest surprise, as awakes within his breast the deepest self-contempt. How could he have doubted her, for even one short moment. " To be a coquette," she says in a little dignified tone, " requires, I believe, practice. There is nobody down here except the rector and Sir John Frere."

" Sir John Frere ?" apprehensively.

" Yes. He is toothless and seventy-five. The rector is hairless and sixty-one !" With this she very properly turns her back upon him.

" Thank goodness !" says Mr. Nor-

wood devoutly. He feels affectionate toward both these old men—in spite of their abbreviations, and in spite of the fact that he has never seen either of them. " I beg your pardon very humbly," he says, after a pause full of eloquence.

No reply.

" Monica—speak to me."

" I will not," says Monica, giving herself the lie direct.

" Oh ! but you *are* speaking," declares he. " I'm awfully sorry I said that, because it was as absurd as it was unpardonable."

" As you acknowledge it to be unpardonable, you can't well look for my forgiveness."

" Nevertheless I do," exclaims he boldly.

" Well then, say at once I am not a coquette."

" Certainly you are not. You are an ang— You are all you ought to be. You are—"

" That will do," says Miss Monica, with a mischievous glance ; " you will overdo it, if you go on any further. And now don't let us quarrel any more. Tell me what you were doing all the morning."

" Lounging, after Julia."

" Happy man ! I do so love that old Court, and I suppose she took you through the gardens. If *only* my grandfather had behaved properly, and left it to papa ! Instead of which here we are, playing second where we should be first."

" Well, it's nearly as bad for me," says the young man moodily ; " I was brought up in the belief that, as your father was not in it, I was to be the heir. And see now where I am."

" You will be all right when you marry Julia," says Monica with the friendliest encouragement. But this encouragement falls through.

" Oh ! I dare say," says Mr. Norwood ungratefully, and with increasing gloom.

" But you *can't* be badly off. You must have money now, too," says his cousin with a swift glance at his clothes, which are irreproachable.

" Not enough to keep me decently. My mother left me £700 a year."

" £700 a year !" says Miss Norwood

severely. "I think no young man could possibly require more than that. You have only yourself to think of—no other expenses—no grown-up daughter to dress and keep."

"Well I could hardly have that, you know," says George Norwood apologetically. "I won't be twenty-six until next month."

"I was thinking of papa—if he had £700 a year, how happy we should both be!"

"No—you would instantly want more."

"I am sure, not. That would give him all he requires—a housefull of books and a garden of flowers." She makes her quotation with a sweet wistful smile that goes to his heart.

"And you—what would it give you?" he asks earnestly.

"Me! Oh, I should be happy enough in his happiness," replies she lightly. "'The garden of flowers,' you see, would be as much mine as his. Now," she says with a little irrepressible sigh, "he hasn't even enough money to buy some of the books in which his soul delights."

"What are they? I mean their names?" asks he eagerly, *too* eagerly! She raises her soft eyes to his; there is gratitude in them, but stern resolve too.

"No, no," she says. "Remember what you said a moment since—your income is not sufficient for yourself. You shall not waste it upon us."

"I don't think it is quite a civil thing to remember every word a fellow says," returns George reproachfully.

"Well, we won't go into that," replies she quickly. Then, as though some hidden force compels her to return to the subject, she says, "Tell me how you get on with Julia?"

"Very well," impatiently. "She will look all that is satisfactory at the head of one's table. There is consolation, no doubt, in that thought, as," bitterly, "I suppose I must marry her."

"Oh, why say *must*?" gently, and with a glance at him from under her long lashes. "It is not a hardship, surely?"

"Perhaps—I shouldn't have thought it so a month ago."

"She is young, handsome; that is all one requires, is it not?"

"Not quite! There is something else, I think—*many* other things; but above and beyond all, the essential grace that makes life—that is, *married* life—sweet; I mean sympathy."

"She hardly knows you yet," says Monica, deep but suppressed pity in her eyes. "By-and-by it may be different." Knowledge of Julia makes her confess to her secret soul that small hope for him lies in a nearer acquaintance with the cousin he needs must marry.

"In six months more it must all be settled," says the young man restlessly. "Julia up to that time has everything. It will then depend upon me whether she will still have everything or only half."

"You are sure she will accept you?"

"I am afraid—I mean," coloring hotly at his mistake, "I think she will do me the honor to be my wife."

"You think rightly. She will not resign the property. Only yesterday she told me she could not live without it. In six months then, she will still have everything, and—you *into the bargain!*"

Almost as these last words escape her she repents them, and growing pale to her very lips, turns her head aside and becomes painfully anxious about an insignificant tear that a straggling brier has created in her gown.

"I am not so sure of that," says Norwood unsteadily. "Monica, look at me. Nay, you *must*," trying to compel her to return his gaze, which has grown impassioned.

He has taken one of her hands in his, and is trying to draw her nearer to him.

"Release my hand," she says in a low tone, yet with so much authority, that at once he obeys her. There is a strange flash in her beautiful eyes that warns him to dare nothing further, and yet makes his pulses throb madly. What a strange proud glance it is, and yet what grief, what anguish it contains.

"I am tired," says the girl wearily. "I will go home—yes, you may come with me; but for the future"—she pauses and resolutely, but with evident difficulty, forces herself to look at him—"for the future you must promise me never again to forget—"

"I promise you faithfully," interrupts he quickly, "I shall never forget!"

She sighs.

Presently, turning to her almost as they reach the cottage, he says, "Are you going to the ball at the Grange tomorrow evening?"

"No."

"But you told me you were asked."

"So I was. I am not going, nevertheless."

"Why?" There is terrible disappointment in his tone.

"If you must know," she says gently, "it is because I have not got a gown good enough."

"That dress you wore at the Court last evening—"

"Is a fossil—almost an heirloom. The whole county knows it by heart by this time. No! pride forbids my exhibiting myself in it again."

"If you asked your father—"

"I should have one at once—at the expense of his being even duller than usual for a month afterward. He would give me every penny he possesses, would probably sell some of his dearest possessions—books—to get me a few yards of muslin, in which to enjoy myself for an hour or two. Do you think I *should* enjoy those two hours, knowing that? What purgatory they would mean!"

"They would indeed!" he says reverently, gazing at her fair, loving face with unaffected admiration. He does her full justice, and understands perfectly the loyal affection that could find no happiness in a pleasure secured at the expense of a beloved object. Then he wonders why Julia, who has more money at her command than she quite knows what to do with, has had no thought for the poor little cousin in the cottage; and then I am afraid he thinks bitter thoughts of the woman he ought to marry.

"You must come to see me the day after the ball, and tell me all about it," she says lightly. "Second-hand to hear of it will be better than nothing."

"Yes, I will come," he says absently—but it is plain his thoughts are roaming, and that he is thinking of something far removed from the soft evening scene that surrounds him.

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The morrow passes; the day dies. Night comes on apace and covers everything. At the Grange the fiddles are

sounding, bright forms are moving to and fro; the air is heavy with the breath of dying flowers. It is eleven o'clock, and the ball is well begun; the music grows sweeter, fainter; fans are waving gently.

Down in the cottage a girl is standing in a white gown at one of the open windows, and is gazing eagerly and with sad straining eyes at certain lights, that two miles away can be seen distinctly through the still haze of the summer night.

Yes, he is there of course; and happy and regardless of everything but the moment. It is most natural, is it not? What is there else for him to think of? She, herself, how dearly *she* would like to be there too! She glances at her gown and tells herself that almost she might have gone—and then she shrinks within herself, and refuses to confess even to her own heart that it would have been agony to her to have appeared badly dressed before—before—oh! many people!

She sighs impatiently, and the tears gather in her eyes, and blot out the lights shining gayly so far away; they blot out too a dark figure that, advancing rapidly through the few shrubs, enters the second open window and, crossing the room, is at her side before she has time to recognize him.

It is George Norwood of course—a little flushed from his run, and with his hair slightly ruffled, and with the gladdest light possible in his handsome eyes.

Monica, moving backward, involuntarily seizes the curtain with one hand and stares at him almost affrightedly. Her attitude reminds him of that happy moment when first he saw her. Before he has time to speak, she recovers herself and says with a poor attempt at coolness:

"What has brought you here?"

"You know," replies he calmly; "an overpowering desire to see *you*—to hear your voice again. Your face was in every corner, smiling at me—your voice was clearer than the band, and called me incessantly. I have come!"

He sinks into a chair with all the air of a man who intends to make it his resting-place for the remainder of the evening.

"Where is Julia?" asks she, reproof

in her voice, unmistakable gladness in her great gleaming eyes. She has got a heavy spray of scarlet geranium in the bosom of her white gown. It rises and falls nervously, as she stands before him, trying vainly to be stern and angry.

"I don't know—I don't care. Dancing, I suppose."

"Go back to her. I won't have you here. Go back to her *at once!*"

"I won't," says Mr. Norwood.

"But I desire you," exclaims she with a little stamp of her foot.

"Of course, if you turn me out, I shall have to go," says George Norwood, without showing the faintest symptom of an intention to depart; "but I certainly sha'n't go to Julia—I've had enough of Julia."

Monica's breath comes a little quickly; she lifts her hand to her soft rounded throat.

"You ought to be with the woman you mean to marry," she says slowly.

"I entirely agree with you," says Norwood, with the utmost vivacity. "But that wouldn't drive me back to the Grange. I shall never marry Julia."

"You don't know what you are saying," says Monica, shrinking still further from him.

"I do. Quite well. I ought to have said it before, but to-night I have made up my mind. If you refuse me, I shall never marry any woman—*never!* My darling, don't shrink from me; say you love me, *say it!*—Monica, *say it!*"

"No—no. You must be mad," says the girl, as, white as death, with both hands she keeps him away from her. "It is £10,000 a year. You *shall* not do this thing. In the morning you will think—"

"As I do now," interrupts he. "And as I thought yesterday morning, and every morning during the past week—that I love you better than my very life—to say nothing of filthy lucre."

The pressure of the hands that repulses him is not so strong now. Emboldened by this sign of coming weakness, he goes on with renewed spirit:

"We shall be poor, you know; but you said once you thought £700 a year quite enough to live on. You can't go back of that *now*. You said also that it would be a disgraceful and contemptible act on the part of any man to marry one

woman when he loved another. You can't get out of that either, and I am not going to look either disgraceful or contemptible in the only eyes I worship."

The hands have grown quite reasonable now, and indeed have slipped from his chest to his shoulders.

"Monica, I am yours, whether you like it or not. You must try and make the best of me," he says very humbly.

"My beloved, I can only promise to be a good husband to you till death us do part!"

"Do not talk of death," she whispers tremulously.

"No? Shall we not pray that we may die the same day, and be buried in the same grave? But, living or dying, my own darling, every thought of my heart will be yours."

The hands have slipped a little higher up, and now with a faint but heavy sigh that is almost a sob, she twines them round his neck and lays her soft cheek against his.

(You must imagine a good many asterisks here, and then we go on.)

"How was Julia looking?" asks she presently. They are now sitting close together—very close indeed—upon the patriarchal sofa that certainly has seen better days. But if it were satin and down they could not be more contented with it.

"Very handsome," replies he, with the most satisfactory indifference.

"'Icily regular, splendidly null' sort of business. No soul, and too much flesh. My angel, you have saved me. To think that only for you I *might* have married her; should, to a moral certainty, you know, as I didn't know what love meant then."

At this juncture there is no mistaking he knows what love means now.

"If you should ever be sorry about this," says Monica nervously.

"Nonsense, darling; you know you are miles too good for me. I hope you will never be sorry, that's all; Monica" wistfully. "Are you certain, *positive*, that you really love me?"

"I am as sure of it, as that we are sitting here," says Miss Norwood solemnly.

A further demonstration that they now *really* know what love means!

"Do you know, I'm awfully hungry," says George presently, without the smallest shame, or recollection that people in novels never eat anything when filled with the tender passion.

"Are you? Do you know so am I, but I didn't quite like to say it," confesses she naively. "The servants are in bed, I'm afraid; but there is cold chicken in the pantry, and—"

"Let us go for it ourselves," says George. "As we are going to set up housekeeping on a limited scale, the sooner we learn how to lay a table and help ourselves, the better."

"I don't believe there is any sherry," says Miss Norwood, blushing generously; "but there is"—with considerable hesitation—"beer."

"If there is one thing on earth I love, it is beer," says George Norwood.

"There now," murmurs she reproachfully. "And just this moment you told me you loved only me."

"And so I do, you and you only," declares he fervently.

More asterisks!

"The key of the beer is always kept behind this picture," says Monica, pointing to the oil-painting of her grandmother he had admired on the first day of his arrival.

"That's a good thing to know," returns he, laughing.

"Well, take it down for me, now; it will be a lesson. You will know exactly where to go for it next time."

She laughs too as she says this, and drawing him up to the chimneypiece, points to where the key hangs behind the picture.

Was it fatality, or was it awkwardness? As he puts up his hands, he touches the painting, and the string that supports it snapping suddenly, the picture falls heavily to the ground—so heavily that the back parts from it, and leaves it rather a dilapidated object on the hearthrug.

But something else is on the hearthrug too! A piece of yellowish parchment, tightly folded, has slipped from between the picture and the frame. George and Monica, both stooping to pick up her grandmother, see this paper at the same instant. She, being the woman, is naturally the most curious, and therefore the swiftest to snatch it.

"Now," she says gayly, putting it behind her back, "what do you say it is—a legacy or a hundred-pound note, or mere padding to keep the portrait steady?"

"Mere padding," guesses he.

"A fairy gift," declares she.

Then they stoop over the lamp, and examine it cautiously.

When Norwood has opened it, and read two or three lines of the writing it contains, he utters an ejaculation, and turns to Monica with eyes bright with excitement.

"What was the date of our grandfather's will?" he asks eagerly. "I mean, how long before his death was it written and signed?"

"Three years," says Monica, gazing at him in wonderment.

"And this is dated six months before his death," says he, with something in his tone that resembles awe. "This is another and a later will, Monica, and it bequeaths all to your father!"

\* \* \* \* \*

It was quite true. I suppose the old man when feeling sickness come on him—that first attack of paralysis that suggested to him the possibility of death—had repented him of the betrayal of his promise to the wife, dead and gone for seven long years, but green still in his memory. To leave all to the son of her heart—the first, and therefore the dearest babe that had lain upon her bosom—was her prayer. And the father, though estranged from this son for many reasons too numerous to mention here, had succumbed as a husband should to the love of his youth, and had sworn to her that justice should be done.

Yet it was gall to him, the doing of it. Gladly would he have got out of the promise given to the dying woman, but even though the grave closed upon her, she had a hold over him, born of memories when spring was glad with flowers, and the sun shone, and all was youth and love.

And yet the gall rose to the top; and after a bit, so strong was it, that he looked about him for a way to fulfil his promise to the dead and yet work his own desire. He would make a new will—so far she was obeyed, poor soul! leaving all to the eldest son, whom he so deeply detested, and it should be

given into his own hands, but in such wise that he should be none the better by it.

His mother's portrait was made the medium. Behind it, in between the wooden back and the picture, the old man in secret hid the will that vexed him, and in the first document that suited his pride he inserted a codicil leaving portrait, concealed will, and all to his eldest son.

Yet Fate is strong, and Time brings all things to perfection.

Julia, when matters were made clear to her, took it all very badly. Having a very good income of her own, and an implacable temper, she refused to be comforted, and went abroad to Egypt, or Tangiers, or somewhere, and may now be married to a swarthy prince for all I know.

Pretty Monica has married her lover, and when last I saw her, was teaching her little son to "Ride a-cock horse to Banbury Cross" on his grandfather's knee.—*Temple Bar.*

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#### A PUMA RUG.

BY FREDERICK BOYLE.

COSTA RICA has changed vastly, no doubt, since I travelled through the republic, with a comrade, in 1866. Its coffee is now an article recognized and esteemed throughout the world, and this distinction, properly translated into figures, means comfort, education, public works, and all those forms of progress so deficient in our time. There have been revolutions and troubles with the clergy ; we have dimly heard of civil war ; I rather think that a president has been massacred. But the statistics of the coffee trade show unbroken prosperity in the mass. It is probable, therefore, that some kind of amusement other than gambling and drinking has been devised by ingenious and wealthy idleness. I have not had the pleasure to meet a Costa Rican travelling, and the reader may admit that as evidence not wholly unimportant of their home-staying disposition. We may reasonably hope, therefore, that a system of diversion, public or private, or both, is now in use. I should fancy that San José, or, better still, Cartago, might be a very pleasant residence under those conditions. The women are pretty. Fair hair, blue eyes, rosy flesh are common among them, for neither Indian nor negro has mixed the blood, and the climate of that tableland is as brisk and healthy as the world could show. But in our day, life was very dull. Jungle-shooting of every description is to be obtained within a few miles of San José. One might bag a jaguar before breakfast

—or he might bag you ; and jaguars mean abundance of deer and other game, though one must start overnight to gain their feeding grounds. But no one troubled about such matters formerly. What became through the day of the bright vivacious girls one saw at market or mass, in early morning, I could never learn. Costa Rica had already gone so far beyond other republics of Central America as to found a club. It was a gambling shop, no more, where the Chancellor of the Exchequer kept the bank. This is not exaggeration. My old friend, Mr. Matthews, English Minister to the five republics, congratulated me as the only foreigner who ever left that capital a winner. So I have no prejudice in saying that life was intolerably dull at San José.

Among other changes in Costa Rica, the Serebiqui route has doubtless undergone transformation. In 1866 it ran through a district practically unsettled, and the road came to a sudden top at the Disengagno, on the edge of the table-land. There was some talk in San José when we young English travellers announced our intention of riding through that forest to the Atlantic. Not a few had done it when much pressed for time, but they were persons of small consideration. An adventurous female even had gone that way ; but it was rumored that she lost her wits, and it was quite certain that she was drowned before reaching the San Juan. A body of troops had marched

along the track to surprise San Carlos Fort during the Filibuster War, and their bold enterprise virtually closed that struggle. But Costa Rican society had no personal acquaintance with any man so rash as to try the Serebiquí route. And Costa Rican society advised us with warmth not to undertake the business of pioneer martyrs.

It may be worth while very briefly to explain the situation. San José and Cartago, the twin capitals of Costa Rica, stand at a great elevation midway between the oceans, but at that time they had actually no communication with the Atlantic. All the commerce of the country went round Cape Horn, or across from Panama by railway, at enormous freights. People said, with what truth I know not, that the ferocity of the Guatuso Indians obstructed and broke up the old route to the Atlantic, by the Serebiquí River, during the struggle of Independence, when the military posts were withdrawn; while the Talamanca Indians wrought the same mischief on the southern road to Limón. Upon the other hand, revolutionary individuals declared that the coffee-growing oligarchy had systematically spread reports to alarm, and had taken active measures to discredit these convenient roads, so soon as their growing industry discovered that the enfranchisement of the peons was obnoxious. Freed from bondage to the soil, labor showed an inclination to desert the coffee grounds for the Tierra Caliente, and the land-owners took fright. However that be, the fear of Guatusos and Talamancas seemed very real at San José.

A road of some sort is now open to Limón. Whether commerce have benefited or no, it is reasonable to imagine that the fabulously fertile land upon that route is occupied more or less, and no forays of the Talamancas have been reported to Europe. As for the Serebiquí, I have not heard its mere name for sixteen years; but I conclude that it is now, to some degree, inhabited.

Our friends of San José did not exaggerate the dangers and discomforts of that journey. We started on April 3d; we floated in the San Juan River, Nicarguan waters, April 8th. Only six days? But to me now each of them seems a week. There is no jungle in

the world more lovely than that where it laughs in young luxuriance; no mountain streams are more bright and musical. Great tree-ferns meet across the bubbling water, their fronds translucent as green glass where the sunlight flicks through a canopy of leaves. Every tree is clad and swathed in creepers, hugh snakes of vegetation, bare and ponderous, sunning their jewelled heads at a windy height above; or slender tendrils, starred with blossom. Here and there is a vast hollow pillar, reticulated, plaited, intertwined—the casing of a parasite which now stands unaided, feeding on the rotten débris of its late support, and stretching murderous arms abroad, in the world of leaves above, to clasp another victim. Other trees are fading to a lovely death under shrouds of fern, which descend from the topmost branches in a gray-green cataract, soft as a pall, three feet thickness of tender sprays. Then great sheaves of bamboo make an arch of verdant feathers overhead. A thousand tropic blossoms, unknown to us, clothe earth and brushwood in a veritable sheet of color; foremost among them, always associated in the mind with Central American scenery, convolvuli, blue of different shades and sizes, flesh-colored, white. The forests of the New World seldom show that dim and awful gloom so impressive in tracts of Oriental jungle; probably because all the land was densely peopled when the Cruquistadores came! But in the older parts, where undergrowth is checked, gray Spanish moss drooping from the boughs, has much of the same effect. I do not remember when I described the trees thus solemnly caparisoned as "standing like cloaked mourners in procession." I do not now think of a better form of words.

Through such scenes we made our way, descending always from the table-land, over hills, through steaming valleys, beside the winding brooks, always in forest. The mud was sometimes chest-deep. Sometimes we enjoyed a steeplechase over fallen trees. We climbed up and we slid down, we crossed the treacherous stream a dozen times an hour. Every few moments somebody was down, falling soft in that moist earth, and never injured by the sagacious mules. To observe their

cleverness was a pleasant study. After a short experience we resolutely dropped the reins, hitching them over the high pommel, that man's invention for guiding instinct, useless here at best, might not work absolute mischief. And we watched the brutes under us with disinterested admiration. In climbing they were cats; in descending, where they found themselves beaten, they hastily gathered up their legs and slid like trusted rabbits, till mere weight brought them gently to a stand.

By what instinct our Indian guides found their way is an old problem which constantly arises in such travel, and is never to be solved. After some days' journeying—which, as I have said, appear to have been such long days as were occupied with the Creation—we came to the Serebiqui itself, at a point where it is navigable, with luck and Indian paddlers. Two of these were awaiting us, and we embarked. Within ten minutes of starting our canoe entered the great rapid, a howling, screaming, tumbling waste of water. Oh, that was a fright! A graze, a touch of impediment underneath would have upset us—and upset was death assured. No man could stretch his arms to swim before the current dragged him under, reived him, spitted him upon a snag, beat him to pieces on a rock, tossed his fragments up, and whirled and mouthed him. Rocks these Indians knew, every one, but snags are formed from one instant to another, and no practised vigilance can detect them in that writhing, curling race of waves.

We shot down like a bubble, and in the foam-flecked reach below our Indians stopped to wipe their brows, to say a prayer of thanksgiving, and to babble with grim laughter in their unknown tongue. I looked about. Something moved by the waterside twenty yards away. Up reared behind a boulder, with his forepaws resting on it, stood a chestnut-colored animal, whose beautiful green eyes, full of spite and mischief, were fixed upon us. Its lips drawn back showed milk-white teeth, its whiskers bristled; it swore at us like an angry cat. Such a charming picture that was, I never forget it—the shaded gray rocks around, the little sparks of sunshine on the fulvous velvet coat, the

large green eyes, and the tricksy expression. A rifle stood between my feet, but my right arm was jammed. With a forcible nudge I warned my companion, who fired. The puma bounded several feet, rolled over, showing his white belly, and in two long springs went up the bank. He did not appear so graceful when the smallness of his head and the disproportionate size of his paws were revealed in action.

We landed and found blood, which the experienced Indians pronounced at a glance to be not arterial. At evening we reached the hacienda of La Vergen, where dwelt an enterprising individual who had gone in largely for stock-raising. His market, of course, was Nicaragua, and the two rivers, the Serebiqui and the San Juan, gave him an easy route. Very pretty was the scene, as we viewed it at sundown. A wide savannah edged the stream, with neat loghouses and fences round it. Troops of cattle advanced from the forest edge, already misty, some galloping at clumsy speed, tossing and butting, pursued by savage vaqueros shrilly whooping, who twirled the lariat round their heads and launched its heavy circlet like a whip, or threw the unerring noose. Others moved quietly along, a serried, ponderous mass, outlined by the slanting rays. Each herd went toward its corral, where other horsemen were waiting by the entrance motionless.

We made for the principal inclosure. A very handsome woman stood watching us from the door while she nursed her baby. This dame was costumed in the latest fashions which had reached San José; it is probable, however, that she knew our approach. Her husband came to meet us less accurately but more picturesquely attired, in jacket of Guatemalan manufacture, broad scarlet sash, and high boots. He introduced us to the lady, took us inside, and forthwith produced green aguardiente of his own distilling. The walls were rough logs whitewashed; the floor was a creaking, rattling bed of planks; the table and the stools were as primitive as they might be. But what epicure who has enjoyed that beverage of the gods, green aguardiente, can look at furniture or surroundings when his cup is full!

He was an amusing man, this cattle-breeder, whose name I quite forgot. Many droll facts and stories he told us before bedtime, of which I noted down a part. We drew him to the subject of wild beasts, and our host was nothing less than an illustrated encyclopædia. He had a pair of tame pumas behind the house, and we sallied forth with lights to visit them. It was beautiful to see the creatures start from sleep, and rear themselves against the bars, their great clear eyes intent with curiosity. The master put in his hand and scratched them, while they arched their backs to press it, purring like cats. No animal has a prettier head, more graceful body, or more velvety paws; but the proportion is not correct. The head of the puma is too small, that of the jaguar, its rival, too large and broad. Its body is too long, and its paws are monstrous. These beasts were so perfectly tame that our host would not have confined them if there had been no children about the ranche. But none of their species can be trusted with children.

The puma and the jaguar are the ranchero's special hate; he calls them lion and tiger. The homestead of La Vergen was surrounded by a narrow belt of forest, which hedged it from a number of savannahs where the herds pastured. All the large carnivora for miles about collected in this strip of woodland, lying in ambush for an ox that strayed beneath the trees. Some took up their quarters permanently until destroyed; others returned home after the meal; others paid a visit longer or shorter. We asked how on earth these facts were known, and the ranchero confessed that he had no proof; the authority of his Indian hunters satisfied him. Of these he kept a little staff, who turned out every day for service. He paid them wages, and a dollar a-piece head money for pumas killed, half a dollar for jaguars.

The tigreros paraded, ugly, squat Indians, with big heads, small grave eyes, and a stupid type of mouth. They all came from Nicaraguan territory, for there are no Indians in Costa Rica, saving the wild tribes of Guatuso and Talamanca—so, at least, we were assured. The latter, I fancy, are known well enough. It is not danger-

ous for a peddler to visit them, and those anxious to learn their appearance and their manners will find published material—that is to say, I think so, for our travels never led us near their country, and, personally, I know nothing. The Guatusos or Pranzos are much more savage, and no man living in that day, I cannot tell how it be now, could give serious information regarding them.

A couple of spears, one long and one shorter, made the equipment of the tigrero. Their dogs, big, slouching, light-colored animals, were evidently related to the coyote. Dangerous rather than savage, not prone to bark, they perform the rôle of house-dogs badly. The Don assured us that puppies will not bark at all unless taught by others. But they learn at once, thus differing from the thorough-bred coyote, which can only howl and whimper in the first generation of domesticity, and seldom succeeds in learning a true bark until the third.

We asked why a dollar was granted for a slain puma, and but half for a jaguar, seeing that the latter animal is much more dangerous and destructive. It appears that in the fashion of hunting to which these Indians obstinately adhere, the less terrible beast causes the greater loss of life. Tigreros go in couples, the head man in advance with his two spears, the subordinate following with his machete or chopping knife. The jaguar is easily tracked, and he does not go far when roused. So soon as it is thoroughly conveyed to his mind that these intruders wish to see him personally, he turns with a roar that always gives sufficient warning to such practised shikaris. A moment afterward he comes trotting up. The foremost Indian kneels, holding a spear in either hand, the long one farthest out—his companion stands at the side. The jaguar does not pause, but gathering himself up, cleaves the air in a mighty bound, his forelegs wide asunder, and claws hooked to rend. Very seldom does it happen that the long sphere fails to transfix his unprotected chest, or the shorter one his throat.

Such is not the puma's conduct. When disturbed, he skulks swiftly through the brushwood, and commonly escapes. In following a jaguar, dogs are seldom

hurt, for he disregards them, and they have no need to press him. But the puma turns constantly, massacres a hound, and speeds on again. Even if wounded he is slow to stand; but when brought to bay at length, it is a more deadly risk to face him. For this combat the spears are useless. Springing with his paws crossed, the puma would dash them aside. His feet firmly planted, knife in his left hand, machete in his right, the Indian stands forward. He has one blow, in mid-air. If it fails, if the skull be not cleft like an apple, brute and man roll over in a hideous embrace. At such a time, the comrade seldom wanted in jaguar hunting would be invaluable. But when an Indian sets out intentionally to track a puma, he goes alone. So did his fathers and so does he.

Very, very rarely a jaguar springs with his paws crossed, and then there is wailing in the tigero's hut. For the spheres upon which he relied are twisted from his grasp, and the huge beast falls upon him kneeling. If the comadre with the machete be true, the tiger has probably two victims instead of one. The single chance of these poor Indians lies with their dogs, and it is but a very small one. Jaguars with this uncomfortable habit are scarce, however—if it be more than an accident. None of the ranchero's Indians had seen a case, though that fact proves little. Witnesses of the phenomenon rarely survive.

Still a third reason was furnished us for the higher reward, beside expenditure of dogs and greater risk. The puma has a horrid habit of following a human trail. The same practice has been charged against the true lion. There is no doubt that the former animal has it. The motive is not so apparent as might be fancied at a glance. It is evidently an instinct. Should this animal, prowling through the woods, come across man's footsteps, he follows them, though they be days old; provided I imagine, that the scent have not yet dispersed. My own Indians pointed out to me an instance where—I took their assurance for it—the man had passed three days before, and the puma within two hours. It may be the cunning creature knows it likely that where man has gone something eatable alive or

dead may be discovered. He is not above gnawing a stray bone. But I have no serious suggestion to offer. Be the motive what it may, the practice leads directly or indirectly to the death of many travellers belated in the woods. And it causes the puma to be regarded with a shuddering hate which the more ferocious jaguar does not inspire.

When I add that the trail of these two animals is distinguished one from the other by a small heap of earth which the puma's forepaw throws up behind, I think I have exhausted all my memoranda of the hints which our skilful ranchero poured forth. There is something characteristic in this detail of the footprint also. The pads of either brute are almost alike in size, though the tiger be so much bigger and heavier. But he goes along with a free bold stride, while the other crouches and crawls, his head down-pressed between the shoulders, all his weight thrown on the forelegs. Thus they sink deep, and leave a tiny hillock of moist soil behind them.

The lore of veneerie unrolled by our kindly host was illustrated with stories. He himself gave all his mind to war against the puma, leaving the jaguar to his tigeros. Caring only to have the brutes destroyed, insensible to the pleasures of the chase, he found this system judicious. For, as he used a rifle, an immense expenditure of time was saved. And the habits of the puma mentioned divest its pursuit of danger if firearms be used—as a rule, understood.

We have diverged to the subject of black lions, an animal whose existence has been denied. The ranchero had nothing decisive to advance on this disputed question. He heard with astonishment and contempt that European savans doubted. Black pumas, he alleged, are as well authenticated as black jaguars. He had never killed one. Such skins as had come beneath his notice were very large truly. But he laughed scornfully at the idea that any woodsman could make a mistake. And the testimony of one so experienced impressed us.

"One day," said our host, "news came to hand that two of my calves had been seized by a black lion. It was at the furthest pasture, some ten miles out.

In the afternoon I rode thither with my dogs, to sleep at the vaquero's hut, and follow the creature in the morning. All the herd was brought into the corral. Soon after dusk arose a great commotion, the cows running together, the bulls charging and furiously skirmishing round them. We turned out—beyond the corral paling, you understand. It is a big inclosure, and the night was very dark. Noise enough there was already to scare all honest lions in the world; but on a sudden rose such tumult as sinful creatures make in Purgatory. Cattle bellowed and roared, women screamed; then a multitude of galloping hoofs shook the ground, and timbers crashed! All my herd streamed through the fence, tearing over the misty plain. Fortunately, none of us stood in their way.

"Nothing could be done that night, and I went back mad. That four-legged demon had sprung or climbed the railing, snatched a young calf under its mother's belly, and vanished; you must know that she was tied against the housewall. Some Indian women saw it fly down among them, as they said, its great eyes burning like lamps, saw it crouch a second growling, staring at them; seize the calf beneath its struggling mother, and fly back. I knew too well that more of my young stock would be missing before dawn.

" Sending to the ranche for more vaqueros, I went to bed. Next day all turned out early, the Indians to search for my poor cattle, I to pursue the lion. His trail was followed easy enough."

"A moment!" my companion exclaimed. "Did you notice whether it was a puma's track by the sign you have described to us?"

"No! The dogs lifted it instantly, and I followed at a canter. At the forest edge I left my horse. The hounds had a long start, all but that old perro yonder, who waited for me." He pointed to an ancient dog, gray and scarred, the only one admitted to the house, of breed more European than the curs outside.

"I heard the pack quarrelling and snarling a long way off, and I knew what it meant. They had found the remains of that black devil's supper,

and were dividing the fragments. I was not alarmed, however; he would leave little of a sucking calf. It took me more than half an hour to reach the spot, for there was an ugly bit of swamp to circumvent. When I got there, not a dog remained, and the bones, not of one but of three calves, strewed the earth. It had been his regular dining-room for three nights, ever since he made his appearance on my land. That told that his lair was not far off probably, and I decided to search for it; though my one dog was rather demoralized by a scrap or two of meat, snatched on the sly while I was hunting round.

"I kicked him off, and he began to smell in a larger circle. The trail was struck in a moment, of course, and we set on. I knew I could depend on that faithful perro not to outrun me, and I was rather warm to face a black lion, when one has need of a steady hand. So I went quietly.

"It was farther off than I expected. After two hours' tramp through the woods, I saw it was probable the brute had his den by the river. But long before we got there my dog became anxious and uncertain. I could see the track quite plain, but he did not follow readily, looking behind him, pausing and growling. I thought that taste of flesh disturbed his mind, and urged him along, but more and more unwillingly he travelled, with such odd movements as alarmed me, for I thought him going mad. Suddenly he turned, rushed past me barking savagely, his hair on end. Very glad to see him go, I sat down to rest, while he took a long start, and I considered what to do.

"The perro's cry grew fainter and fainter. Then its note changed to the querulous worrying and snarling, with a loud long bark now and again, which tell the master that his dog wants help with a dangerous quarry. I guessed how it was in that moment. While I followed the lion's old trail, it had been following me! I ran back. The perro was working farther from our path. Luckily I struck at once the spot where he had branched away, but it was slow lifting his track through the forest. I had made up my mind to return when the clamor changed to yelps and howls. The lion had faced about, struck down

my dog, and perhaps was tearing him. As fast as possible I hurried on.

" But if lions mean killing, all is over in an instant when they have their victim down, and the perro's miserable yells showed him to be still living. After a while I came up. See the marks ! " We observed two deep scars on the left shoulder, and two slight ones ; two rugged punctures on the right. There the puma's claws had grasped while he struck.

" The children loved my dog, and no artery was cut. I shredded some Spanish moss, bound up his wounds, slung him in my scarf, and set out for home ; so far had we wandered that it was nearer than the corral. I am strong, sefiores, but the sun was hot, and a dog is heavy on one's shoulders. No path led through the forest, and I could not feel sure, not being an Indian, that I was following the true course. A hundred times I thought of dropping the poor animal, but I had not the heart when he licked my neck, and I remembered what his fate would be, devoured alive by ants and flies.

" Presently he became restless, and then he growled. ' It needs many lessons to teach a fool,' says the proverb. I hit him with my elbow, but he would not be quiet. He began to bark feebly, gathering up his limbs, poor beast ! I suddenly caught the hint, and turned. At a few yards' distance the bushes softly swayed beside my track ! That lion was following again. I looked to my rifle, and set forward. In ten minutes the growling recommenced, and the excitement of the perro grew stronger and stronger. The brute was creeping up ! I cocked my gun, faced round, but that devil was quicker ! Nothing could be seen but the waving of the twigs. I fired a chance shot to no effect, and resumed my way, after loading. For a long while all was quiet. I gained the river bank, and was working down, relieved of all anxiety, for the spot was familiar. In an hour I should be at home.

" Beyond a broad belt of reeds and swampy ground lay the clearing. That

was an ugly bit to traverse with a lion at one's heels, and I congratulated myself he had run away. One could not see a yard on either hand when, half-way through, the perro growled and barked and struggled in greater agitation than before ! I cried to the saints, and the sweat poured down. When I turned, the reeds were all bending and quivering but five yards away ! I shot, and hurried on, but the ground was difficult. In a few moments the dog again gave warning, and the reeds swayed all about. I shot ! But now the dog did not cease to raise such feeble clamor as he could, and I shot as fast as I could load. Madre di Dios, sefiores, what a run that was !

" The firing saved me ! Two vaqueros resting in the shade knew the sound of my piece, and came to meet me halloaing. The perro was almost choaked in convulsions by this time, and I believe that lion had just gathered himself to spring when their shouts alarmed him. " Now sefiores ! What was the creature that pursued me thus, in broad daylight, though I fired into its very jaws ? "

" Might it not have been a jaguar ? " I asked timidly.

" You are ignorant of our woodcraft, sefior ! Why should a tiger follow a man ? The brute was not hungry, for it left my dog. And if a tiger had behaved in that strange way, he would have sprung as soon as he came up. No ! It was a lion—but a black one ! "

" Did you follow its trail ? "

" I could not find a tigrero till next day. Then the footsteps were tracked for miles after it left me, going straight for the hills. The Indians saw it was travelling, and returned. We have had no alarm of black lions since. And from that time, sefiores, I have understood how a kind action does not go unrewarded. For if I had abandoned my dog, I should never have reached home that day."

When we left in the dawn, that excellent ranchero presented each of us with a puma skin. Mine is still an ornament of the bungalow.—*Belgravia Magazine.*

## LITERARY NOTICES.

**RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. ITALIAN LITERATURE.** By John Addington Symonds, Author of "Studies of the Greek Poets," "Sketches in Italy and Greece," etc. New York : Henry Holt & Co.

These two volumes bring to completion a truly magnificent work, executed in the spirit and manner of the most thorough scholarship, and with the beauty and gracefulness of a charming literary style. The plan of the author has been to divide the general subject, the "Renaissance in Italy," into four parts or subordinate subjects, developing each separately and, with the exception of the last, in single volume. The first part, "The Age of the Despots," presents a vivid picture of the political and social condition of Italy preceding and during the renaissance period ; the second, the "Revival of Learning," describes the manner in which the classic past was explored and its treasures brought forth and remoulded for the creation of a glorious future ; and the third volume, the "Fine Arts," explains the bias toward figurative art, which characterized the sudden growth of intellectual activity, containing a brilliant account of its principal manifestations in painting, sculpture, and architecture. These volumes form the proper philosophical introduction to the two concluding volumes upon the literature, exhibiting in elaborate detail the conditions out of which that literature grew and by which its forms and character were determined. It is only by such a method that an interpretation and just estimate of any literary period can be made ; it is the method of scientific literary history. The plan of making each part complete in itself, as adhered to by the author, is the plan of the essay rather than of consecutive history, and inevitably involves certain disadvantages. It is unfortunate, for example, that the reader while studying the poetry and literary influence of Petrarch must refer to a preceding volume for an account of his work in the revival of learning, that side of his activity which cannot well be dissociated from his strictly creative work. But the force of these minor difficulties is very much diminished, now that the work can be read in its entirety, the different parts in their logical order, and the proper relation of parts more clearly perceived. A just conception can now be formed of the author's great design in all its comprehensiveness.

It is not a little surprising, when we reflect upon the matter, that with an ever ready acknowledgment from English writers of the great debt of gratitude due to those early Italians, there has been no adequate history of that

period available for English readers. The streams of Italian influence that coursed throughout Europe poured their sweet waters bountifully upon English soil, and yet our best knowledge of their far-off fountain head has come only through the brief messages of a few like Milton who had themselves breathed the soft air of Vallombrosa. Mr. Symonds has revealed the hidden springs of that great influence and in his pages the English reader may become almost as familiar with the renaissance literature of Italy as of his own country. Not an English name appears in the long list of authorities given by the author in his preface to these volumes. His material has been gathered entirely from the original sources and from the works of many Italian scholars, who recently moved by a patriotic impulse have been engaged in the thorough study and exposition of their native literature. The period covered extends from the end of the thirteenth century to the middle of the sixteenth, but the author casts frequent glances back into the obscurer past and now and then looks forward to some of the results of the period in northern Europe. The opening chapter is a summary of the results reached by the troublesome discussions of the origin and formation of the Italian language. This prepares the way for the introduction of Dante, the first great writer in the newly formed language, who is grouped with Petrarch and Boccaccio under the title of "The Triumvirate." After an admirable historical and critical account of these first great lights, who shed their brilliancy through the whole period, he carries the history steadily forward, bringing under review novelists, historians, philosophers, critics, dramatists, poets, poetasters, and scribblers—every name that offers an excuse for appearing in literary history and many that do not—until finally the last great lights are reached, Tasso and Ariosto. He sweeps the whole field of intellectual effort, tracing it in all its forms of expression, rising to the celestial heights of the Divine comedy and descending to the depths of moral degradation below which no lower depths can open. We could wish that the author had shortened his history by some two hundred or more pages, and thus relieved the reader of the necessity of considering a number of obscure writers in an age of unspeakable immorality, even the description of whose works must prove offensive and disgusting to modern taste. Such an abridgment would not have affected in the least the truthfulness or the historic completeness of the work, and would have saved many a shock to literary decency.

Paganism was indigenous in Italy. A grossly human ideal of life supplied the motive of the renaissance, which has left its impress upon every form of Italian art. Its highest and noblest qualities are allied to the sensuous, and from this it exhibits every degree to the sensual. The blending of moral indifference with artistic seriousness characterizes its best productions. In the analysis of the Italian genius Mr. Symonds displays remarkable acumen, and in his criticism and exposition he is always clear and forcible. He presents in a single passage the keynote to this moral quality which pervades all Italian art, and illustrates it repeatedly by analyses of the works of the best as well as the worst. "To an unprejudiced student of Italian arts and letters," he says, "nothing seems more clearly proved than the fact that a certain powerful objective quality—call it realism, call it sensuousness—determines their most genuine productions, sinking to grossness, ascending to sublimity, combining with religious feeling in the fine arts, blending with the definiteness of classic style, but never absent. It is this objectivity, realism, sensuousness, which constitutes the strength of the Italians, and assigns the limitations of their faculty."

**HOMESPUN STORIES.** By Ascott R. Hope, Author of "Stories of Young Adventurers," "Stories of Whitminster," etc. With Illustrations. New York : *D. Appleton & Co.*

The pleasing design in black and gold upon the cover of this volume, suggestive of the character of its contents, will itself prove very appetizing to "the boy of the period," to whom the author dedicates his stories ; and when the volume is opened, this same boy, we venture to predict, will not be induced except by the direst necessity to leave the adventures of the several young heroes unfinished. Mr. Hope is a writer who is thoroughly in sympathy with boy nature, who understands its needs, and who evidently believes that the best intellectual energy is none too good to be employed in supplying those needs. He knows the processes by which the boy's nature must be developed, and offers wholesome food for its nourishment. The volume contains twelve stories of the adventures and amusing experiences of as many young men of the age of the supposed reader, including a story of sea-life, a story of the strange adventures of "A Night in the Black Forest," a story of Scotland, and another of Ireland, a "Scene from History," being a "Story of a French Revolution," two stories of school life, and also a "Story of the Latin Grammar." It will be seen that the contents are sufficiently varied to be always interesting and instructive, and the adventures described will be found exciting enough to be

romantic, but never romantic enough to be unreal or impossible. In a chatty and charming introduction, all about "spinning a story," the author takes his young readers into his confidence and lets them into some of the secrets of his trade. The methods of planning a story and the motives that govern the writer in the execution, are explained in a very frank and instructive manner. This revelation will be of interest to a much wiser class than that directly addressed by the author. Among many suggestive remarks is the following, in answer to the question often asked whether an author does not take his friends and enemies as models for his characters : "All I can say is that I know few people in real life whose character would be worth putting into a story ; that is, striking, original, or interesting enough. A character in a book, while it ought to bear some mark of individuality, must be more consistent, more rounded, more typical than is often found in life, and this is especially the case with a short story and minor personages, where there is room for nothing but an outline sketch. It would take half a dozen ordinary characters rolled into one to fill up a portrait of fiction." This opinion will be looked upon as decidedly old-fashioned by those who have become converted to the modern introspective method.

**THE BEGINNINGS OF HISTORY :** According to the Bible and the Traditions of Oriental Peoples. From the Creation of Man to the Deluge. By François Lenormant, Professor of Archaeology at the National Library of France, etc. New York : *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

The author of this work is ranked among the greatest living Asiologists, and this volume upon the ancient traditions bearing upon the Biblical history, now presented for the first time in an English form, represents the fruits of a quarter of a century of the most laborious study and research. The book is commended to the American public in a brief introduction by Professor Francis Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, who though not committing himself to all of the author's conclusions, praises it in unqualified terms for the sincere and scholarly spirit of its investigations and its vast accumulation of historical and literary facts, suggesting that its value does not depend so much upon the correctness of the opinions maintained as upon the opportunity it affords us for forming rational opinions of our own. It is a mine of information in regard to the early traditions of all the great peoples of the earth, as far as these can be brought into connection with the beginnings of the Hebrew records. The principal subjects around which the legends are grouped for comparative study

are the creation of man, the first sin, the cherubim and the revolving sword, the fratricide and the foundation of the first city, the Sethites and Cainites, the ten antediluvian patriarchs, and the deluge. Traditions pertaining to these subjects have been traced in almost all the branches of the human race, and the author's purpose is to present in rapid review these traditions, giving frequently extended translations from ancient monuments, so that every intelligent reader may make for himself the comparison with the Biblical record. The idea of Edenic happiness, for example, is shown to be a universal tradition, and myths concerning the first sin are found in Zoroastrianism, in the fragments of Chaldean and Phœnecian beliefs, in the Hindu Vedas and the Scandinavian Eddas. So also traditions of the deluge appear among all the great races of men, with the single exception of the black race. In reviewing this group of traditions the author gives a complete translation of the famous Chaldean account of the deluge discovered by the late George Smith in the cuneiform tablets exhumed at Ninevah. A transcription of the text with interlinear translation is given in an appendix.

There is but one conclusion, in the author's mind, to be drawn from this comparative study of traditions, many of which were current long ages before the time of Moses. The account contained in the first chapters of Genesis was not dictated by God, to be the exclusive possession of the chosen people, but was "a tradition whose origin is lost in the night of the remotest ages, and which all the nations of western Asia possessed in common, with some variations." But this view does not preclude the idea of inspiration, in which Professor Lenormant emphatically declares his belief. The divine inspiration of the writers who made these archaeological records is to be found in "the absolutely new spirit which animates their narration," as compared with those of the surrounding nations. An exuberant polytheism and gross naturalism have given place to a severe monotheism and moral truths of the most spiritual and exalted order. Herein consists the miracle, and "I do not hesitate," he says, "to find in it the effect of a supernatural intervention of divine Providence, and I bow before the God who inspired the Law and the Prophets."

**ENGLISH COLONIES IN AMERICA:** Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas. By J. A. Doyle, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

This is the first volume of what promises to be a very valuable contribution to American history. Mr. Doyle has already written an excellent brief history of the United States, in

which his fitness for the production of a more elaborate and thorough work upon the same subject was amply illustrated. The plan of the present work is to trace the history of each separate colony down to the end of the seventeenth century, and from that point to present the history of the whole group down to the period of separation from the mother country. The second volume will deal with the New England Colonies, and the remaining colonies will be included in the third and concluding volume. The major part of the work will be devoted to the period covered by the first volume of the new edition of Bancroft's history. It is to be earnestly hoped that no casualty may overtake author or publishers to prevent or delay the consummation of so important a plan. Such a history, written from an outside point of view, with judicial fairness and scientific accuracy in the use of facts, will form an admirable supplement to the many histories of the period already produced—histories excellent in themselves and indispensable to every student of early American life, but affected frequently by patriotic, or poetic, or other bias of the writer, so as to be deprived of some of the qualities desirable in works of final reference. A peculiar charm always surrounds the cradle of a new nation, and it is not probable, possibly not desirable, that writers who possess a heritage of natal associations should be insensible to its influences. But the logic of history must be added to its sentiment and poetry, in establishing the proper perspective of the past. This logical side of our colonial history, worked out with thoroughness and completeness, will be found in Mr. Doyle's work. He has enjoyed special advantages in the gathering of materials, drawing largely from the ample resources of the English public record office, and in the sifting of his facts has retained all that can be of any possible value to his readers. His main purpose is to describe the political and social development of the colonies in the line of progress toward federal union, to trace the gradual evolution of a constitutional government. But in describing the constitutional development he does not neglect the life and characteristics of the colonists and the external conditions which controlled and modified their action in the formation of their primitive institutions. The first five chapters are taken up with descriptions of the physical features of the country, the natives, the voyages and discoveries during the sixteenth century, and the Spanish and French attempts at colonization. The work will thus be rendered complete in itself, covering all the ground of standard histories. The author's style is remarkably clear and terse, and though dealing with copious details and at times with an appalling array of dusty facts, is never dull.

The tone of his writing is always that of the impartial judge whose business it is to weigh evidence, and he has a happy manner of unfolding before the reader, as it were, the processes of his own mind in the formation of his judgments. The facts are concisely stated and then the reader is invited to join the author in reasoning upon them. Something is lost in picturesqueness and impressiveness by such a method of judicial calmness, but much more is gained in the confidence insured in the general conclusions. It should be noted that a beautifully printed map accompanies this volume, showing the boundaries of the colonies in 1700.

**RAGNAROK : The Age of Fire and Gravel.** By Ignatius Donnelly, Author of "Atlantis : the Antediluvian World." Illustrated. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

It is difficult to say whether this book should be called a work of science or of romance. In its clear statement of theories and skilful marshalling of facts it is scientific ; and, on the other hand, any one who can admire a bold flight of the imagination, poetic or otherwise, will find it truly "as interesting as a romance." It is an ingeniously constructed bomb, tossed into the self-complacency of the scientifically learned, and is sure to produce a sensation. An immense laugh will be raised among the geologists and occasionally, perhaps, some alarm ; for the author is too earnest and aggressive in the advancement of his theories to be simply ignored, and too plausible in his arguments to be easily answered.

The main thesis is that geologists are all wrong in their explanations of the Drift Age, that the deposits of clay, gravel, and boulders, supposed to be due to the action of ice, is in reality the result of the contact of some comet with the earth, which, sweeping its huge tail over the face of one half the globe, cracked the solid crust so as to form the fiords, scooped out the basins of the great lakes, crumbled the mountains, and filled up the valleys with contributions of its own solid material, producing terrible destruction of living things and bringing on a period of great floods, winds, snow, ice, darkness, chaos—Ragnarok, where the Fenris-wolf gets loose and devours the sun. Civilized men lived before this catastrophe, dwelling in Edenic happiness in the then tropical regions of Greenland and Spitzbergen, a few of whom were preserved in caves, to hand down an account of the unhappy event through the legends of all ages and nations. The ingenuity with which the author weaves together facts from geology, astronomy, and mythology, in support of this startling theory, is in itself an achievement worthy of profound admiration. He disposes of the four ice theories which have served to account for the drift,

showing at least that they are inadequate, and then proves that all the conditions necessary to produce the phenomena of the drift period are furnished by the heat, motion and material of a comet. Such a visitation is attested by legends of a mighty conflagration, of a period of cave-life, of an age of darkness, and of the triumph of the sun, the last being best represented in the Norse mythology by the return of Balder after Ragnarok. The Book of Job is made to furnish strong arguments in support of the theory, for were not the sheep and the servants of Job consumed by fire "fallen from heaven," and the sons and daughters of Job killed by a cyclone, and Job himself forced to make his dwelling in a cave ? The story of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah is another legend referring to the same event, and we are also taught to read the first chapters of Genesis "by the light of the comet." Indeed, whatever the author may have failed to prove by his long array of witnesses, he has certainly established a presumption which should go far toward excusing the generations of man for yielding to a superstitious fear whenever a fiery stranger glares threateningly across the heavens.

**THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES.** So Classified and Arranged as to Facilitate the Expression of Ideas and Assist in Literary Composition. By Peter Mark Roget. New Edition. Enlarged and Improved, partly from the Author's Notes, and with a full Index. By John Lewis Roget. New York and Chicago : John R. Anderson & Son.

This standard work of reference hardly needs commendation or description, for its usefulness is already well known, and it is to be found among the reference books of almost every well regulated library. It is much more than a mere book of synonyms, possessing certain features that are unique, and among books of this kind it is without a competitor. The words are arranged alphabetically and also in groups according to subjects, the groups being arranged in parallel columns so as to bring opposite and correlative ideas into immediate contrast, thus securing all the advantages of antithesis. Each group contains, in addition to the usual list of synonyms, words and phrases, a large number of pithy and popular sayings, proverbial expressions and quotable epigrams, thus furnishing a storehouse of material always at hand from which to enrich one's vocabulary. Words and phrases are borrowed liberally from other languages, especially the Latin and the French. Any one not endowed with the gift of speech by a special dispensation will find the book, after a brief acquaintance, to be an invaluable aid which should always be kept within easy consulting distance.

## FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

AN essay by Spielhagen on the novelist's art has just been published at Leipsic.

DR. JAMES MARTINEAU will shortly publish, with Messrs. Macmillan & Co., a book on Spinoza.

MR. E. W. GOSSE has printed for private issue a Life of Thomas Lodge, the Elizabethan. The edition is limited to ten copies.

FIRMIN-DIDOT have just published the third part of the second volume of the French Dictionary compiled by the Académie Française.

M. VICTOR HUGO's "Torquemada" has been translated into German with the consent of the poet, and will be represented as a drama at the Carl Theatre in Vienna.

A WHITE marble tablet has been placed upon the house in Paris, at the corner of the Rue Rollin and the Rue Monge, which occupies the site of that in which Pascal died.

THE eighth volume of M. Elisée Reclus' great work—"Nouvelle Géographie universelle"—which has just been published by Hachette, treats of India and Farther India.

AMONG the many literary projects of the time which bear a cyclopedic character, one of the most promising is that of a "Dictionary of Political Economy," to be prepared by specialists.

A FARM in Kirkcudbrightshire, but within a mile of Dumfries, has been let to the Messrs. Carlyle, of Craigenputtock, nephews of Thomas Carlyle. The area of the farm is 174 acres, nearly all arable ; and the rent, £503.

CARL ANDERSEN, the Danish poet and novelist, whose vivid stories of Icelandic life have made a name outside Scandinavian countries, has just published another tale of Iceland, entitled "Over Skjoer og Braending" (Copenhagen : G. Gad).

WE hear that the arrangements of *Longman's Magazine* for the year include a series of papers on the peasantry of various parts of the United Kingdom. Mr. Thomas Hardy is to do the Dorsetshire Laborer, Mrs. Oliphant the Skye Crofter, and Mr. Justin McCarthy the Irish Cottier.

THE Holy Synod of the Russian Church has recently adopted a resolution to authorize a translation of the Bible and of a portion of the liturgy into Livonian and also into Estonian. This resolve is said to be not unconnected with the sympathy that the Government has begun to show toward the nationalist or Finnish movement in the Baltic provinces.

AN *édition de luxe* has just appeared (Paris : Dentu) of M. Arsène Houssaye's curious book on the "forty-first chair in the Académie Française"—that is to say, on the illustrious authors who have never been elected. These include the names of Descartes, Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, Molière, Le Sage, Beaumarchais, Béranger, Dumas *père*, etc. This edition, which is printed for subscribers, contains etchings after the most authentic portraits.

A WORK upon the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and its archives at Malta will soon be published in the "Bibliothèque des Ecoles d'Athènes et de Rome," by M. J. Delaville le Roux. It will consist of about a hundred documents of the eleventh and twelfth centuries relating to the history of the Hospitallers in Palestine. The editor has been occupied in special researches, on the history of the Order for several years, and pointed out the importance of these inedited documents in 1879 to the Académie des Inscriptions.

## SCIENCE AND ART.

ALCOHOL AS A FREEZING AGENT.—In the course of other work, Herr J. Moritz lately had his attention drawn to the lowering of temperature obtainable from mixture of alcohol and snow ; and this method, he considers, might in some cases be preferable to others. In one experiment he made 75 gr. snow and 77 gr. absolute alcohol at +4 deg. C., gave, on mixture, a temperature of about -30 deg. C., and, in other experiments, with 77 gr. of each, temperatures of -24.2 deg., and -29.4 deg. C. were reached. One advantage of the method is the absence of any salt or acid.

DENTAL CAVIES.—From a recent examination by Dr. Franzius of the teeth of 650 soldiers in Russia, it appeared that 258, or nearly 40 per cent, had dental caries. He finds that of all the teeth, the third molar is most often affected, such cases making up one half of all the cases. The teeth are affected, in a certain successive order—first, the lower third molar is attacked, then the upper, then the lower fourth molar and so on. The incisors and the canine teeth of the lower jaw stand last in the line. The durability of the upper teeth stands to that of the lower as three to two. The teeth in persons of fair complexion and hair are less durable than in those of dark complexion and hair (40 to 37 per cent). Stature has a manifest influence on the durability of the teeth, which increases with decrease of height, and *vice versa*. (Dr. Franzius seeks an explanation of this curious fact in a less perfect outer circulation in tall men than in short men.) The right teeth

show a greater vitality than the left. The conditions of the soldier's life do not show any harmful influence on the state of the teeth.

**THE GROWTH OF CHILDREN.**—Growth varies in different children. Some increase in stature so rapidly that their clothes are outgrown long before they are worn threadbare, while others grow very slowly. A table prepared by a French *savant* gives the following data: During the first year after birth the growth in stature is about seven and one-half inches; from two to three it is four or five inches; from three to four, an inch and a half; from four to six, about two and a quarter inches annually; from seven to eight, two and a half inches; from eight to twelve, two inches annually; from twelve to thirteen, one and eight tenths; from thirteen to fourteen, two and a quarter inches; from fifteen to sixteen, two inches; from sixteen to seventeen, nearly two inches; and after this, though growth continues until twenty-one and sometimes for years after, its rate rapidly diminishes. If mothers would measure their children regularly on their birthdays and preserve the record, they would thus accumulate valuable data for statisticians. Progressive increase of stature is a sign of good health, as increase in strides shows weakness of constitution or imperfect health.

**BACILLUS OF TUBERCLE IN THE BREATH.**—At the Royal Society, November 8th, a "Note on the Discovery of Bacilli in the Condensed Aqueous Vapor of the Breath of Persons affected with Phthisis" was read by Dr. Arthur Ransome, communicated by Dr. W. Roberts, F.R.S. In the year 1869 the author had examined the aqueous vapor of the breath in health and disease. This vapor was condensed in a glass globe surrounded by ice and salt, and, in condensing, it was found to carry down all the organic matter contained in the breath. It appeared probable that the breath of persons in advanced stages of phthisis would contain the bacillus of tubercle, and that this organism could be rendered visible by Dr. Heneage Gibbes's method of staining. The aqueous vapor of the breath of several advanced cases of phthisis was accordingly condensed by the above-mentioned method, and each specimen was separately examined. In order to carry down the organic matter, and to afford a basis to attach the material to the microscopic cover-glasses, fresh white of egg, or a little mucus, free from bacilli, was added to the fluid. No attempt was made to sterilize the fluids, as the ordinary bacteria of putrefaction are not stained by the process used. In the aqueous vapor obtained from two of the cases, specimens of bacillus were found which took the staining in the same manner as the bacillus found in

phthisical sputa and in tubercle. The organism was not found in several other cases, nor yet in the aqueous vapor condensed in the waiting-room of the Manchester Consumption Hospital.—*British Medical Journal*.

**NEW OBSERVATIONS ON RABIES.**—It is gratifying to know that M. Pasteur, with his remarkable powers of research, is at present engaged in the study of hydrophobia. The results of his recent observations (made in concert with three other physiologists) have just been communicated to the Paris Academy. *Inter alia*, it is found that all the forms of rabies proceed from the same virus, and one may pass experimentally from one form to another. The character probably depends on where in the nervous system the virus is localized. In the saliva the virus is associated with various microbes or small organisms, and inoculation with the liquid may cause three kinds of death—that from the microbe, that from large production of pus, and that by rabies. The *medulla oblongata* (or link between the brain and spinal cord) in a person that has died of rabies is always virulent, and the virus is also found throughout or in a part of the brain, and (of equal strength) in the spinal cord. The virulence persists so long as putrefaction has not set in. Rabies may be developed surely and quickly either by trepanation and inoculating the surface of the brain, or by injection into the veins; the disease manifests itself in six, eight, or ten days. Rabies produced by intravenous injection is often very different in character from that given by bite or trepanation. In intravenous inoculation the spinal cord seems to be first attacked. Inoculation with rabid saliva or blood, by intravenous injection, where not proving fatal, does not necessarily preserve from rabies and death after a fresh inoculation of pure rabid matter. Spontaneous cure of rabies sometimes occurred after only the first rabid symptoms were developed; never after the acute symptoms appeared. Sometimes, long after the date of disappearance of the first symptoms (two months), acute symptoms occurred, and were followed by death. M. Pasteur now has four dogs which cannot take rabies, however inoculated and whatever the strength of the matter. He is at present unable to say whether they are preserved by having had the disease mildly and recovered, or by being naturally refractory (if that be a possible case). In the course of this investigation inoculations to the extent of more than 200 were performed on dogs, rabbits, and sheep.

**ANTI-MALARIAL PLANTS.**—A new plant possessing anti-malarial properties, as alleged, is receiving public attention. This is the *Jussiaea grandiflora*, or floating plant of the

bayous and lower lakes of Louisiana, which has been long observed to prevent the development of malaria in regions peculiarly adapted to its generation. The claim is put forth for it that it purifies all stagnant water in which it grows, that the lakes and bayous inhabited by it are singularly pure to the sight, taste and smell ; and that to its presence, and its undoubted hygienic or health-preserving qualities, is to be attributed the remarkable exemption of the people of Lower Louisiana from malarious or miasmatic diseases. It is also stated that in the region thus reputedly preserved from such diseases there are more stagnant waters and swamps than in any other part of the country.

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### MISCELLANY.

MILLAIS.—It happened more than twenty years ago, that an artist, since become very famous, who was a friend of Mr. Millais, came to him and announced his intention of giving up painting. He could not sell his work, would not live on his father, and was going as a farm pupil. "No," said Millais, "you shall do nothing of the kind. I've saved £500, and you shall draw on that till it's all gone, if necessary, but you must not quit art ; you're sure to succeed." The help was accepted frankly, and within a year or two the "Light of the World" was one of the results. Mr. Millais's power is so surprising and so varied that one never quite knows what to expect from his hand. Never, also, has a man who could paint well so frequently painted badly, and sent calmly side by side to exhibitions works of first and third rate quality. This refers more especially to his portraits of women and his landscape work. Of late years he seems to have done his best to destroy his genius, and his work has lost those beautiful touches of tender and genuine sentiment which first made him famous. It is pitiful to think that the artist who sent a thrill through England a quarter of a century ago by the picture of two lovers standing face to face, should have done nothing for the last ten years but turn out half a dozen good portraits, one good landscape, and half a hundred indifferent likenesses of rich but commonplace people. Pretty as are the little children in mob-caps, or with brooms in their hands (or sitting by the seashore as in the last of the series), or the others who represent the daughters of this prince or that commoner, we do grudge to the delineation of these the painter of "The Huguenots," "The Vale of Rest," and "The Autumn Leaves." There was an artist in England who seemed able to touch all our hearts by the trueness of his sentiment, while he de-

lighted our eyes by the magnificence of his color, and now he has disappeared, and we have in his stead a keen, clever portrait-painter, the only relics of whose genius flash out now and then in a vivid bit of character painting, like the portrait of Sir Henry Thompson, in this exhibition or the wistful expression of some child-model's eyes.—*Contemporary Review.*

VOLTAIRE AMONG ENGLISH "ROUGHS."—It was probably during Voltaire's sojourn either in Maiden Lane or in Billiter Square that his adroitness and fluent mastery over our language saved him from what might otherwise have been an unpleasant adventure. He chanced one day to be strolling along the streets when his peculiar appearance attracted attention. A crowd collected, and some ribald fellow began with jeers and hoots to taunt him with his nationality. Nothing is so easily excited as the passions of a rabble, and the passions of a rabble, when their victim is defenceless, rarely exhausts themselves in words. The miscreants were already preparing to pelt him with mud, and mud would no doubt have been followed with missiles of a more formidable kind. But Voltaire was equal to the crisis. Boldly confronting his assailants, he mounted on a stone which happened to be at hand, and began an oration of which the first sentence only has been preserved. "Brave Englishmen," he cried, "am I not sufficiently unhappy in not having been born among you?" How he proceeded we know not, but his harangue was, if we are to believe Wagnière, so effective that the crowd was not merely appeased, but eager to carry him on their shoulders in triumph to his lodgings. This was not the only occasion on which he experienced the rudeness with which the vulgar were in those days accustomed to treat his countrymen. He happened to be taking the air on the river when one of the men in charge of the boat, perceiving that his passenger was a Frenchman, began to boast of the superior privileges enjoyed by English subjects ; he belonged, he said, not to a land of slaves but to a land of freemen. Warming with his theme, the fellow concluded his offensive remarks by exclaiming with an oath that he would rather be a boatman on the Thames than an Archbishop in France. The sequel of the story is amusing. Within a few hours the man had been seized by a press-gang, and next day Voltaire saw him at the window of a prison with his legs manacled and his hands stretched through the bars, craving alms. "What think you now of a French Archbishop?" he cried. "Ah, sir," replied the captive, "the abominable government have forced me away from my wife and children to serve in a king's ship, and have thrown me

into prison and chained my feet for fear I should escape before the ship sails." A French gentleman who was with Voltaire at the time owned that he felt a malicious pleasure at seeing that the English, who were so fond of taunting their neighbors with servitude, were in truth quite as much slaves themselves. "But I," adds Voltaire in one of those noble reflections which so often flash across his pages, "felt a sentiment more humane : I was grieved to think that there was so little liberty on the earth."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

**TWO CORBIES.**—In a cliff not half a mile from my early northern home, a pair of ravens every summer built their nest. They had been there no one knew how long. The nest was about midway between the top of the cliff and the sea at its base, being placed within a small cave on the face of the precipice, where it was safe from all invaders. The young ones were insatiable ; and as their parents liked to see them well fed, it occasionally happened that a hen or duck might be found amissing from the farmyard.

In the same cliff, but nearer the water, and just over the mouth of a cave, a cormorant—or shag, as we call the bird—built her nest on an open shelf, so that we could see the eggs from the top of the cliff. The male raven had seen them too, and resolved to transfer the eggs to his nest. But this did not prove to be so easy as it had looked ; for the shag, with her long neck and hooked bill, defended her property to the last. The raven did not like to come to close-quarters with her, but sought to gain the eggs by art and perseverance. He would alight on one end of the shelf, and sidle up to the shag as near as he dared, picking at the outside material of her nest, and thus provoking her to make a dive at him, so as to draw her off the eggs. That gained, he would spring to the other side of the nest to seize an egg. But the shag would wheel round and meet him with open mouth, sometimes ruffling a feather out of him. This went on now and then for several days, till one day the shag got a firm hold of him, and both tumbled over plump into the sea. Unfortunately, the shag lost her hold as they fell into the water, or perhaps she had to let go ; and the raven getting on her back, was soon on the wing. The shag by-and-by got up also ; but ere she could reach her nest, the raven, drenched as he was, had removed the eggs, not to his nest, but to a short distance, from which he could carry them away at his leisure.

The poor shag had no avenger, and there the matter seemed to terminate. But one night shortly after, a thunder-storm came on from

the direction of the sea in front of the cliff. The rain was heavy, and the thunder loud ; and next morning the "corbies" nest with her family had been washed away. I saw the bereaved parents sitting on the top of the cliff, each a picture of desolation, especially the mother-bird.

After a day or two, we began to hear of sheep being destroyed by some strange agency, and then we were told that it was the work of the "corbies." This did not seem credible ; but more than one person could testify to having seen the birds at the work. One morning, a choice sheep of mine was found destroyed ; and I started at once with a gun to shoot the destroyers. But they knew what the weapon meant ; and for eight days, early and late, my efforts were unavailing. At last I killed a raven, though whether one of the destructive birds I could not be certain ; but from that day, the sheep were safe, and the birds never again seen.

During nine days, these two ravens killed no fewer than thirty strong full-grown sheep. Their mode of action was discovered to be as follows : The mother-bird would fly on to the sheep's face, fixing her claws below the eyes, and seizing the top of the head with her bill, would flap with her wings and scream frightfully. Her mate, ever near, would, when the sheep was so fixed, get on her back and dig a hole through to the kidneys. The sheep, distracted and blinded, would sometimes run over the cliff, sometimes into a ditch, and sometimes fall down exhausted. In no case were the ravens known to leave their victim until life was extinct, snapping the windpipe to that end, when other means failed ; and in no case were they known to feed on the sheep's carcass. The loss of their young ones seemed to have excited them to madness, and the sheep seemed to be the only living thing on which they could vent their rage. Had demoniacal possession been a present-day affliction, I should have regarded these ravens as a case in point.

—*Chamber's Journal*.

#### LOVE'S DAY.

BY JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

This is Love's house, and this Love's hour of bliss ;  
Through the dark grove her windows shine like stars ;  
List to those flute-players, mark well the bars  
Of that sweet prelude, each note like a kiss  
That longer grows and tenderer, till you miss  
The music in the passion. Nothing jars  
On soul or sense ; no fatal boding mars  
Joy's perfectness : what end shall be of this ?

Love hath her day, but Love's day vanisheth ;  
Vacant her chambers now, below, above ;  
Her flutes no longer breathe melodious breath ;  
Dark are her windows now as is the grove ;  
And echoes of the falling feet of Death  
Reverberate through the empty house of Love.

## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

### A BELGIAN POSTMAN.

HERE is a Belgian postman. We pride ourselves on our own postal service, but look at this man, who not only delivers letters punctually, smartly, but sells stamps and post-cards and acts as collector of small debts and newspaper agent. A Belgian who has money owing to him hands the bill to his postman, who passes it through the office to be presented to the debtor in whatever locality the latter may reside, and, if payment be made, the creditor receives it from his postman on the following day, with but a trifling deduction for commission. In the same way as to newspapers. Almost all regular subscribers to a journal pay their money to the postman, and two or three days before the subscription expires that hard-worked but ever active official presents the *quittance d'abonnement* for the renewal of the subscription during a fresh term. All this makes of the Belgian postman a kind of ambulating general agency and bank of deposit, and naturally the man is obliged to have a desk slung in front of him, to carry a locked and chained portfolio under his arm for valuables ; but he gets through his work satisfactorily, because his beats are shorter than those of his English brother ; and at times when there is a great press of work, he is always accompanied by a supernumerary. Let us note, in passing, an excellent method of collecting letters from pillar-boxes which exists in Germany (it originated at Munich) and is beginning to be adopted in some French cities. The letters, instead of falling into a bag, drop into a locked tin box, and the collecting postman, who goes his rounds in a light cart, has only to remove the box and put an empty one in its place. In this way the collections are not only made with great rapidity, but the chance of loss, robbery, or damage of letters is minimized. Another good thing about some Continental posts is the clear indication which they stamp on an envelope as to the place and hour at which it was posted. "Place de la Bourse, Paris, leme," with the date ; this means that the letter was posted at the place mentioned in time for the second collection of the day.

A PUBLISHER'S VIEW OF AUTHORS.—Mr. Osgood, the well-known Boston publisher, re-

marked recently, that he rather thought Walter Scott as a novelist would outlast Dickens. Scott kept nearly even with Dickens in sales at the present day, while Dickens' influence was yet recent, and it was therefore fair to conclude that when a few more years had passed Scott, rooted in romance and history, would continue to be the necessity of many and the delight of some. Mr. Osgood said that he thought Scott's poetry in the present period found more sale than that of Byron, who once outstripped Scott in contemporary popularity. The novels of Mr. Howells had a fair though not extraordinary sale, of perhaps 15,000 copies each. Hawthorne had never sold extravagantly, and probably never would become the favorite of great masses of people, since he worked for too fine an element and rather wrote over the heads of the multitude. The two distinctive successes in fiction had been Mrs. Stowe with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Mr. Tourgée with "The Fool's Errand." Mrs. Stowe might have realized \$75,000 in all from her books. Mrs. Burnett had not made much money from her tales and novels, but was reputed to have realized well from her play. Mr. Cable had a ready market for his wares, but was not a wealthy man, though he was a religious one and a devout Presbyterian. Mr. Roe, of whom the literary public knew little, published a set of goody stories which had a very considerable sale.

COTTON.—It is estimated by a Southern newspaper that the people of the South lost in the war only about one fiftieth as much as they have lost since the war by speculating in cotton. The same paper declares that cotton is a curse to the South. This sounds strangely in a land where it was proclaimed twenty years ago that cotton was king on this continent.

OLIVER AMES, the Republican Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, has been in the service of the Ames Shovel-Works at North Easton since he was fifteen years old, and has been the superintendent. His father, Oakes Ames, is said to have died with an indebtedness of \$8,000,000. In the time of the panic the son so managed the assets that he paid dollar for dollar, a million of dollars in legacies, and had a surplus for the residuary legatees.

**PRICE OF BUILDING SITES IN CITIES.**—Among Parisian journals which were recently discussing the price of building sites in European and American cities was one which complained that the price in Paris was larger than elsewhere. Others have taken up this statement and shown that the facts are the reverse. Thus it is said that in 1880 the price per superficial metre in London in a quarter corresponding to that of the Paris Bourse was 4500f.; and in another quarter, something like that of the Rue du Bac or the Rue Dauphine, it was 3200f.; both considerably more than Parisian prices. At Vienna, in the new boulevards which abut on the Prater, the present selling value of the metre runs from 2500f. to 2700f. and 2900f. At Berlin building sites are declared to be three times dearer than in Paris, while for New York, San Francisco, and Chicago the prices given are 3300f. and 4000f. per metre. All these cities, except London, have a smaller population than Paris.

MR. W. C. DEPAUW, of Indiana, proposes to give \$300,000 to Asbury University—\$100,000 in cash for buildings, and \$200,000 in productive endowments—and at his death a bequest of forty-five per cent of his estate, conditioned that \$150,000 shall be raised by others for a popular endowment. A committee is at work to secure that sum. If successful it will make Asbury the wealthiest of the Methodist colleges. The scheme of the University is to embrace a college of the liberal arts, a college of law, a college of medicine, a college of theology, and schools of technology, design, oratory, music, etc.

**SHEEP RANCHES.**—Among the great sheep-kings of America are Colonel Robert Scott, of Frankford, Kentucky, Colonel Richard Peters, of Atlantic, Georgia, and C. P. Bailey, of San José, California, the last having on his ranch in Nevada a herd of five thousand angoras, and having sold thirty thousand dollars' worth during the past two years.

**THE DOLLAR OF OUR FATHERS.**—When ex-Secretary Evarts visited the Natural Bridge of Virginia the story was told by one of the party that George Washington once threw a silver dollar over the Bridge standing where they were. As it was a rather remarkable feat some of the listeners doubted. "You forget," said Mr. Evarts, "how much farther a dollar went in those days."

**PLANTS USED BY MAN.**—Mankind makes use of only about three hundred of the one hundred and forty thousand known species of plants, says M. De Candolle.

MR. PHILLIMORE.—In one of the English law courts the then well-known counsel, Mr. Phillimore, was pleading against Sergt. Something, socially his bosom friend, forensically his deadly enemy. It was a case of the theft of some donkeys, and there was a dispute as to the number and sex of the animals. The judge got bothered and testily asked: "How many asses were in the plaintiff's stable on the night of the robbery?" "Three, my lud," answered the sergeant; "two mares and a colt." "Nay, my lud, four," put in the opposing advocate; "four donkeys in all." "Ah yes, true! I beg your ludship's and my learned brother's pardon. He reminds me that there were four donkeys present—two mares, one colt, and one filly more."

AN UNPUBLISHED WORK of Mendelssohn, written before he was fourteen, brought one hundred dollars at a recent sale in Berlin, and a manuscript of Mozart's "Symphony for Two Violins" was sold for two hundred and fifty dollars.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Use of the Voice in Reading and Speaking.* By Rev. FRANCIS T. RUSSELL, M.A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Large 12mo, cloth, pp. 348. Price, \$1.50.

*Portia, "Duchess Series."* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 299. Price, \$1.25.

*The Colonel's Daughter; or, Winning His Spurs.* By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo, pp. 440. Price, \$1.50.

*The Jews of Barnow.* Translated from the German by M. W. MACDOWALL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 334. Price, \$1.

*Sibylline Leaves.* Extracts for the Drawing-room. By A. E. M. K. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 280. Price, \$2.

*Lyrical and Dramatic Poems from the Works of Robert Browning.* Edited by EDWARD T. MASON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 275.

*A New Theory of the Origin of Species.* By BENJAMIN G. FERRIS. New York: Fowler & Wells. 12mo, cloth, pp. 278. Price, \$1.50.

*A Word, Only a Word.* A Romance. By GEORG EBERS. New York: Wm. S. Gettsberger. 12mo, paper, pp. 348. Price, 50c.

*Whist, or Bumblepuppy?* By PEMBRIDGE. Boston: Roberts Bros. Cloth, pp. 88. Price, 50 cents.

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"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: Gentlemen:—In the interest of suffering humanity I send you for publication an account of the *almost miraculous cure* which your Compound Oxygen performed in the case of my wife. Her condition was a very peculiar one. She had a complication of diseases, *Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, or Liver Complaint*, as her physicians have always called it, and *general nervous prostration*.

"If you will refer to my description of her case when I made the first order for your Treatment in December, 1877, you will see that she was suffering from severe attacks of colic and vomiting. These attacks first came once in two or three months, when she would vomit herself almost to death's door, and until she would raise a large amount of green bile. When her stomach was relieved from this she would become better at once. But as soon as a certain amount of bile would again accumulate there would be another attack of colic and vomiting. Each time the attacks came at shorter intervals and were more severe, until she became so weak and exhausted that we are sure she could not have lived many days longer had not your Oxygen Treatment come just as it did and saved her, for the colic and vomiting had become almost perpetual, and her strength and life were nearly exhausted.

"We could see a change in her condition from the first inhalation, for she never had so severe an attack of colic afterward and had more strength to endure the pain and retching. She continued to gain steadily, and for the past four years has had no severe attacks. If she is threatened with one she takes an inhalation or two and so escapes any severe paroxysms.

"We have used in all nearly five Home Treatments in four years. One of our boys, fourteen years of age, had an attack of *Inflammation of the Bowels*, which left him in a very bad condition. The Treatment did him nearly if not quite as much good as it did Mrs. Vrooman.

"I think it but right that we should make known to others what Compound Oxygen has done for us, and therefore send you this statement for publication.

"Very respectfully, H. P. VROOMAN."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also, sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment, in which will be found, as reported by patients themselves, AND OPEN FOR VERIFICATION, more remarkable results in a single period of three months than all the medical journals of the United States can show in a year.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. MATHEWS, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on the Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

G. B. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.  
G. E. PALEN, Ph.B., M.D. 1109 and 1111 Girard St. (Bet. Chestnut and Market), Phila., Pa.

FIFTY YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC upon their excellence alone have attained an UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE, which establishes them as unequalled in a TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP, AND DURABILITY.  
Warehouses: 112 Fifth Avenue, New York; 204 & 206 Baltimore St., Baltimore.

**KNABE PIANOS**

### THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

# New York Life Insurance Co.

OFFICE, Nos. 346 and 348 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1, 1883.

Amount of net Cash Assets, January 1, 1882..... \$45,130,006 86

#### REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums.....	\$9,604,788 38
Less deferred premiums January 1, 1882.....	452,161 00— \$9,152,627 38
Interest and rents (including realized gains on real estate sold).....	3,080,273 21
Less interest accrued January 1, 1882.....	291,254 60— 3,796,018 41— \$11,850,645 79

\$57,080,652 65

#### DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including Reversionary additions to same.....	\$1,365,298 00
Endowments matured and discounted, including Reversionary additions to same.....	437,258 95
Annuities, dividends, and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	3,327,758 76
Total paid Policy-holders.....	\$8,210,309 71
Taxes and reinsurances.....	284,678 27
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees.....	1,323,098 28
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	365,111 18— \$8,162,187 51

\$48,918,515 11

#### ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit (since received).....	\$1,276,026 67
Invested in United States, N. Y. City, and other stocks (market value, \$19,953,956.52).....	18,072,074 81
Real Estate .....	4,133,065 13
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$17,950,000 and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security).....	10,506,940 16
*Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to \$2,680,961).....	4,313,000 00
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, '83.....	494,092 23
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection.....	540,555 91
Agents' balances.....	394,595 19
Accrued interest on investments, January 1, 1883.....	62,424 95
Excess of market value of securities over cost.....	326,000 06— \$48,918,515 11

\*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

#### CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1883

APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:		\$50,800,396 82
Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1, 1883.....	\$351,451 21	
Reported losses, awaiting proof, etc.....	138,970 23	
Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented).....	58,350 43	
Annuities, due and unpaid (uncalled for).....	6,225 86	
Reserved for reinsurance on existing policies ; participating insurance at 4 per cent Carlisle net premium ; non-participating at 5 per cent Carlisle net premium.....	48,174,402 78	
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, January 1, 1882, over and above a 4 per cent reserve on existing policies of that class.....	\$2,054,244 03	
Addition to the Fund during 1882 for surplus and matured reserves.....	1,109,966 00	
	\$3,164,210 03	

#### DEDUCT—

Returned to Tontine policy-holders during the year on Matured Tontines, 1,072,837 87

Balance of Tontine Fund January 1, 1883.....	9,091,375 16
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	35,782 36

\$45,851,555 03

4,948,841 79

**Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent.**  
**Surplus by the New York State Standard at 4½ per cent, estimated at 10,000,000 00**

From the undivided surplus of \$4,948,841 the Board of Trustees has declared a Reversionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

*During the year 12,178 Policies have been issued, insuring \$41,325,520.*

Number of Policies { 1879, 45,005.	1882, 53,937.	Amount at { 1879, \$125,288,144.	1882, \$151,760,824
in force, { 1880, 45,705.	1883, 60,150.	risk, { 1880, 127,417,765.	1883, 171,415,007.
January 1, { 1881, 48,548.		January 1, { 1881, 135,735,916.	
Death-claims paid. { 1878, \$1,067,676.	Income { 1878, 1,948,665.	Divisible Surplus at { Jan. 1, 1879, \$2,811,436.	
1880, 1,560,854.	1879, 2,083,620.	Jan. 1, 1880, 3,120,371.	
1881, 1,731,731.	1880, 2,317,889.	1882, 4,296,096.	
1882, 2,012,803.	1881, 2,492,654.	1883, 4,287,036.	
1883, 1,955,292.	1882, 2,708,018.	Jan. 1, 1883, 4,948,841.	

#### TRUSTEES.

MORRIS FRANKLIN.	JOHN M. FURMAN.	S. S. FISHER.	HENRY TUCK, M.D.
WM. H. APPLETON.	DAVID DOWS.	CHAS. WRIGHT, M.D.	ALEX. STUDWELL.
WILLIAM BARTON.	HENRY BOWERS.	WILLIAM H. BEERS.	R. SUYDAM GRANT.
WILLIAM A. BOOTH.	LOOMIS L. WHITE.	EDWARD MARTIN.	ARCHIBALD H. WELCH.
H. B. CLAFLIN.	ROBERT B. COLLINS.	JOHN MAIRS.	

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.

D. O'DELL, Superintendent of Agencies.

CHARLES WRIGHT, M.D., Medical Examiners.

HENRY TUCK, M.D.,

**MORRIS FRANKLIN,**

President.

**WILLIAM H. BEERS,**

Vice-President and Actuary.